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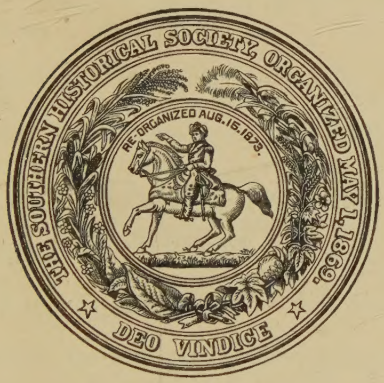

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Southern Historical Society Papers.

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DIARY OF CAPTAIN JAMES M. GARNETT,

Ordnance Officer Rodes's Division, 2d Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

From August 5th to November 30th, 1864, covering part of General Early's Campaign in the Shenandoah Valley.

[The Editor has pleasure in preserving in the pages of the *Southern Historical Society Papers* the following interesting diary of a Confederate officer, and well-known educator, Professor James Mercer Garnett, LL. D.]

November 30th, 1864.

Private Diary from August 5th to November 30th, '64, covering time from last trip across Potomac to return of ordnance trains to camp near Staunton, about two miles out on Waynesboro' road. Troops still at New Market, but expect them back soon, and think we will go into winter-quarters between Staunton or Waynesboro' and Port Republic, unless "Mars Robert" wants us down at Richmond.

Camp near Hainesville,
Friday, August 5th, 1864.

Moved from our camp near Winchester day before yesterday evening, and camped that night at Bunker Hill. Moved from there to this point (15 or 16 miles) yesterday, and now about to start on my fourth trip across the Potomac. Hope "old Jubal" knows what he is about, and haven't much fear of danger to the expedition, for he is, if possible, too cautious. Finished my Property Return day before yesterday, and my Armament and Ammunition Report for July 31st yesterday evening and sent it in. Hope to have my reports of engagements in to-morrow, and to go to Richmond with papers when we return from this trip.

CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER (1 Mile),
Thursday, August 11th, 1864.

Returned from Maryland on the 6th, after a stay of but one night, only a diversion, I presume, and camped that night near Hainesville again. Moved on Sunday through Martinsburg to one mile this side of Bunker Hill.

Spent Monday and Tuesday at Bunker Hill; got in all my reports of engagements from brigade officers, and forwarded mine Tuesday evening. On Wednesday moved up here within one mile of Winchester, the enemy supposed to be pressing "old Jubal" in considerable force, and am now about to move beyond Winchester, and how much further I don't know.

CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER (3½ miles),
Monday, August 22, 1864.

On Thursday, 11th, moved through Winchester towards Strasburg, and remained with General Rodes that day and next morning, thinking there might be an engagement; rejoined the train Friday, and camped beyond Fisher's Hill. That evening moved to "The Brook" and camped, remaining there until Wednesday, the troops being in line of battle on Fisher's Hill all the time. On Wednesday, moved down to Winchester again, the enemy having retired the night previous. Our troops, after some brisk skirmishing, entered the town about 8 in the evening. Stayed at General Rodes' Headquarters at Kernstown that night, and visited in Winchester next day. Our ordnance trains moved to Kernstown, and we spent Thursday night there. Friday, moved through to our old camp on Martinsburg road, where we still remain. That day all of Early's troops moved to Bunker Hill. Fitz. Lee's cavalry and Kershaw's division moved down the pike yesterday. Our division very heavily engaged in skirmishing yesterday between Smithfield and Charlestown. Am about to start down to visit them now. Have some fear of Early's risking a fight against the enemy's large force.

CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER,
Wednesday, August 31, 1864.

On Monday, 22d, went down to Charlestown, and found our division on other side, near town, having driven the Yankees through that morning. Lost about 160 men on 21st, and expended about 60,000 rounds ammunition—very extravagant. Spent Monday night

at General Rodes' Headquarters, and returned to camp next day, reaching camp about 9 P. M. Spent Wednesday and Thursday in camp, visiting in the mean time in Winchester, and Friday went down to the troops, having heard they had moved the day before from Charlestown towards Shepherdstown. Met the troops returning that evening at Leetown, where we camped for the night. Next morning the troops moved back to Bunker Hill. Spent the night at Bunker Hill, and rode up to camp, and to church in Winchester next morning. Spent Monday and yesterday in camp.

Friday, September 2, 1864.

Spent day before yesterday in camp. Went to W. yesterday morning and saw Joe Irving off for Staunton, severely, though not dangerously, wounded; the poor fellow was in very bad spirits. Went to see Arrington, General Rodes' Aid, who is badly wounded, and found him doing very well. Will ride to W. and then to Bunker Hill.

Sunday, September 4, 1864.
1½ miles from Berryville.

On 2d, went to the troops, striking the main column marching from Bunker Hill across. Learnt our division had kept up the pike, so had to ride over to it, and got there an hour or two after the cavalry affair in which Vaughan's cavalry were driven through Bunker Hill upon the infantry, but our rear-guard fired a volley and the Yankees left. Found the division near the ten-mile post, but it moved back to Stevenson's just before dark, and I returned to camp. Yesterday morning the troops all moved back to Bunker Hill. Spent the day in camp, and in the evening went into W. Moved camp that evening about two miles lower down. Troops came back from Bunker Hill yesterday evening. This morning trains moved to W. and I joined General Rodes, who moved across to the Berryville pike, and now about to form line of battle. The artillery is coming up, so must stop.

Camp near Stevenson's,
Thursday, September 15, 1864.

On Sunday, 4th, General Early took Rodes' and Breckenridge's divisions and went two miles to left of Berryville pike, below eight and a half post, on flank movement, but found Yankees too strong and didn't attack; came back at dark. Stayed with my train at the Opequon that night. Next day train moved back to Win-

chester, and then down to Stevenson's, and troops moved back to Stevenson's. Next day it rained powerfully and I stayed in camp. Wednesday, visited my brigade ordnance officers and General Rodes' Headquarters, dining there, and in evening came back. Next day rain again, and I stayed in camp. Friday moved camp to this side of the road and went into Winchester.

Saturday went down to Darksville and overtook my division there. Cavalry went on to Martinsburg for little while. Troops came back to Bunker Hill and I returned to camp. Sunday went in to W. to church and learnt of death of T. B., shot at Newtown evening before.

Tuesday went to see brigade ordnance officers and to General Rodes' Headquarters. Soon after reaching there, division moved to Stevenson's woods. The move proved to be to no purpose, and troops and trains returned to camp before dark.

Saturday, September 17th, 1864.

Spent day before yesterday in camp. Spent yesterday in camp, with exception of riding over to Colonel Allen's and to Archer's train. Am going to General Rodes' Headquarters, division being under orders to move at 2 with two days' cooked rations. Shall accompany them on this expedition.

Monday, September 19th, 1864.

Day before yesterday rode over to Colonel Allen's on my way to General Rodes' Headquarters ; then returned to camp to give orders about empty ordnance wagons accompanying the troops. Rodes' and Gordon's divisions moved down to Bunker Hill that evening and camped for the night. Stayed in my empty ordnance wagon with W. B. that night. Yesterday morning moved about four and went down to Martinsburg. Reached Martinsburg about nine, our cavalry having driven the Yankee cavalry out. Was busy for couple of hours trying to get coal to load the empty ordnance wagons. Succeeded by taking a little from several private citizens and paying in Federal funds. Was exceedingly polite in discharge of the disagreeable duty, so am sure they couldn't object on that score.

Overtook Gordon's staff and rode to Bunker Hill, partly with them and afterwards with Dr. Straith, a fine fellow. Found that our division had returned to camp, so rode on back here last night. Not a very profitable, though a pleasant, Sunday. This morning Yankees

are making demonstration, and our ordnance trains have just moved back about a mile. Will ride down to the division to see what's up.

CAMP ON TOM'S BROOK,
BETWEEN STRASBURG AND WOODSTOCK,
Wednesday, September 21st, 1864.

Little did I think, when writing the lines on the preceding page, what a sad, sad day it would prove to be for us. I have never experienced such a day in my military life, and God grant that I may never experience such another. After leaving camp day before yesterday, I found General Rodes, whose division was then on the march following General Gordon's, and received some orders about the brigade ordnance wagons. The troops moved on up to the support of General Ramseur, who was being heavily pressed by the enemy near Winchester, on the Berryville pike. Gordon's division formed and went in to the left of Ramseur's, and ours (three brigades) between the two; but before ours got fairly engaged, Gordon's left, being outflanked, gave way, and we were only saved from great disaster by Battle's brigade of our division (which the General had directed me to order to be held in reserve) being ordered straight forward at a charge, which was handsomely executed, carrying everything before it. As soon as I had delivered the order to General Battle, hearing the rest of our division become engaged, in obedience to previous orders from General Rodes, I immediately went after the brigade ordnance wagons and ordered up one from each brigade with Lieutenant Partridge. On reaching the field again, I was informed by Major Peyton that General Rodes had been killed soon after the division became engaged. He was struck on the head by a piece of shell, it is thought, and lived but a short while, totally unconscious. This is an irreparable loss to our division, and indeed to our army, for he was General Early's right arm. We succeeded in handsomely repulsing this attack, and several succeeding ones, our artillery being very effective, doing good execution. Ramseur was pressed back on the right, but succeeded finally in re-establishing his line, which was very long and thin; and, fearing the enemy might attack there again and, if it gave way, get into Winchester in our rear, General Early ordered up Wharton's (Breckenridge's old) division, which was engaged with the Yankee cavalry near Brucetown. To the withdrawal of this division, though necessary perhaps, may be attributed the loss of the day, for now our disasters commenced. Wharton's division had barely reached Ramseur's line

when a heavy force of Yankee cavalry dashed up the Martinsburg pike, driving back our cavalry like sheep and penetrating to our rear. Wharton's division was immediately withdrawn and sent to the left and rear to check them, which it succeeded in doing; but the enemy, seeing the success of their cavalry, sent a body of infantry to connect with it, which turned our left flank, forcing Gordon's and Rodes' divisions to fall back and form perpendicular to their original line; and in this position the fight raged for an hour or more, the field meanwhile being covered with stragglers whom it was impossible to rally. When Wharton's division became engaged with the cavalry, I occupied myself endeavoring to rally stragglers and urge the men forward, when, ammunition being inquired for, I started after my brigade ordnance wagons, which had gotten out of the way when the Yankee cavalry advanced. I missed their track, and rode around the east side of the town to the Staunton pike without finding them, but succeeded in finding others, which I sent forward. Riding through town on my way back, I found everything coming through town in the greatest confusion, Market street filled with medical and ordnance wagons and ambulances three deep. I met the ambulance with General Rodes' body, in charge of Captain Randolph, and afterwards my brigade ordnance wagons, in charge of Lieutenants Partridge and Cabaniss. Told them to move on through beyond the town, and concluded to go and bid my friends good-bye. On Main street met the troops coming through in much confusion. The Yankee cavalry had charged again and captured most of Wharton's division, and the overwhelming numbers of their infantry, after our left was thus broken, had forced the remainder of the line to retire. The troops, however, were formed beyond the town, and the retreat continued in order. I went up to Mrs. W.'s, and soon after Major Johnson, of Breckenridge's staff, came up also. As I rode away, the shells were bursting all around the house, and, indeed, all over the unfortunate town.

I called at Mrs. G's, then at Mrs. D's. I bade good-bye to the T's and S's, and was going round to Mrs. L's, when Maj. Douglas and others just before me were shot at near the corner beyond. I then retired up Market street, stopping near the Methodist church and witnessing the Yankees come in near the Union Hotel, flags flying, drums beating, and shouting. I have retired through Winchester many a time before, but never did I witness the Yankees come in in that manner, but I have often seen them in the same predicament that we were. Douglas was a square nearer the Yankees,

and I called to him to come on, but he amused himself bowing to them while they were shooting at us. After viewing them long enough on Market street, I rode over to Main street and looked at them a while there. A dozen or so of our men were on Main street, and the enemy fired several shots at us. I rode out of town and stopped at our skirmish line until after the Yankee skirmishers appeared on this side of town, and then came on to the division, which stopped a while in the woods beyond Kernstown, then moved about a mile this side of Newtown and camped for the night in line of battle. I called at Mrs. B's as I passed and told them all good-bye, and spent the night at division Headquarters, General Battle being in command. Moved at four yesterday morning to our old position to the left of Fisher's Hill. I came on and stopped a while at the division quartermaster's train, and at the reserve ordnance train of the army, and then came on here, fatigued in body and spirit, especially the latter. Cannot get over a feeling of sadness and humiliation at having been compelled to abandon Winchester in that style. If we had only had some good cavalry to resist that of the enemy, our infantry could have maintained its position, but our cavalry did not behave well, even if there were superior numbers against them. If Wharton's division had been up early in the morning when we repulsed the first attack, we might have followed it up, but its withdrawal from below let in the whole Yankee cavalry upon us, for McCausland's and Imboden's brigades couldn't, or *wouldn't*, resist them. I haven't life enough left for anything. I have just issued this morning the last of the arms, accoutrements and ammunition that I had, and the division still lacks arms and accoutrements, though it is pretty well supplied with ammunition, for it has lost, I suppose, about 1,000 men all together. General Ramseur has been assigned to the command of the division. I had a conversation with Major Peyton on that subject yesterday morning and he requested it of General Early; it is better than yesterday's commander, but no man here can equal General Rodes. We sent a large ordnance train to Staunton this morning for stores. May we have more success with them than with those expended day before yesterday, though up to three o'clock we had whipped the enemy well, and but for that cavalry we might have held our own against succeeding attacks. It is the first time that I have ever seen cavalry very effective in a general engagement. Would that Rosser's Brigade had been with us and on the left! the day might have been different. It was 5:07 o'clock when I looked at my watch as the Yankees came into Winchester, and we had been fight-

ing from ten or eleven until two, when there was a cessation until the cavalry attack about three, which resulted so disastrously. I hope that, if they do withdraw any force to help Grant, we will go straight back, though I have hardly the face to see my friends again.

CAMP BETWEEN MT. JACKSON AND NEW MARKET,
Saturday, September 24th, 1864.

More disasters to record still. I thought that we would certainly be successful at Fisher's Hill, but Providence has seen fit to order otherwise. Spent Wednesday, 21st, in camp.

There was some brisk skirmishing on our lines that evening, but nothing serious. Next morning a train of ordnance wagons came in from Staunton, bringing arms, accoutrements, and ammunition, which we very much needed. I rode down to direct brigade ordnance officers to send for ordnance stores, and to see what was going on. Found skirmishing progressing, and presently some artillery firing commenced. They fired at Massie's battery—which was on extreme left of our division, where General Ramseur had his Headquarters—from two directions, and I retired to the rear. Sent one ordnance wagon nearer to the front, stopped at Major Whiting's Provost Guard awhile, and returned to camp between 3 and 4 o'clock. Not very long after I had dined, great excitement commenced by the cavalry with the led horses dashing in from a road coming in from the left, opposite to my camp, and saying that the Yankees were pursuing. The extreme left of our lines was occupied by dismounted cavalry in breastworks; the position was very weak, and the men weaker, so that both General Lomax, who commanded the cavalry, and General Ramseur, considered that, if an attack was made against our left (which was very probable), it was very questionable whether it would be repulsed. Not knowing that a *bona fide* attack had been made on our left, but thinking that a few Yankee cavalry had gotten in amongst the led horses grazing in the rear, I rode over to the back road to see what the real state of affairs was, Colonel Allen having meanwhile ordered the ordnance trains down towards the troops, following me soon himself. I rode some two or three miles, and learned that 15 or 20 Yankee cavalry had come up to within 1½ or 2 miles of the pike and created the stampede amongst the led horses. I also saw a detachment of men who had been cut off when the attack was made on the left and had come back on the mountain. I still, however, thought that the lines had been re-established, and placed little confidence in the report of the cavalry

stragglers that the whole army was on the retreat and scattered in different directions. What, then, was my surprise on reaching the pike to find this literally true! The enemy had attacked our left, dispersed the cavalry, and flanked the infantry. An effort was made to resist them by sending one brigade of our division to the support of the dismounted cavalry, but it broke and ran, and the whole army was compelled to retire, leaving 13 pieces of artillery and much small arm ammunition along the lines.

Camp on East Side of Blue Ridge,
At Foot of Brown's Gap,
Monday, September 26, 1864.

Was interrupted while writing Saturday, by the trains moving to the rear, and by riding down to the troops to see that the ordnance wagons were properly posted. Will continue from where I left off.

Soon after reaching the pike in company with Major Webster, who had also gone over to the back road to engage in stopping the cavalry stampede, I met Major Peyton, who narrated what had occurred, and I determined to remain with him and render what assistance I could. Our division seemed better organized than the others, but in the darkness and confusion everything was mixed up. Our division was ordered to guard the rear, but before the others had finished passing, the Yankees fired into the rear-guard, which was two regiments of Battle's brigade, under General Ramseur himself, and that started the demoralized troops off again, but portions of each of our brigades were rallied and placed in line of battle. Soon after, the firing of a piece of our artillery started them off again and started them to firing, some of us running great risk of being shot, but they were soon quieted down, and the retreat continued in a very orderly manner, the Yankees soon ceasing pursuit. The troops camped that night at the Narrow Passage, two miles above (southwest of) Woodstock, and Major Peyton and I rode on to the wagon train a mile above Mt. Jackson, reaching there soon after daylight. The trains moved on the 23d beyond Rude's Hill, the troops remaining on the other side of Mt. Jackson, skirmishing with the enemy. I remained in camp and slept most of the day.

On Saturday the trains moved on and I went to the troops in line of battle on Rude's Hill, getting there just in time to hear General Ramseur and General Battle speak. They informed the troops that

reinforcements were coming, Kershaw's division and Rosser's cavalry brigade, and General Battle delivered two very good speeches, one to his brigade and one to General Grimes's. When General Ramseur alluded to General Rodes, in speaking to Battle's brigade, I could not refrain from tears, and there were many other wet eyes. Soon after, we commenced to retire, and retreated slowly in line of battle until sundown, skirmishing and artillery firing off and on during the day. About sundown we halted until after dark, just where the Keezilltown road leaves the turnpike, which K. road the trains had taken, and skirmishing and artillery firing went on pretty briskly for a while. In this artillery firing, Liv. Massie [Captain of a battery] was struck with a piece of shell, cutting the femoral artery, and he died that night. He was a fine fellow, beloved of his company and all who knew him. About dark I started for the wagon train, some six or seven miles distant. I did not have long to rest after reaching there, for about 2 A. M. we started and marched continuously, crossing the mountain and reaching here about 3 o'clock yesterday evening. I rode along, partly with Eugene Blackford and partly with Colonel Nelson (who informed me of Liv.'s death), and overtook my train while coming down the side of the mountain. Got my dinner (or supper), having eaten nothing but green apples since the night before, and retired very early. This morning drew arms and accoutrements and issued them to the brigade ordnance officers. The troops are over the other side of the mountain. I learn that Kershaw's division arrived to-day, and whipped the Yankee cavalry, who endeavored to attack his train.

Camp near Waynesboro',
Thursday, September 29th, 1864.

On 26th, retired soon after writing here. On 27th, remained in camp. Sold my bay horse for $125 in Federal funds—too little, I think, but I wanted the money. After dinner rode with Gregory over to the troops, and found they had driven off the Yankee cavalry and camped near Waynesboro' that night. Met courier going to order over our trains, which reached the river about 6 o'clock yesterday morning. Gregory and I spent the night in a carriage-house at General Early's Headquarters, and had to plunder a field of corn to get feed for our horses. The trains moved up the river about 3 miles, and our division, which was on the other side of the river, was ordered over and up in rear of the trains. After much delay, seemingly unnecessary, about 1 or 2 o'clock our division was ordered

to act as rear-guard for the trains and move on the road to Waynesboro'. Pegram's and Wharton's divisions moved up the other side of South river to get in ahead of the trains as advance-guard, and Kershaw's and Gordon's moved on a road still farther to the right. We moved on up, hoping to surprise the Yankee cavalry, who were here destroying the depot buildings, railroad and bridge, but didn't reach the neighborhood until dark, and only succeeded in driving them off. Much delay, and my train didn't get into camp until 11 P. M. Had no dinner, and it was too late to cook under the circumstances. Moved this morning to east side of town, and expect to remain all day. Think we were too late in getting here, and did Yankees no harm. This doesn't look like going back down the Valley fast, but will hope on, trusting that we may be successful and drive these fellows back soon.

Camp near Augusta Church,
On Valley Pike, 8 miles from Staunton,
Sunday, October 2d, 1864.

Spent Thursday in camp doing nothing. Friday, had orders to be ready to move at moment's notice, but nothing came of it. Rode up to cars in morning and got Thursday's paper. Received arms and accoutrements and issued them, supplying the whole division.

In evening rode over to General Ramseur's Headquarters and spent a short while. On returning to camp found orders to be ready to move at sunrise.

Yesterday morning ordnance trains moved to Staunton, then down the pike to this point; troops moved across. Stopped at American Hotel to dinner. This is the right direction, if we can only keep on now. To-day is Sunday, and hope we will remain quiet, tho' something unusual for "Jubal" to be quiet on Sunday. Hope his disaster on Monday, after his Sunday's trip to Martinsburg, has taught him a lesson. Intended to go to Charlottesville yesterday if we hadn't moved. Hope we will get to the lower Valley this time, tho' not much prospect of it.

Camp near Harrisonburg,
Friday, October 7th, 1864.

On Sunday evening attended church, hearing very good sermon from Rev. Mr. Bowman, text: "No man liveth to himself." Spent Monday in camp; issued some arms and accoutrements. Also sent in Armament Report, and report of engagements at Fisher's Hill.

Tuesday visited brigade ordnance officers and General Ramseur's Headquarters. Tried to get some government cloth, but failed. Received arms and accoutrements and more than supplied the division. Wednesday stayed in camp. Yesterday morning rode to the division, which was just moving. Shortly after return to camp received orders to move, and travelled till 9 P. M., camping here near Harrisonburg, enemy having moved on down the Valley. Everything on the move this morning. Glad of it. "On to Winchester" again. Only hope we will whip the Yankees and get there.

CAMP NEAR NEW MARKET, ½ mile distant,
Monday, October 10th, 1864.

On Friday troops moved to this point, but ordnance trains stopped at Lacy's Spring. I rode with troops, conversing with Dubose, Henry Noel, and others. Stayed at division Headquarters that night, and next morning rode over here, train having moved down. Friday evening Rosser whipped the enemy's cavalry, capturing some wagons and forges. Saturday remained here in camp. Yesterday morning rode over with Estill to Conner's South Carolina brigade to hear Dubose preach, and sat awhile afterwards. Rode to division Headquarters and then back to camp, hearing soon after of the stampede of our cavalry below Woodstock. It seems our whole cavalry were well thrashed, losing eleven pieces of artillery, some wagons and ambulances. At this rate we will not get down the valley fast. The last two nights very cold, and heavy frost this morning, the first heavy frost we've had. Hope "old Jubal" will soon determine what he's going to do, but don't think he will go any further down the Valley. Sorry for it.

CAMP NEAR FISHER'S HILL ON MIDDLE ROAD,
DIVISION HEADQUARTERS,
Saturday, October 15th, 1864.

Spent Monday and Tuesday in camp near New Market. Wednesday troops moved down near Woodstock and ordnance trains camped near Mt. Jackson. Thursday troops moved on down to Fisher's Hill and beyond Strasburg, Conner's brigade engaging two brigades of enemy and driving them across Cedar Creek, General Conner being wounded. About 1 P. M. that day, I left camp near Mt. Jackson and rode to Q. M. train, staying with Major Tanner that night. Yesterday morning joined division in line of battle about a mile and a half from

here, and remained there all day, the enemy not advancing. Camped at old Headquarters last night. This morning have just received orders to go back to position occupied yesterday, the enemy reported advancing. If they come, hope we will whip them and get on to Winchester, though not much prospect.

Camp near Mt. Jackson,
Wednesday, October 19, 1864.

On Saturday remained part of the day with troops; they returned to their old camps in evening. Dined with Major Tanner and stayed at division Headquarters that night. Sunday, about 12 o'clock left Headquarters, everything being quiet, and returned here to camp, stopping in Woodstock. Spent Monday in camp working on Property Return for third quarter, which I completed. Yesterday, made up Cash Account for third quarter, and forwarded both. Troops still at Fisher's Hill. This morning heard rapid cannonading just after sunrise; hope "old Jubal" will drive 'em. We can't remain here long. Expect we will be found in trenches at Richmond soon.

Camp near New Market (½ mile),
Wednesday, October 26, 1864.

The cannonading heard last Wednesday meant something. That morning General Early attacked the enemy on Cedar Creek, and drove them at least three miles, taking twenty pieces of artillery, wagons, ambulances, and about 1,500 prisoners, but unfortunately he stopped beyond Middletown about 10 A. M., and would not renew the attack. Meanwhile the enemy reorganized and attacked us about 4 P. M., turning our left which gave way, and the whole concern came back in the utmost confusion. To add to the rout, a squad of Yankee cavalry, said to be not more than twenty-five or thirty, dashed into our train of artillery, ordnance and medical wagons, and ambulances, and captured the greater portion of it. Our nett loss is twenty-three pieces of artillery, thirty or forty wagons, and forty or fifty ambulances. It was impossible to rally a handful of men to stop the Yankee cavalry. This is the worst stampede yet, and the harder to bear after our victory of the morning. If "old Jubal" had only pressed on, I firmly believe, from all I have heard, that we could have driven them beyond Winchester. General Ramseur, commanding our division, was wounded, and his ambulance

captured; we learn that he has since died. Ran. Hutchinson, of our staff, is missing, supposed to be captured. I was not present at the fight, or the stampede, our ordnance trains being ordered down after the success of the morning, starting from Mt. Jackson about 5½ P. M., but before getting to Woodstock, about 10½ P. M., we were ordered back and kept on to Rude's Hill, the quartermaster train following soon after. Estill and I stayed at Edinburg that night and joined our divisions next morning as they passed through. The troops came back that day (Thursday) to their old camps near New Market and we came back here. It was quite humiliating to come back up the Valley after another thrashing, but we are getting use to them now. We did, however, gain a brilliant victory in the morning, and if we had only kept on, we might have reaped the fruits of it. We have been here since last Thursday evening, nothing of interest occurring. The men have been coming in and we have been arming and equipping them slowly. Spent Friday at Headquarters reading Yankee mail; rode over there again Saturday. Sunday went to church in New Market. Spent Monday and Tuesday in camp. What will we do next?

CAMP NEAR NEW MARKET (2 miles),
Thursday, November 3d, 1864.

Spent last week in camp, riding occasionally to division Headquarters and to General Early's Headquarters to see Colonel Allen. Issued some stores—the last of the arms on Sunday. Walked into town to church Sunday. After church went to camp with Holmes Boyd and Neep Baldwin and dined with them. Witnessed guard-mounting in Terry's brigade; went to division Headquarters, and then to town with Whiting to get the mail, and then to church. On Monday evening walked with Estill over to Allen's. Wrote also one or two reports on Monday. Tuesday wrote another report. In evening rode over to division Headquarters and witnessed dress parade, the band playing a dirge for Major-Generals Rodes and Ramseur. Tuesday was observed in our division in memory of these officers, the chaplains preaching. Yesterday changed camp and moved up here. Quite a good camp, though not so convenient. Have many unarmed men, and wish we could get arms and accoutrements.

Camp near New Market,
Tuesday, November 15th, 1864.

Have spent the last ten days mostly in camp, riding occasionally to division Headquarters and to New Market to see Allen. Spent last Sunday week at division Headquarters, having gone there to prevent brigade ordnance wagons from being used for forage purposes, and dined with Whiting and Lewis Randolph. Dined with them again last Wednesday. Thursday the troops moved down the Valley, and on Saturday I started down also (our ordnance trains remaining here), with some slight anticipations of getting to W. again. On reaching Fisher's Hill, met the trains returning, troops following and camping that night in old camps at Fisher's Hill. General Early went between Middletown and Newtown and found all the enemy's force still between that point and Winchester. Our cavalry on back road had a fight, in which Rosser's brigade was driven back, but Payne, coming over, drove back the Yankees in utter confusion. Lieutenant-Colonel Tom Marshall, of the 7th [Va.], was killed, another heavy blow to the Barton family. McCausland's brigade, on Front Royal road, was driven back to the Shenandoah, losing some wagons and two pieces of artillery. When will we cease supplying the Yankees with artillery? Sunday the army continued its march back, reaching their old camp near here on Monday. Hope we will now go back and go into winter-quarters.

Camp near Staunton (2 miles),
Wednesday, November 30th, 1864.

Spent latter part of week before last in camp, the weather being miserable—rain all the time. Wednesday, the 11th, the day for *Public Worship*, was, however, a good day, and I went to church in New Market, hearing a most excellent sermon from Rev. Dr. Lacy. I wish it could be published in tract form and distributed throughout the army. "Old Jubal" was at church to-day. On Friday, 18th, sent Lee and Wilkins with wagon to Culpeper after arms. Wilkins and wagon returned day before yesterday with only 20 arms, a complete failure; Lee went on to Loudoun. Saturday, 19th, had meeting of our Board, and again on Monday, 21st, on which day Estill and I were appointed Committee to draw up the instructions, and all the papers were committed to me—convenient way to put off all the work on *two*.

Tuesday, 22d, our trains moved back up the Valley, and I went down with troops to Rude's Hill after Yankee cavalry, which had driven in our pickets and come up there. Found about two brigades across and rest of two divisions on other side of Shenandoah river. Shelled them with artillery, threw forward sharpshooters, and our small force of cavalry on the left attacked, when they retired, retreating beyond Edinburgh, when we re-established our pickets; our loss and the enemy's small. Our artillery fired badly.

I spent the night at division Headquarters with Lewis Randolph and Whiting. Started up the Valley on Wednesday, 23d; Chichester overtook me at Lacy's Spring, and we spent the night at Mr. Shafer's, three miles this side of Harrisonburg—good place to stop at. Came on to Staunton the next day, dined with Major Randolph, and then out to camp, about 200 yards from this spot (on mountain near Mrs. Smith's), to which point we moved next morning. That day sent arms down to troops with Pollard, who returned day before yesterday. Saturday, 26th, went down to University and Charlottesville, intending to return same day, but was left, and got back Sunday. Spent Monday in camp and worked on papers committed to me by Board. Yesterday sent wagon with ammunition to troops by Wilkins; went into Staunton and paid the dentist a visit. Must get to work on papers now.

This concludes this rambling Diary, which has been of some interest to me, especially before leaving W. No chance of seeing the lower Valley again before next spring or summer.

From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, October 29, 1899.

IT WAS OBEDIENCE EVEN UNTO DEATH.

Grave in Hollywood Recalls a Story of Devotion to Duty.

CAME SOUTH TO FIGHT WITH US.

James H. Beers, of Connecticut, Who Fell at Chancellorsville—Ran the Gauntlet When He Left Home—Services for the Confederacy.

Within the last few days there has been placed over a low mound in my family lot in Hollywood, a simple granite marker bearing this inscription:

"JAMES H. BEERS,
OF CONNECTCUT,
WHO FELL AT CHANCELLORSVILLE
FIGHTING FOR VIRGINIA AND THE SOUTH,
MAY 3, 1863."

The erection of this modest stone not only marks the discharge of an obligation, richly merited and long deferred, but it also epitomizes a life not unworthy of record and of remembrance. In the brief recital which follows, we shall endeavor to keep in mind that—while the peace of death has, years agone, passed upon the chief actor in this strange story and probably also upon most of his relatives living when he died—yet there may be others now living to whom the record of his life and death must needs be somewhat painful; therefore, we will tell the story simply and quietly, as far as possible, without the exaggeration of passion or prejudice.

When I first knew Mr. Beers he was an intelligent young mechanic—originally, I think, from Bridgeport, but at the time living in New Haven, Conn., where I was a college student, we both being members of a Bible class connected with a church of which my father, Rev. Joseph C. Stiles, was then pastor, and Mr. Gerard Hallock, of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, the most prominent member.

Shortly after my first acquaintance with Beers, Mr. Hallock became interested in him, being attracted by his regular attendance upon the services of the church and Bible class and his modest yet

self-respectful and intelligent bearing, and he soon took him to New York in some subordinate capacity connected with his paper. This was, perhaps, a year or so before the breaking out of the war, but Beers continued to visit New Haven from time to time—possibly every Saturday with Mr. Hallock—and we learned that he had exhibited rather unusual facility, not to say talent, for journalism, and had been rapidly advanced, until he had come to be an assistant to the night editor of Mr. Hallock's great paper. It was probably through his connection with this leading Democratic daily, that he imbibed the views he subsequently held as to the proper construction of the Federal Constitution and the relations between the Federal Government and the States; views which he followed to their logical conclusion, and in defense of which he ultimately laid down his life.

As the sectional exitement increased and Civil War became more and more imminent, Beers became more and more restless and unhappy, until actual hostilities began with the bombardment of Fort Sumter, when he informed Mr Hallock that it would be impossible for him to continue to discharge his duties upon the paper. I do not remember how long it was after this that he came up to New Haven to consult my father, I think, with the approval of Mr. Hallock. Meanwhile, under the influence of like feelings, I had left New York, where for some months I had been studying law, and had gone up to New Haven, preparatory to going South.

My father had asked from General Scott passports to Virginia for himself and three sons, and the General had replied, giving the desired permit for my father, but refusing it for his boys, and we had thereupon determined to run down the coast in an open boat, which we were preparing for the purpose, being actually at work upon the sails when Beers was announced. He came directly up to the attic, which was our workshop, and, upon learning our purpose, expressed greatest interest and went to work with a sail needle, declaring that he would make the voyage with us. I rather discouraged him, calling attention to the fact that he was a Northern man and had a wife and two children to support, mentioning, in this connection, his fine position and prospects, all of which would necessarily be sacrificed. He replied that he had some money which he would leave with our mother; trusting her to expend it for his wife and children and to bring them South when she came, adding that God never gave a man a wife and children to stand in the way of the discharge

of his plain duty, and that it was plainly his duty to go with us and aid the South in the defense of her clear and clearly violated rights.

JOINED THE PARTY.

I cut the matter short by referring him to my father, and he at once went down stairs and interviewed him. Father subsequently told me it was perfectly obvious that Mr. Beers' mind was irrevocably made up, and that it would be more than useless to resist him—so it was settled he was to go with us. I do not remember whether his wife and children were then in New Haven, but they were certainly committed by him to the care of our mother and sisters, and subsequently followed Beers to Virginia, as I now recollect, in company with the ladies of our family, but upon this point my memory is not entirely clear.

Our position upon the burning question of the day was well understood in New Haven, and about this time all of us, especially the two boys of fighting age, were constantly and most unpleasantly watched and really in danger of arrest or attack. We made a trial trip of a day with our boat out into the Sound, ostensibly for fishing, and found we were dogged by two or three boats of volunteer scouts and detectives ; so that it was finally determined to send our boat several miles up the shore by a couple of trusty friends and to drive up to that point at night, with our equipment of provisions, disguises, etc.

Everything had been arranged and we were to have embarked and sailed on a certain night, but, during the preceding day, a telegram was received from a friend in Washington, informing us that we could slip through safely if we could leave New York by a certain train the next day. My recollection is that it was deemed best to divide the party—Beers, my next younger brother and I getting off so as to catch the train indicated, father and my youngest, and then non-combatant, brother following later. The United States Deputy Marshal, in fact, came to the house to arrest us not long after we had left.

We reached Washington and got safely across the river to Alexandria; but, by some untoward accident, Beers was left behind there, and experienced some difficulty in dodging the provost guard and completing the last stage of his "On to Richmond," but he finally reached the promised land. We met him at the train and he was heartily welcomed and hospitably entertained by Mr. Ben. Gray,

in his attractive home, No. 203 East Franklin street, with the balance of the last rebel reinforcement from the North.

I wish I had at hand the means of determining the exact dates of these occurrences, but can only say we arrived in Richmond some time before the battle of Bethel, my brother and I volunteering in what was called "Junior Company F," which was at that time recruiting and drilling in a basement room under the Spotswood Hotel, the drill master of our squad being the lamented John H., familiarly known as "Jock" Ellerson.

AN ADVENTURE.

A day or two after his arrival another unfortunate and most unpleasant accident befel poor Beers. He had gone out alone after dinner and did not return. He was not a man to be taken at a disadvantage by an emergency, but the city was full of excitement and his position was a delicate one, and as time passed and the runners we had sent out in every direction failed to bring any news of him, we became anxious and apprehensive. At last, sometime after dark, we heard that he had been arrested as "a Yankee spy" and locked up in the negro jail. Two or three of us hurried to the spot to find the mortifying report only too true.

I can never forget the impression made upon me by the bearing of the noble fellow, as I attempted to express the pain and mortification I felt at the ignominious treatment he had received. He uttered not one word of complaint, but met me with a manly smile and hearty handshake, expressing mingled amusement and approbation, saying that while the charge was rather wide of the mark, yet the mistake was very natural; that there were probably plenty of such characters about,, and he was glad to see we were on the alert for them.

The most mortifying feature of the affair was that we were unable to secure his release that night. The evening was quite far advanced when we ascertained where he was, and it was deemed best to see Hon. Joseph Mayo, then mayor of the city, before resorting to *habeas corpus* proceedings. Mr. Mayo was found, as I now recollect, at the house of a friend, but he declined to interfere, insisting that the party should be brought regularly before the court in the morning; indeed, he made the impression upon me that he was originally responsible for the arrest, or, if not, that he willingly assumed responsibility for it and had no idea of approving any short

cut to liberty in the premises. It was now too late to apply for *habeas corpus*, and we, therefore, proceeded to make Beers as comfortable as possible in the jail, providing him a good supper and a comfortable bed, he protesting, meanwhile, that he needed nothing, or, at least, could suffer no real inconvenience that one night.

In the morning the Mayor's Court room in the old City Hall was crowded, many gentlemen of position, who had heard Beers' story, being in attendance. I do not remember whether the papers made any report of the case, either that or the following morning. Mr. Ben. Gray and I were the main witnesses for Beers. Of course, there could be no doubt as to his discharge, and, but for a ludicrous and unexpected turn of affairs, the case would have been disposed of in a few minutes. When the testimony was all in, his Honor proceeded to deliver his decision discharging the prisoner, but, at the same time, justifying and approving his arrest, concluding with the statement, uttered with all the emphasis of a solemn proclamation, that he considered it his duty to arrest any and every man who arrived in the city from the North, unless he was informed as to his antecedents and they were entirely beyond and above suspicion, adding, with increased emphasis: "And this duty I intend to discharge." A declaration which seemed to meet the approval of every one present, save and except Mr. Edward Gray—dear old Ned—now and for years past in the Commissioner's office with Bob Munford, a man as brave and true as God ever created, and as quick to burst into flame, at what he considered injustice, especially to one of his friends.

A HOT-HEADED CHAMPION.

Ned's hearing was then, as now, somewhat defective, and he did not quite catch the limitations his Honor had embodied in his proclamation. He sprang to his feet, and, looking toward Mr. Mayo and flinging out his right arm and shaking his right forefinger threatningly, first toward Beers and then toward my brother and myself, he shouted fiercely: "No, you won't, sir! No you won't! You arrested that man yesterday, who left everything and came down here to fight for us against his own people. Now, sir; these two came down with him, I dare you to arrest them."

The court-room was in an uproar on the instant, which we took advantage of to hustle Ned out and away. When the hubbub had subsided, Mr. Ben Gray rose and made an admirable statement, first apologizing for his brother's excitement, and then going into a full

and very complimentary recital of the circumstances above narrated about Beers and ourselves—in conclusion begging his honor not to notice this last episode. Mr. Mayo yielded to this appeal, taking occasion, however, to deliver himself of another little speech, at the conclusion of which Beers marched out a free man and a hero, being heartily cheered as he passed through the crowd. I had never before seen Mr. Mayo, and he made a strong, and, upon the whole, a very favorable impression upon me.

This account is lengthening out far beyond my original intention, yet the fundamental facts are, so far as I know, quite unparalleled, and they are striking enough to justify a full record of the surrounding circumstances.

I recall, this moment, this additional incident. Mr. Ran. Tucker, then, I believe, Attorney-General of Virginia, was an intimate friend of my father, who had now arrived in Richmond, and suggested to him that Mr. Beers and I, being citizens, not only of the United States, but of the State of Connecticut, where I had recently cast my first vote, were in rather an exceptional position, as bearing upon a possible charge of treason, in case we should enlist in the military service. The suggestion was deemed of sufficient importance to refer to Mr. Benjamin, then Attorney-General of the Confederate States, and Mr. Tucker and I interviewed him about it. These two great lawyers expressed the view that the principles which protected citizens of the Southern States were, to say the least, of doubtful application to us, and that it would probably go rather hard with us, if we should be captured. Notwithstanding, I enlisted, and Beers would doubtless have done so with equal promptness, had he not been an expert mechanic—men so qualified being then very scarce in Richmond and very much needed. He was requested to assist in the work of transferring some old flint-locks belonging to the State of Virginia into percussion muskets, and all of us insisting that he could thus render far more valuable service than by enlisting in the ranks, he rather reluctantly yielded and went to work.

How long he was thus employed I do not know. Things were moving on rapidly. The hostile lines were facing each other at Manassas, and then the great battle shocked and shook the entire continent. "Junior Company F" hung fire too long; so, the morning after the battle, my brother and I, without saying "by your leave" to any one, boarded the train bound for Manassas Junction, in company with Billy Wait (son of Dr. J. G. Wait, the

distinguished dentist of that day) and old Paul Michaux, of the First Company of Richmond Howitzers—they undertaking to conceal us on the train until it started and to secure our enrollment in the company when we arrived—both of which undertakings they most skilfully and faithfully performed.

FINE GUNNER AND FIGHTER.

I saw but little of Beers after this. Just when he joined the army I cannot say, but I know that it must have been some time before the battles around Richmond in the early summer of 1862; for, on the battlefield of Malvern Hill, I met some of the men of the "Letcher Artillery"—Greenlee Davidson's company, to which he belonged—who told me that my "Yankee" was the finest gunner in the battery and fought like a Turk.

Between Malvern Hill and Chancellorsville I saw Beers perhaps two or three times—I think once in Richmond, shortly after his wife and children and my mother and sisters arrived from the North.

I have seldom seen a better looking soldier. He was about five feet eleven inches in height, had fine shoulders, chest and limbs, a handsome, manly figure, carried his head high, had clustering brown hair, a steel grey eye and a splendid sweeping mustache. Every now and then I heard, from some man or officer of his battery, or of Pegram's Battalion, some special commendation of his gallantry in action; but, he being in the Third Corps and I in the First, we seldom met. I am confident Tom Brander, John and Jim Tyler, Ferriter, and other battle-scarred veterans of Pegram's Battalion, stand ready to vouch for Beers as the equal of any soldier in the command, and some of them tenderly recall him as a good and true soldier and follower of Jesus Christ as well as of Robert Lee. I am told he was in the habit of holding religious services with the men of his battery on every fitting occasion—services which they highly appreciated.

Just after the battle of Chancellorsville I was in Richmond, for what purpose I cannot now recall, unless it was that I had recently received an appointment in "engineer troops," and visited the city in connection with my commission and orders. I am unable to recall the details, but I was notified to meet poor Beers's body at the train. General Lindsay Walker, learning that he had been killed on the 3rd of May, and buried upon the field, had the body exhumed and sent to me at Richmond. It is strange how everything con-

nected with the matter, except the sad scene at the grave, seems to have faded out of my recollection. I know he was buried in our family lot in Hollywood, and, as no one of us was buried there for long years after this, we must have bought the lot for the purpose. Yes; I remember, too, that we laid him to rest with military honors, Captain Gay's company, the "Penitentiary Guard," acting as escort, and I must have ridden in the carriage with the stricken widow and his two little girls, for, I distinctly recall standing between the children at the side of the open grave, and holding a hand of each, as the body of their hero-father was lowered to its last resting place. I remember, too, that not a muscle of their pale, sweet faces quivered, as the three volleys were fired over the low mound that covered him. They were the daughters of a soldier.

"OBEDIENCE UNTO DEATH."[8]

My story is done, and I feel that it is worthy of recital and remembrance. Indeed, it embodies the most impressive instance I have ever known, of trenchant, independent thought and uncalculating, unflinching obedience to the resulting conviction of duty—"obedience unto death."

Observe, Beers had never been South, and had no idea of ever going there, until the Southern States were invaded. Observe again, he was not a man without ties, a homeless and heartless adventurer, but a complete man—a man blessed with wife and children and home, and withal a faithful and affectionate husband and father. Observe, once more, he was not an unsuccessful or disappointed man. On the contrary, I have seldom known a man who had a position more perfectly congenial and satisfactory to him, or whose prospects were brighter or more assured. It was simply and purely and only his conviction of right and duty which led him to us and to his gallant death.

One feature of the poor fellow's story of intense power and color has been purposely omitted. I refer to his parting with his parents. It is my strong desire that this sketch shall not contain one word calculated to bring unnecessary pain to the heart of any relative of my dear friend, under whose eye it may chance to fall. If you would pass just and charitable judgment upon his family, try for a moment to conceive what would have been the feelings of a Southern father and mother and family circle toward a son and brother who, in 1861,

had proposed to go North for the purpose of fighting against his people and his State.

It gives me pleasure to say that, so far as I know, the family of Mr. Beers did their duty by his wife and children. Mrs. Beers was a delicate little woman, with a pale, suffering, resolved face, and my recollection is that she did not long survive her husband. I tried hard to have the little girls adopted in the South, and came very near succeeding; yet perhaps it was, after all, well that their friends sent for them, and that they finally returned to the North.

It is well, too, that there are not more men like Beers in the world. The bands of organized society are not strong enough to endure many such. They are too trenchant, too independent, too exceptional, to be normal. It is well that most of us believe and think and feel and act, with the mass of our fellow-beings about us. If it were not so, quiet and harmonious society would be impossible; it would dissolve and perish in fierce internecine strife. And yet, when every now and then, God turns out a man of different mould, a man strong enough and independent enough not to be dominated in opinion, or in conscience, or in action, by his associates; and, most of all, when such a man breasts and breaks away from such a current, and, in spite of it, comes out on our side, giving up everything, even life itself, for us—surely, we should be glad to know his story, and to do what honor we may to his memory.

The mound that covers James H. Beers is indeed low and humble, yet, where will you dig in earth's surface to find a handful of richer dust? I rejoice that he lies where he does, hard by my dear ones, and where my own body will soon rest; so that, when the resurrection trump shall call us all forth, after running over the roll of my beloved and finding them all present and accounted for, I can turn my eyes to the right and greet the hero whose sacred dust I have guarded all these years.

ROBT. STILES.

RICHMOND, VA., *October 14, 1899.*

HOW GENERAL A. P. HILL MET HIS FATE.

Comprehending the Statements of Sergeants George W. Tucker, C. S. Army, and John H. Mauk, U. S. Army,

WITH SOME NOTICE OF THEIR LIVES.

Also an Account of the Death of Major-General John Sedgwick, U. S. Army.

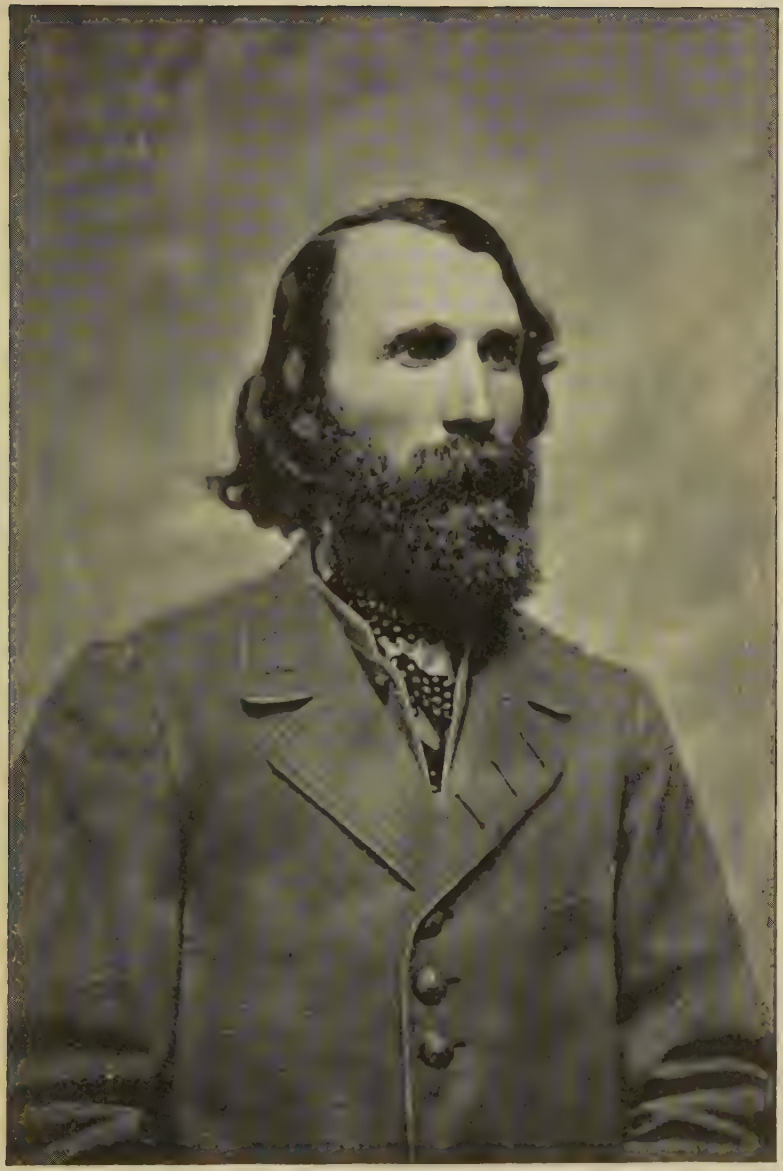
By James P. Matthews.

[Portions of the following article have already appeared in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, but the additional corroborative and illustrative details included, warrant, it may be held, the republication of the whole.

The narratives have been condensed from an article prepared by Mr. James P. Matthews, late of the Pension Bureau, for the *Baltimore American*, and published in its issue of May 30, 1892, as a preliminary to the report of the proceedings in connection with the unveiling of the statue to the memory of the heroic Hill at Richmond, Va., on the same day. The original article has been further revised and amended to make it conform to events which have occurred since and information which has been further elicited.

While investigating pension claims in the vicinity of Bedford, Pa., Mr. Matthews obtained of Sergeant Mauk the statement which is here included.

The paper has been furnished through one who saw some arduous service under General Hill, and as Captain in Dibrell's Cavalry accompanied President Davis after the surrender at Appomattox in his flight beyond Charlotte, N. C.; who has served since as Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery in the Maryland Line, and is now First Lieutenant-Commander of Isaac R. Trimble Camp, Confederate Veterans, and the member from Maryland of the History Committee of the United Confederate Veterans. Colonel Peters, as he is popularly designated, has enthusiastically exemplified his devotion to the memory of our momentous Southern struggle.



General Ambrose Powell Hill.

GENERAL AMBROSE POWELL HILL.

HIS CAREER AS A SOLDIER.

Graduated from West Point in 1847, Second Lieut. U. S. A.
Served in Mexico as First Lieut.; promoted for his distinguished services in the Artillery before the City of Mexico, Sept., 1851.
Served in Florida and Texas until 1856; assigned to Coast Survey.
Resigned his Commission in the U. S. A. 1861.
Colonel 13th Virginia Infantry May 9, 1861; Brig.-General First Brigade, Longstreet's Division, February 26, 1862—1st, 11th, 17th and 7th Virginia Regiments.
Major-General Light Division, Jackson's Corps, May 26, 1862:
Pender's Brigade North Carolina Troops.
McGowan's Brigade South Carolina Troops.
Archer's Brigade Tennessee Troops.
Brockenbrough's Brigade Virginia Troops.
Scales' Brigade North Carolina Troops.
Lane's Brigade North Carolina Troops.
Colonel R. L. Walker's Artillery.
Lieut.-General and Commander of the Third Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, May 26, 1863:
Heth's Division, Mahone's Division, Wilcox's Division.
General R. L. Walker's Third Corps Artillery Battalion, 80 guns.
KILLED BEFORE PETERSBURG, APRIL 2, 1865.

His untiring efforts have been attended with material results in the provision for the maimed and needy veterans and for kindred sacred objects. Acknowledgment is due, also, to a distinguished officer of General Hill's staff for revision of the account of the circumstances attending his death.

It has been deemed that it would be acceptable to prefix to the paper a portrait of General Hill and a synopsis of his career. These are from the "Souvenir" of the unveiling of the monument to his memory, issued by the J. L. Hill Printing Company, of Richmond, Va., who have kindly loaned the plate of the strikingly faithful portrait, for its reproduction.—EDITOR.]

MR. JAMES P. MATTHEW'S HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

It is seldom that all the details of a battlefield incident are so well-known as in the case of the shooting of General Hill. Of the four men who accidentally met on the edge of a wooded swamp, skirting the Boydton plank road, on the morning of April 2, 1865, three were still living at the time of the dedication of the Hill monument, and two of them (one on each side), had written narratives of the occurrence which fit together wonderfully well, although neither of the writers was conscious of the other's existence. It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that the survivors were all citizens of Pennsylvania in 1892. The Southern soldier who lived to tell the tragic story of the death of his chief and his own fortunate escape, and the two Union soldiers, who refused to surrender to him, would have been citizens of the same county, if boundary lines had remained as they were at the beginning of the Revolutionary War.

To properly understand the circumstances that brought General Hill and Sergeant Tucker, his chief of couriers, into accidental collision with two Pennsylvania soldiers, it will be necessary to take a glance at the military situation as it existed on that eventful morning. The two armies, which had been fortifying against each other for nearly ten months, and had fought a dozen terrific battles for the possession of vantage points on the various parts of the embattled line, had entered upon the final struggle. A portion of General Lee's forces held the cordon of strong forts which had been thrown around Petersburg, forming as it were a gigantic horse-shoe, with the corkers resting on the Appomatox river and covering the roads to Richmond.

Grant's guns had been pounding away at the toe of the horse-shoe for nine months, with no appreciable effect. The Southside Railroad runs westward from Petersburg and connects with the Richmond and Danville Road at Burkville Junction. The possession of this road was as important to Lee as the direct road to Richmond, and to protect it a line of entrenchments and forts was extended for eight or ten miles to the south and west, which, up to April 1st, had availed to keep Grant away from his main line of communication and supply.

On April 1st, Sheridan, with a powerful cavalry force, passed around this line of works, and supported by the Second and Fifth corps, assaulted the extreme Southern projection of Lee's right wing at Five Forks. All the troops that could possibly be spared from defense of Petersburg were hurried out to this exposed position, where a great battle was fought, which ended disastriously to the Confederates. Johnson's and Pickett's divisions retreated to the westward, and never returned to Petersburg. A large section of Lee's right wing had been eliminated from the military problem, and for the purposes of offense and defense had ceased to exist.

The strong line of works, however, reaching from Petersburg beyond Hatcher's Run, and the impregnable horse-shoe around the city covering the road to Richmond, still remained intact. Upon these works Grant opened a fierce cannonade, which was kept up until four o'clock on Sunday morning, when, upon a given signal, the Ninth corps, under General Parke, assaulted the works immediately in front of the city, while the Sixth corps moved upon the line of works running southward and westward to Hatcher's Run.

Outside of the main line of forts around the city was a trench bearded with *chevaux-de-frise*. Logs were hewn square and bored on the four sides. Sharpened sticks were driven into these holes, so that each log represented a gigantic rake with four rows of teeth, one row always being ready to impale an advancing column, no matter on which side it might be turned. The logs were chained together at the ends, so that for miles there was a continuous line of these ugly obstructions.

When the order to charge was given, the pioneers went forward first, and with their axes broke the fastenings at the ends of the logs, and then lifted the free end around, thus making gaps through which the assaulting columns poured. The Ninth corps carried the outer line of works, but halted before the strong forts within, and

taking shelter in the captured trenches, made no further progress during the day.

The Sixth corps assaulted simultaneously with the Ninth corps, and broke through the line of works two or three miles further out in the direction of Hatcher's Run. After the troops got inside and cleared the ground in front of them, they turned to the left, dislodged four brigades of Heth's division from their defences, and started most of Heth's division of Hill's corps in a rapid retreat in a northwesterly direction, their object being to reach Goode's bridge and cross over to the north side of the Appomattox.

The troops along that portion of the line which were assaulted by the Sixth corps were mainly of Wilcox's division and Heth's division of Hill's corps. Those stationed to the right of the breach retreated east and north to the inner line of strong forts around Petersburg. Those to the left of the breach went north and west in the direction of the Southside Railroad, as already stated, and later in the day were overtaken at Sutherland's Station, on the Southside Railroad, by Miles' division of the Second corps, and compelled to halt and fight a battle.

Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill passed the night at his headquarters in the western suburbs of Petersburg, and was disturbed by the heavy firing on the Petersburg Lines in front of the city. He was exceedingly anxious to communicate with the commander-in-chief on the subject, and at daylight rode over to General Lee's quarters at the Turnbull House, on the Cox road. From there, accompanied only by two soldiers (Sergeant Tucker and Private Jenkins), he started to the right of his lines, his troops had been swept away from their line of defense, and that there was not an armed Confederate soldier in the whole region between the breach in his lines and the Southside Railroad east of Hatcher's Run. On the west side the disorganized brigades of Heth's division were hurrying away in rapid retreat. If he had started an hour earlier and followed the same route, he would have ridden into Seymour's division of the Sixth corps. If he had started an hour later he would have struck the returning column, reinforced by two divisions of Ord's corps, which had crossed the works west of Hatcher's Run, and turning eastward, met the Sixth corps, which faced about and came back to the point where it had entered the Confederate lines.

When General Hill came to the lost ground in front of Wilcox's line it was not occupied, except by a few soldiers of Keifer's brigade, a portion of which had not turned westward with the main body after

crossing the Confederate works, but had kept straight on in the direction of the Southside Railroad. When this detached fragment faced about and followed the remainder of the command, a few men dropped out and took possession of an old deserted camp that had been occupied by General Mahone's troops during the winter, and began to prepare a hasty breakfast. Corporal John W. Mauk and Private Daniel Wolford, of Company F, One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Pennsylvania Infantry, did not halt with the rest, but kept on in the direction of the Southside Railroad. These two men were coming back from their independent exploring expedition, when General Hill and his sergeant of courier, George W. Tucker (formerly of Baltimore, now of Frederick county, Md.), came up with them. Mr. Tucker, in the November (1883) number of the *Southern Historical Papers*, gave a very interesting, and no doubt, perfectly truthful, account of this meeting and its fatal result.

EXTRACT FROM THE NARRATIVE OF GEORGE W. TUCKER.

We went directly across the road into the opposite field, and riding due south a short distance, the General drew rein, and for a few moments used his field-glass, which, in my still profound ignorance of what had happened, struck me as exceedingly queer. We then rode on in the same direction, down a declivity toward a small branch running eastward to Old Town creek, and a quarter of a mile from General Lee's. We had gone a little more than half this distance, when we suddenly came upon two of the enemy's armed infantry men. Jenkins and myself, who up to this time rode immediately behind the General, were instantly upon them, when, at the command "surrender," they laid down their arms. Turning to the General, I asked what should be done with the prisoners. He said, "Jenkins, take them to General Lee." Jenkins started back with his men, and we rode on.

Though not invited, I was at the General's side, and my attention now having been aroused, and looking carefully ahead and around, I saw a lot of people in and about the old log hut winter quarters of General Mahone's division, situated to the right of Whitworth house and on the top of the hill, beyond the branch we were approaching. Now, as I knew that those quarters had been vacant since about March 15th, by the transfer of Mahone to north of the Appomattox, and feeling that it was the enemy's troops in possession, with nothing looking like a Confederate anywhere, I remarked, pointing to the

old camp, "General, what troops are those?" He quickly replied, "The enemy's." Proceeding still further, and General Hill making no further remark, I became so impressed with the great risk he was running that I made bold to say, "Please excuse me, General, but where are you going?" He answered, "Sergeant, I must go to the right as quickly as possible." Then pointing southwest, he said, "We will go up this side of the branch to the woods, which will cover us until reaching the field in rear of General Heth's quarters. I hope to find the road clear at General Heth's."

From that time on I kept slightly ahead of the General. I had kept a Colt's army pistol drawn since the affair of the Federal stragglers. We then made the branch, becoming obscured from the enemy, and crossing the Boydton plank road, soon made the woods, which were kept for about a mile, in which distance we did not see a single person, and emerged into the field opposite General Heth's at a point two miles due southwest from General Lee's headquarters, at the Turnbull House, and at right angles with the Boydton plank road, at the Harman House, which was distant half a mile. When going through the woods, the only words between General Hill and myself, except a few relating to the route, were by himself. He called my attention, and said, "Sergeant, should anything happen to me, you must go back to General Lee and report it."

We came into the field near its corner, at the foot of a small declivity, rising which I could plainly see that the wood was full of troops of some kind. The General, raising his field-glass, said, "They are there." I understood perfectly that he meant the enemy, and asked, "Which way, now, General?" He pointed to that side of the woods parallel to the Boydton plank road, about one hundred yards down the hill from where our horses stood, saying, "We must keep on to the right." I spurred ahead, and we had made two-thirds of the distance, and coming to a walk, looked intently into the woods, at the immediate edge of which were several large trees. I saw what appeared to be six or eight Federals, two of whom, being some distance in advance of the rest, who halted some forty or fifty yards from the field, ran quickly forward to the cover of one of the large trees, and, one above the other, on the same side, leveled their guns. I looked around to General Hill. He said, "We must take them," at the same time drawing, for the first time that day, his Colt's navy pistol. I said, "Stay there, I will take them." By this time we were within twenty yards of the two behind the tree, and getting closer every moment. I shouted,

"If you fire, you will be swept to hell. Our men are here—surrender!" Then General Hill was at my side, calling, "Surrender." Now, within ten yards of the men covering us with their muskets—the upper one, the General; the lower one, myself; the lower soldier let the stock of his gun down from his shoulder, but recovered quickly as his comrade spoke to him (I only saw his lips move), and both fired. Throwing out my right hand toward the General, I caught the bridle of his horse, and, wheeling to the left, turned in the saddle and saw my General on the ground, with limbs extended, motionless.

Instantly retracing the ground leading his horse, which gave me no trouble, I entered the woods again where we had left them, and realizing the importance, and, of all things, most desirous of obeying the General's last order to report to General Lee, I changed to his horse, a very superior one and quite fresh, and letting mine free, kept on as fast as the nature of the ground would permit.

* * * * * * * * *

The Fifth Alabama Battalion, skirmishing, found the General's body, which was still slightly warm, with nothing about it disturbed. The Federal party were doubtless alarmed at what had been done, and must have instantly fled. The writer did not again see General Hill's body, which was brought to Venable's by a route still farther to our rear. * * * I learned that the ball struck the General's pistol hand, and then penetrated his body just over the heart.

N. B.—That cruel ball first cut off the thumb of General Hill's left (bridle) hand, leaving it hanging from the gauntlet.—W. P.

The account which Corporal Mauk wrote out for Mr. Matthews confirms Tucker in all the main incidents of the tragedy, but inasmuch as Tucker rode speedily away, after the shooting, he had no personal knowledge of the manner in which General Hill's body was recovered. Are there any survivors of the squad of Confederate soldiers that came and carried it away? Mauk's story as to what occurred before the shooting is certainly true, as seen from his standpoint. Can we accept as history his account of what occurred after the shooting? Here is his story:

STATEMENT OF CORPORAL MAUK.

"On the morning of the 2d of April, 1865, after the rebel works had been carried in the front, the main portion of the troops deployed to the left inside the enemy's works. A portion of the Second brig-

ade, Third division, Sixth army corps became separated from the main body and pushed forward to the railroad and a wagon road, running parallel with each other. Comrade Daniel Wolford and myself, of company F, 138 Pennsylvania infantry, reached this point. We came to a saw-mill, just across the railroad, close to it under a slab pile near the track, we found some crow-bars, with which we tore up two rails of the track. Previous to this, however, before we were separated from the others, we saw a wagon train passing along, and advanced, firing, expecting to capture it. This accounts for our advancing in this direction.

After tearing up the track we went obliquely to the left, from the railroad, in the direction of a swamp about a half or three-quarters of a mile from the saw-mill, which we had passed to the right when firing on the train, and going in the direction of the railroad. Here we attempted to cross back on the corduroy road, which led through the swamp toward a body of our men on the hill near the former line of the rebel works. These men were stragglers who had been lost from their commands and were making coffee and eating breakfast. Just as we entered the swamp we saw two men on horseback coming from the direction of Petersburg, who had the appearance of officers. They advanced until they came to the men on the hill, they then turned and rode toward us. We had just entered the swamp when they advanced with cocked revolvers in their hands which were leveled at us. Seeing a large oak tree close to the road, we took it for protection against any movement they would be likely to make. Seemingly, by direction of his superior, one of the rebel officers remained behind. The other advanced with his revolver pointed at us, and demanded our surrender, saying: "Surrender, or I will shoot you. A body of troops are advancing on our left (i. e., from the direction of Petersburg), and you will have to surrender anyway!" The officer still advanced and peremptorily demanded, "Surrender your arms." I said "I could not see it," and said to Comrade Wolford, "Let us shoot them."

We immediately raised our guns and fired, I bringing my man from his saddle.

The other officer, throwing himself forward on the horse's neck, rode off in the direction from which they had come, while the horse of the other followed. We, knowing not what was on our flank and not being able to see in that direction, backed out and went farther down the swamp, and crossed to the men on the hill.

Shortly afterwards I told Comrade Wolford that I would go and see what the officer had with him. I went a short distance, and saw what I took to be a skirmish line advancing. I went back and got part of the men on the hill, perhaps ten or fifteen, and deployed them as skirmishers for self-defense. The advancing line came within hailing distance. I ordered them to halt, which they did. Then I said: "Throw up your arms, advance and give an account of yourselves."

On being questioned, they said they had captured some rebel prisoners and were taking them to the rear. Six or eight were carrying guns, and were dressed in our uniform. About that many were without guns, and wore rebel uniforms. I took their word, and let them go. Turning round they asked me if a man had been killed near there. I told them I had killed an officer in the swamp. They went off in that direction. I had no suspicions at the time, but afterward thought this was a Confederate ruse to get the body of the man I had just killed. Comrade Wolford and myself shortly after this joined our regiment, and nothing more was thought of the affair until summoned to brigade and corps headquarters to answer questions.

After I had given a statement of the affair, General Wright asked me if I knew whom I had killed. I told him that I did not. He said: "You have killed General A. P. Hill, of the Confederate Army."

All this occurred on the morning after the rebel works had been carried, on the 2d of April, 1865.

JOHN W. MAUK.

Commenting on Mauk's statement as to what occurred after Sergeant Tucker rode away, the writer of the original article, Mr. Matthews, says:

"As to the stratagem by which General Hill's body was recovered and carried back to Petersburg, Mr. Tucker makes no mention of it, and from his article it might be inferred that a line of battle had been formed somewhere in the neighborhood and that a party of skirmishers had gone out in front and had found the body and carried it to the rear. It does not appear from the official reports, or the contemporary narratives, that there was a line of battle anywhere in that locality. The Sixth corps, when it came back from its expedition to Hatcher's Run, inside the Confederate works, passed out at the gap through which it entered, while Ord's two divisions went on towards Petersburg.

"The Sixth corps passed around to the right and formed in the rear of the Ninth corps, which, as already shown, was holding the outer circle of the Confederate works, which it had captured in the morning. Ord's men, after parting with the Sixth corps, pushed on to the inner line of strong forts, covering the west side of Petersburg and assailed them. There was fierce fighting at one of these forts, and the colored regiments, especially, suffered heavy loss in the assault. When the Sixth corps passed over the same ground on the next day, after Petersburg had been evacuated, they found the dead bodies of the colored soldiers lying in front of this fort like sheaves on the harvest field.

"From the events of the day, it seems more than probable that the body of General Hill was recovered in the manner described by Mr. Mauk, before the Union troops came back from Hatcher's Run. After the advance of Ord's divisions, no Confederate skirmishers could have reached that locality, and before these troops arrived there was nobody to skirmish with, except the little squad of stragglers, led by Corporal Mauk, precisely as he has related."

CORPORAL, AFTERWARD SERGEANT MAUK.

The Union soldier (John W. Mauk), who was the principal actor in this tragedy, died August 19, 1898, at the age of 58 years. He was a fair type of the enlisted men in the Pennsylvania regiments. The great majority of them sprang from the plain people, and were reared in humble homes. They were mostly farmer boys and common laborers, with about the same proportion of mechanics in each company as could be found in the communities from which they came. When the successive calls for troops were promulgated from Washington, the village workshops as well as the farms yielded their quota.

Mauk grew up in a little valley in Bedford county, not far from the town of Bedford. A high mountain overshadowed his home on either side. With the exception of his three years' service in the Union army, his whole life was spent in the same neighborhood. He died in the village of Centreville, midway between the city of Cumberland, on the Potomac, and the town of Bedford, on the headwaters of the Juniata. When a boy, he picked up the rudimentary education which most lads, in his condition of life, obtained in the "log school-house," and his ambition never reached beyond the simple employments which required no large stock of school-book

learning. Nevertheless, he was a man of excellent sense, had an intelligent conception of the great Civil War, its causes and results, and could give a vivid account of the campaigns in which he was engaged. He never boasted of the act which brought his name into the official report of the commander of the division in which he served, but he had no hesitation in telling the thrilling story when it became the subject of special inquiry.

During the last few years of his life Mauk drew a pension of $12 a month from the United States government, which, with his modest earnings as a carpenter and common laborer, enabled him to live in comparative comfort, in the plain, simple style of his neighborhood. At the time of his enlistment, he had a wife and two children. His wife died soon after the close of the war, and both children, by this marriage, died before reaching maturity. In 1866 he married his second wife, who is now his widow. A son, Mr. H. C. Mauk (who is a teacher in the public schools), and a daughter, are the surviving children. For twenty years or longer, Mauk was an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He led a quiet, unobtrusive life, full of toil, but honest, upright and manly.

Daniel Wolford, the comrade who fired the ineffective shot at Sergeant Tucker, when Mauk with steadier aim brought down General Hill, is still living. He belongs to the class of honest toilers, of whom Mauk was an excellent type. He has spent his whole life in Bedford county, Penna., near to the spot where he was born. The tremendous events through which he passed in his youth, made no appreciable impression on his character and apparently had nothing to do with shaping his destiny. He is a quiet, well-meaning, hard working man, and this is what he would, in all probability, have been, if he had remained at home when the other farmer boys marched off to the war—and had never seen "a squadron set in the field."

SERGEANT TUCKER.

The other survivor of the Hill tragedy, Sergeant George W. Tucker, who escaped through Wolford's bad marksmanship, in his best days bore but little resemblance to the two men just described. In his youth he was surrounded by an entirely different environment. He is a native of Baltimore and enjoyed the educational advantages that belong to a large city. Of handsome person and soldierly bearing, it is not surprising that he was soon taken from the cavalry company, in which he had enlisted as a private soldier, and put into a

responsible position at headquarters. Several acts of personal bravery attracted the attention of General A. P. Hill, and during the remainder of his service he was one of that able officer's confidential messengers, and was often entrusted with special duty regarded as particularly delicate and dangerous.

At the close of the war Tucker returned to Baltimore and for a number of years was a salesman for the large wholesale house of William T. Walters & Co. Of late years he has resided, for the most part, in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. At present he is living in the little village of Pearl, Frederick county, Maryland. It is understood that his health has become greatly impaired.

GENERAL SEDGWICK'S SUDDEN TAKING OFF.

It is a fact worthy of being noted that Corporal Mauk was an eye witness to the killing of General Sedgwick, commander of the Sixth army corps, whose taking off was as sudden, as unexpected, and almost as tragic as that of General A. P. Hill. The Sixth corps had made a long march on the 8th of May, 1864, and on the 9th was getting into position in front of Spotsylvania. No general engagement was expected for some hours, and Sedgwick and several officers of his staff were leisurely inspecting the lines, walking from one point to another, and stopping occasionally to speak encouraging words to the men. The Confederate line was apparently a mile away, but every now and then the whirr of a minie ball showed that the sharpshooters were plying their deadly work from such vantage points as the natural features of the battle ground afforded. Sedgwick had been told by his chief of staff, earlier in the day, that there was one place on the line which he should avoid, for the reason that the fire of the sharpshooters seemed to converge upon it, as if it had been selected for a target.

Strangely enough, the officer who had given the warning accompanied General Sedgwick to the very spot which he regarded as specially dangerous. They stopped, and Sedgwick passed some jokes with the men who were inclined to drop to the ground whenever they heard the singing of a bullet. To reassure one poor fellow whose dodging interrupted his work, Sedgwick said to him, "They couldn't hit an elephant at this distance." These were the last words of the amiable, good-natured, gallant Sedgwick. A ball struck him fair in the face, and went through his head. General McMahon, who was standing close beside him, in attempting to sup-

port his stricken chief, was borne to the ground, and it was not until he saw the blood gushing from the mortal wound that he recalled the warning he had given but a short time before. Fate had led both men unconsciously along, until they stood immediately in front of the sharpshooters' target.

Corporal Mauk was close enough to the group to hear the conversation with the dodging soldier, and he often repeated Sedgwick's expression about the inability of a sharpshooter to hit an elephant at so great a distance. General McMahon described the touching scene in a private letter to a friend, a portion of which was published not a great while ago, and the last sentence uttered by Sedgwick, as recorded by his chief of staff, is identical with what Mauk heard him say an instant before the sharpshooter gave such awful proof of his skill.

[From the Richmond *Dispatch* of November 17 and December 3, 1899.]

RICH MOUNTAIN IN 1861.

An Account of that Memorable Campaign and How General Garnett was Killed.

HISTORY OF THE OCCURRENCES

Of May 10th, 11th, and 12th—Taliaferro Succeeds to Command After the Fall of Garnett—Incidents of the Report by Dr. Henry M. Price, Company K, 44th Virginia Volunteers, With Corrections and Additional Particulars by C. T. Allen, formerly of Lunenburg County, Va.

By Dr. Henry M. Price.

At the request of many old comrades, and through your courtesy, I will try to give your readers a true history of the occurrences of the 10th, 11th, and 12th of May, 1861, culminating in the tragic death of General Garnett, and the loss of West Virginia to the State and the Confederacy. No campaign has been more misunderstood, nor more misrepresented, both North and South than this.

On the evening of the 10th of July, 1861, the Forty-fourth Virginia Volunteers, commanded by Colonel William C. Scott, of Pow-

hatan co., Va., reached Beverley, Randolph county, and encamped at the base of Rich mountain, just beyond, in the road crossing that mountain, on which, six miles beyond, General Pegram held position, having 300 men, known as the "College Boys," entrenched on the summit of the mountain three miles off, and 900 with himself. Scott had 800, rank and file, and six pieces of artillery. At Laurel Hill (Elkins), nine miles beyond Beverley, General Garnett faced McClellan's 15,000 with 2,000 men, composed of Colonel William C. Taliaferro's brigade, the Thirty-first Virginia (West Virginia), under Colonel Jackson, and the First Georgia, under Colonel Ramsey. Thus Garnett was attempting to hold four detached positions against McClellan's united force of over three to one. On the night of the 10th your correspondent was thrown out at the extreme picket on Rich mountain, with orders from Captain Shelton, of Louisa, officer of the day, to scout out if anything unusual occurred, and find out its nature and report to him on rounds to the posts. About midnight a movement of the enemy was discovered opening and cutting a way 'round Pegram's position in the direction of the entrenched position held by the "College Boys." This was duly reported and a courier sent to General Garnett. At daylight of July 11th an order came to Scott to immediately join Garnett at Laurel Hill. When within three miles of that position an order came to countermarch double quick "to the forks of the road on Rich mountain, some half a mile from the entrenched 'College Boys,' and hold the position to the last man." The position was reached about 1 P. M., and almost immediately the enemy—5,000 strong—made an attack on the position of the "College Boys." A more gallant fight than these brave boys put up against overwhelming odds was never made. They stood firm as the rocky base of the mountain beneath them, until the last round of ammunition was exhausted, and then, only then, scattered amid the forest. The men of the Forty-fourth were held, under General Garnett's positive order, as idle witnesses almost, of these brave boys' defeat—stern men crying in agony to be led in to their help, even almost to mutiny. There never has been a doubt in our minds, if we had united with the boys the 1,100, and twelve pieces of artillery, would have checked, if not defeated, the "Buckeye Braggarts," as we did successively four times thereafter. On that day, wrought to reckless frenzy, we might have been annihilated, but never defeated!

GARNETT'S LAST ORDER.

Almost with the close of the fight, an order came from General Garnett for Scott to fall back to Huttonsville, twelve miles from Beverley, and he would join us there, concentrate, and give McClellan battle. We had nearly reached Huttonsville, when there came another order from Garnett for us to return to Beverley, where he would join us, and fight there next day. Midnight of the 11th of July found us, after marching and countermarching all day, drawn up in the streets of Beverley, waiting Garnett, our last march made amid a thunder-storm and downpour of rain seldom witnessed. As we stood in rank, wet to the skin, there came a last order from Garnett "to take the prisoners from the jail and fall rapidly back to Monterey, where he would join us by way of Hardy and the South Branch of the Potomac." This was done, Colonel Scott ordering your correspondent to remain at the log cabin, just out of Beverly, to direct stragglers from the fight on Rich mountain on the line of retreat. This he did, remaining until the Yankee cavalry appeared, approaching Beverley from the direction of Laurel Hill, on the morning of the 12th of July, then rejoining the regiment late in the evening of that charge at Cheat mountain. It is evident that, as the turnpike road was open for the Yankee cavalry, it was equally open for Garnett to have joined Scott at Beverley, and retreat that way to Cheat mountain and entrench there, as the enemy did afterwards.

At "Travellers' Rest," on Greenbrier river, near dark of the 12th, we met the 12th Georgia, under Colonel Edward Johnson, who fell in line after us, and continued retreat over the Alleghany. About midnight, 'mid inky darkness, at a long angle in the road, our prisoners, held in the front, broke away, and the fire of the guard striking our rear, led us to think we were being attacked by "bushwhackers," and the fire was promptly returned, leading the front to the same idea. Then for some minutes the front and rear continued fiercely firing, the flash of our Springfield muskets illuminating the visible darkness, the men, almost to a man, remaining resolutely firm and cool, as comrades fell around and the shrieks of the wounded pierced the darkness 'round. Had Mrs. Susan Pendleton Lee been an eye-witness of this scene, she would hardly have written, "These men were totally demoralized." On the evening of the 13th we rested for the night, and on the 14th of July reached Monterey and encamped, awaiting Garnett's forces to join us. Pegram, cut off by

this mismanagement, was compelled to surrender the force with him to McClellan. General Garnett commenced to retreat on the night of the 11th of July, with McClellan in pursuit, who overtook him at Cannick's Ford, over Cheat river. Here Garnett concluded to make a stand to check the enemy's advance. A line of battle was formed of Taliaferro's regiment and the 1st Georgia, with the 31st Virginia (West Virginia) thrown out as a skirmish line and sharpshooters along the banks of the river. General Garnett rode up to Lieutenant-Colonel Pat Duffy, of Braxton Courthouse, in charge of the skirmish line, and called for twelve men. On reaching the stream he ordered eleven back, and himself and one man, Zack Tillman, of Lewis county, continued to the middle of the river. Here Garnett ordered ten men back, who, thinking the General demented, hesitated. A volley from the enemy riddled Garnett's body. It fell into the stream. Tillman brought out safely the General's horse. The body was recovered by McClellan and sent home by way of Washington for burial.

RETREAT TO MONTEREY.

On the fall of Garnett, Colonel Taliaferro assumed command, and speedily checked the enemy's advance, and his force safely reached Monterey a few days after. The entire force were detained a month at this place by measles of a virulent type which deciminated our ranks. On the 15th of August we advanced to Traveller's Rest, on the Greenbrier, to hold the Parkersburg turnpike, and prevent any advance from Cheat mountain on Staunton, General Henry R. Jackson, of Georgia, being in command. We had been reinforced by the 1st Arkansas, Colonel Rusk, and Fulkerson's southwest Virginia regiment. Early on the morning of the 2d of September, Millroy, with 5,000 men and his field guns, crossed the bridge over the Greenbrier to drive in our pickets and attack our entrenched camp. Our pickets, 120 strong, taking the laurel on the side of the mountain, held their advance for three hours, making an unequalled fight of this character. The 1st Arkansas, Taliaferro's regiment, and the 44th Virginia held the entrenchments, the latter being on the left at the extreme point of the ridge, near the enemy and under our own battery and in line of fire of the enemy's. The 1st and 12th Georgians formed line of battle on the banks of the river to check the enemy's crossing. The ridge, on our left, was held by the 31st Virginia (West Virginia) and Fulkerson's regiment. The Georgians, pre-

venting Millroy from crossing to attack the entrenchments, the battle culminated into an artillery duel of three hours' duration, when the enemy fell back. During this artillery duel the writer witnessed as cool a piece of daring as he saw but once after during the war. He was lying down in his place in the trench at the extreme point, near the enemy's battery and directly beneath our own, in line of the direct fire. The next man to to the left of him was private Robert Blackburn, the present postmaster of Antioch, Va., who was sitting up, a twelve pound shell fell in the trench between us, its firing, hissing fuse rapidly burning, predicating death or wounds to all in that part of the trench. There was no time for me to rise and throw it out, so I exclaimed, as it fell: "Throw her out, Bob." Instantly he seized it and hurled it over the bank of trench, and it scarcely rolled twenty feet before it exploded. Here was a fair specimen of our demoralization, so curtly mentioned in Mrs. Lee's history. Indeed, Colonel (afterward General) Edward Johnson paid the men the compliment to say, "They were as immobile under fire as a parcel of tarrapins on a sandbar."

AT CHEAT MOUNTAIN.

Soon after this General Robert E. Lee, then in command in West Virginia, when he planned an attack on Cheat mountain from the west, called for 2,500 volunteers from this force to storm the entrenchments from the east. He got them, and they marched to position at midnight, awaiting all day for the signal guns from the west side —that never came. General Lee could not have deemed them suffering much from demoralization.

Late in the fall our forces fell back to the top of the Alleghany for winter quarters, Colonel Edward Johnson in command. On the night of the 25th of December, the enemy, 5,000 strong, under Millroy, made a night march in a snowstorm to surprise us. Our pickets, on the turnpike road up the mountain, were bayoneted, rolled up in their blankets, asleep on their posts. Our men were round their camp-fires, cooking breakfast; the "Buckeyes" suddenly appeared, firing into them. Surprised and overpowered by such numbers, our men scattered in disorder, falling back some thousand yards and halted. Colonel Johnson, in his night-clothes, slippers and overcoat—for there was no time left to dress—put himself at their head, with an "old grub" picked up, and charged the enemy, our force growing at each step by the surprised men. For a short time it was

a hand-to-hand fight at close quarters. Gradually the enemy gave back; then faster and faster, finally flying in total rout along and down the mountain side. All things considered, this was one of the most remarkable victories gained during the war. General Loring having assumed command, on hearing that Fremont was ascending the East Branch of the Potomac with 10,000 men to cut him off at McDowell, slowly fell back to the Cow Pasture mountain, to protect Staunton. About midnight of the 6th of May, Stonewall Jackson, marching rapidly from the Shenandoah Valley with a part of his small force, joined us and at once ordered us "to go back to McDowell" and fight, but whip the enemy. We reached the vicinity of McDowell, where Freemont had united with Millroy, about 2 P. M. of the 8th of May. We at once formed line of battle on the ridge above, the centre being held by the 44th and 21st Virginia and the 12th Georgia regiments. Upon this attack, after attack was made to break it. The fight stubbornly continued until night, when the enemy were totally routed by a general charge and their camp, stores, etc., taken. From this date this command became part of Stonewall Jackson's famous foot cavalry—present in every fight up to his lamented death. They formed part of the force of General Edward Johnson, cut off at the Bloody Angle, and furnished the principal part of the six hundred officers—the martyrs of Morris's Island and Fort Pulaski—many of them food for the sharks of Charleston harbor or their bodies decaying amid the boggy marshes round Fort Pulaski. At the former places—held by negro troops, late slaves—their ration was two ounces of bread, washed down with a pint of Cayenne pepper tea.

Captain James M. Hughes, Company K, 44th Virginia, who resides near Scottsville, Va., says he owes his life to a negro—Corporal Triner—who, taking a fancy to him, daily brought him battercakes, hid beneath his shirt bosom. His brother, Lieutenant John Hughes, less fortunate, and many others, were reduced to skeletons, under the agony of starvation from a stimulated appetite goaded by the beverage given. The few who at last, in the very jaws of death, returned home were walking skeletons, whom even their friends failed to recognize. If any one desires to hear the terrible torments suffered by these victims of a diabolical cruelty without parallel, even in the world's darkest pages, let them call upon Captain James M. Hughes, as brave and true a soldier as marched to the tune of Dixie beneath the Stars and Bars, and as the unbidden ear of memory rises in his

fearless eye, he will a tale unfold that will damn the authors of this diabolical scheme and consign them to eternal obliquity of the blackest pages of the world's eternal history.

CORRECTIONS AND FURTHER PARTICULARS BY C. T. ALLEN.

MEXICO, MO., *November 25, 1899.*

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

In your weekly issue of November 21st I have read with pleasing interest an article by Dr. Henry M. Price, late of the 44th Virginia Volunteers, touching the incidents and occurrences of July 10, 11, and 12, 1861, at and about Rich mountain, the scene of the second battle of the late war—the first being the battle of Big Bethel, on June 10th.

I remember with remarkable distinctness many occurrences of that time, and I recall this day, after the lapse of thirty-eight and one-third years, many little incidents of that terrific battle on the summit of Rich mountain, in which over 25 per cent. of the brave boys who went into it on the Confederate side "bit the dust." Well and distinctly do I recall this day the fact that Colonel William C. Scott and his full and brave regiment was close by—almost in sight—and that our cry of distress, as our comrades fell "like leaves in wintry weather," was unheeded by him. I recall also the fact that one of our men, Waddy S. Bacon (one of Walker's Nicarauga campaigners and filibusters, as brave a man as ever trod the earth), in some way "ran the gauntlet" of shot and shell on that ever-memorable July 11, 1861, and went to Colonel Scott in person, told him of the situation, begged him to go to our help, showed him how an attack in the Federal rear would demoralize the whole Federal force and cause them to flee as if "from the wrath to come," and offered to go side by side with him in leading the rear attack. No, Colonel Scott didn't "budge" one inch! Pegram's heroes—only about 250 actually engaged—confronted by General Rosecrans with three full regiments—at least 3,000 men—stood like a "stone wall" on that mountain summit, fighting to the death, hoping, waiting, praying that Colonel Scott would come to their help and rescue. They fought and hoped and waited and prayed in vain. Finally, as they were about to be surrounded by the Federals "lapping" all around them, they fell back, leaving seventy-odd dead on the field of honor.

The battle of Rich mountain, on July 11, 1861, is not down in history as one of the big battles of the war. In comparison with a hundred others, perhaps, it was a small affair, and will not be noticed by the future historian. But it is a fact, nevertheless, that it was a bloody battle, and those engaged in it on the Confederate side "stood to their guns" with a gallantry and heroism worthy of all praise. The fact that they lost over 25 per cent. of their number attests the stubbornness of the battle.

Allow me to correct Dr. Price in a few particulars, of which I know more than he could possibly know, for he was with Colonel Scott and I was with Pegram, though I was not actually in the fight on the mountain summit. Dr. Price says General Pegram was "entrenched on the summit" of Rich mountain, with 300 men, known as the "College Boys," and 900 men elsewhere.

Here my friend is in error. Lieutenant-Colonel John Pegram (afterwards major-general, and killed at Five Forks, near Petersburg, on or about April 1, 1865), arrived at Rich mountain with his regiment, the 20th Virginia volunteers, on Tuesday or Wednesday evening, July 9th or 10th—I have forgotten which—and assumed command. We came from Laurel Hill, where General Garnett was in command. When we got to Rich mountain there were a few troops there—how many I do not now remember. Among them was a field battery commanded by a gray-bearded and brave old gentleman named Anderson. But all told, Pegram's force on July 11th didn't number more than 1,000 men, if so many. "The College Boys"—students from Hampden-Sidney College, commanded by Professor John M. P. Atkinson, brave and splendid soldiers, every one of them!—constituted one company only in the 20th Virginia, but they were only a small part of the Confederate force who held the mountain summit so bravely that day. As well as I remember, there were no entrenchments—if any, very poor indeed—on the mountain top. We had not been there long enough to throw up entrenchments worthy the name, and the few troops there before we got to Rich mountain were engaged in felling trees and making an abattis on the southwestern slope of the mountain. I think it can be safely stated that there was no "entrenched position" on the mountain summit, but there was a so-called "intrenched position" (logs piled up with cracks chinked with rocks and sticks, &c.!) on the southwestern slope.

Now, my friend, Dr. Price, says Colonel Scott, on the morning of July 11th, in obedience to an order from General Garnett, started

from Beverley to join Garnett at Laurel Hill, and was then ordered back "to the forks of the road on Rich mountain, some half mile from the entrenched College Boys, and hold the position to the last man."

Colonel Scott reached this "forks of the road" point about 1 P. M. July 11th, when immediately 5,000 Federals, who had passed this "forks of the road" point, I presume, before Scott got there, attacked Pegram's force on the mountain summit. Now, let's see how "things" stood just at this point of time.

The Confederates under Pegram on the mountain summit were aligned across the road, facing in a somewhat northeast direction, the Federals under Rosecrans attacking Pegram and facing in a somewhat southwestern direction. Immediately behind these Federals and within a "half mile" of Pegram was Colonel William C. Scott, with 800 men and six pieces of artillery, all eager to go to the rescue of the brave Pegram and his fast-falling men! My conscience! What havoc Colonel Scott could have played with his 800 brave men and six pieces of artillery by a dashing attack on the Federal rear! His artillery could not have done much real service owing to the topography of the ground surrounding him, but his men with rifles and muskets, aided by the uproar that could be created by six pieces of artillery firing even blank cartridges, could at that early period of the war have "raised the siege" of Pegram and his men and saved the day. But Colonel Scott didn't "budge" one inch. There he stood, an "idle witness" of brave comrades praying him to come to their rescue, calling for his help, but fighting and dying at their post! No wonder Colonel Scott's braves "cried in agony to be led to their help, even almost to mutiny."

I never knew Colonel Scott personally, I do not now know whether he be dead or alive. I have never known what reason he gave for not helping Pegram that day. Dr. Price says Colonel Scott was "held under Garnett's positive order at the forks-of-the-road point," and couldn't leave. I have no doubt at all of the truth of that statement. But let us look at the situation, and perhaps we will see that Colonel Scott was not justified in fulfilling literally his order.

General Garnett first ordered Scott to join him at Laurel Hill. Then Garnett didn't know that David L. Hart, a mountaineer, who lived on the mountain summit, was leading Rosecrans with three full regiments to Pegram's rear. But he soon became aware of it, and realizing Pegram's extreme danger of being overwhelmed and

captured—"horse, foot, and dragoon"—ordered Scott back to protect Pegram's rear, and believing that the "forks-of-the-road" point was the best place for Scott to take and make his fight and "hold to the last man," ordered him so to do. When Scott got there he plainly saw that he was too late—that the Federals were actually in position beyond the forks of the road, higher up the mountain, and ready to begin, and did in a few minutes, begin the bloody attack upon Pegram's rear.

Colonel Scott had taken his position, and he held it, an "idle witness" of the slaughter of his brave comrades on the mountain summit, and there he stayed, because Garnett had ordered him to do so! His brave men wanted to rescue, or at least help, Pegram, but Colonel Scott said "No! I was ordered to take and hold this position at the forks of the road," and I am doing it. Colonel Scott ought to have seen that the very wording of his order—"to hold" the forks-of-the-road point "to the last man"—contemplated his getting to that point before the Federals got there, or at least before they struck Pegram's rear on the mountain summit. When he did get there, the Federals had passed up the mountain and were ready to begin, and did in a few minutes begin the battle. He ought to have seen that "circumstances had changed" from what they were anticipated to be when Garnett wrote that order, and the order was no longer obligatory upon him. Then, left to his own view of the actual situation, the view of a brave soldier, with a splendid advantage over the enemy staring him in the face, what was Colonel Scott's duty? Any one can answer—to strike the enemy in the rear with all possible dash; put every rifle and musket and every piece of artillery to its best work; raise the rebel yell, and make the enemy feel, or at least imagine, that "hell had broke loose," not "in Georgia," but in his rear. If Colonel Scott had done so, the day would have been saved, I think, and many a brave boy would have lived to fight again. But he didn't, and the day was lost, and the whole of what is now West Virginia was thrown away, a new State carved out of the "Old Dominion" without warrant of constitutional law—"the bastard offspring of a political rape!"

When I recall the dreadful sufferings of Pegram's men on their retreat from Rich mountain; how we trudged through the very blackness of darkness the night following the battle through a trackless wilderness; how we tramped through mud and rain down to Monterey; how men fell by the way from hunger; how wounded

comrades were set up against trees and given the farewell hand of fellowship, and never heard of again—when a recollections of these sufferings comes back to me, and I think how much of them could have been avoided had Colonel Scott realized his duty as he looked on as "idle witness" at that forks-of-the-road point on July 11, 1861, the tears drop down my cheek, and I feel that Colonel Scott was most grievously at fault. Let no one think for one moment that I impugn in the least degree the courage of Colonel Scott. That is not my purpose, for I never knew him, or anything of his personal characteristics. But I do say that Colonel Scott failed that day to realize what his duty was. He literally obeyed orders, when he should have realized and known by the intuition of a soldier, that his duty was to throw his orders to the winds and strike the enemy in his front and their rear and die, if need be, in saving the day.

In another communication at some convenient season, with the permission of the *Dispatch*, I will say more of Rich mountain and its consequences.

C. T. Allen,
Formerly of Lunenburg county, Va.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, November 12, 1899.]

THE FIFTEENTH VIRGINIA.

Composed of Richmond, Henrico and Hanover Boys.

CAREER OF THIS GALLANT REGIMENT.

Incidents of the Capture of Harper's Ferry and the Bloody Battle of Sharpsburg—Colonel Vance and "Molly Cottontail."

I want to tell what I know about the part taken in the Sharpsburg campaign by the 15th Virginia Infantry, whose rifles cracked from Bethel to Appomattox.

There were eight companies in the regiment, organized and composed of men from Richmond and vicinity—to-wit: Company A, Church Hill, city; Company B, Virginia Life Guard, city; Company C, Patrick Henry Rifles, Hanover; Company D, Old Dominion Guard, city; Company E, Ashland Grays, Hanover; Company G,

Henrico Southern Guard, Henrico; Company H, Young Guard, city; Company I, Hanover Grays, Hanover.

Having lost its colonel (T. P. August, wounded) and major (John Stewart Walker, killed at Malvern Hill), the regiment recruited and reorganized, broke camp on August 30, 1862, near Culpeper Court-house, and started on its eventful march for the first invasion beyond the Potomac.

On August 31st we bivouacked at Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, September 1st, at Gainesville, September 2d, at Bull Run, September 3d, at Leesburg, and September 6th, we crossed the Potomac by fording the river—up to our breast. September 7th, we bivouacked near Frederick City, Md., and on the 10th passed through the city. Many "rebel" flags were displayed from windows and housetops. We did not see or hear of any Federal flags, nor the notorious and much-talked-of Barbara Freitchie. September 11th we crossed South mountain, within six miles of Harper's Ferry, and on the 12th, 13th, and 14th, we were kept busy beating back the enemy sent to the relief of Harper's Ferry. On the 15th that town surrendered, our prizes being 12,737 men, 47 cannon, 24 mounted howitzers, large quantities of small arms, ammunition, horses, and ambulance and quartermaster's stores. The last were very much needed, as our army was much in want of shoes and underwear.

September 16th, after paroling the prisoners, we took up our march back into Virginia, with full stomachs. After a long and tedious march, we bivouacked late at night near Shepherdstown. On the 17th the bugle called us before day, and a forced march was begun for the Potomac, which we reached about sunrise—hungry and tired, and having a cold stream to wade. The enemy's guns at Sharpsburg could be distinctly heard at that early hour, D. H. Hill, with bulldog tenacity, holding McClellan in check while Longstreet and Jackson were coming to his aid.

It took us only a few hours to reach our position under Jackson, on the extreme left of the line, and just at a time when that part of the line had commenced to give way before greatly superior numbers. In our immediate front the enemy were driven back over half a mile, after a fight of nearly two hours, and the expenditure by us of nearly every cartridge; but it was a dearly bought victory, for our little command sustained a greater loss that day than any other in the army. It went into action under the command of Captain E. M. Morrison, of Company C, the only field officer being still absent on account of wounds. The regiment was much depleted, and was also

worn down from loss of sleep, long marches and poor rations. Straggling from sore feet and sickness had reduced our strength from a possible 175 men to an effective strength of 14 officers and 114 men. The heavy loss from our ranks had naturally cast a deep feeling of depression over the rest of the little band.

The brave Captain E. J. Willis, who took command after Morrison fell, held up his overcoat for me to count the bullet-holes, and I counted about eight. It was perforated at least six or eight times by bullets; besides, his metal scabbard was cut in two. Willis was, before the war, pastor of Leigh Street Baptist church.

Of the fourteen officers who entered the fight, one, Captain A. V. England, of Company D, was killed, and six—Captain E. M. Morrison, commanding the regiment; Lieutenant Bumpass; Lieutenant J. K. Fussell, our own J. K.; Lieutenant J. H. Allen; Lieutenant George Berry, and Lieutenant George P. Haw—were wounded. Of the 114 non-commissioned officers and privates, 10 were killed and 58 wounded.

We held our part of the lines until after dark, when we withdrew about a hundred yards to the crest of a hill in our rear, where we lay unmolested all the next day, the 18th, in full view of the enemy. That afternoon Captain Willis had me gather up all the wounded that could walk (of which I had twenty), and take them across the Potomac at Shepherdstown, which we forded at night.

We went on our way to the hospital at Winchester, with not a mouthful to eat except what I could beg on the route, but the women along the road helped me to wash and bind up the men's wounds, which was the only medical attention they received during our weary march. After getting them safe to the hospital I returned to the regiment, which I joined September 23d, near Martinsburg, where they were undergoing "repairs."

Thus ended a three-weeks' campaign of a regiment which seems to have been almost forgotten by the good people of Richmond, though raised amongst them. It was the first regiment to organize in 1861, and left this city for the front May 24th, armed with guns of four different calibres—viz., Springfield, Enfield, Mississippi rifle, and smooth-bore.

Company F, the Emmett Guards, and Company K, the Marion Rifles, disbanded after the first year, their term of enlistment.

Our regiment bared its breast for four long years to all comers Yet, for all the hardship, fatigue, and privations endured, some little things gave us cheer and amusement. While taking a short

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rest in Hagerstown, Md., the doors and windows of the houses being filled with women and children, eager to see a live "rebel," a soldier left the line and approached a group of boys on the sidewalk, appropriated a boy's hat, put his dilapidated covering on the boy's head, and returned to ranks amid the merriment of his comrades. Imagine the "rebel yell" that went up when a woman appeared with a pair of tongs, lifted it from the pavement, where the boy had thrown it, and deposited it in the gutter.

Colonel Zeb. Vance, the gallant and witty North Carolinian, at the battle of Fredericksburg, where Jackson wanted to "drive them in the river," was taking his regiment through a dense thicket and undergrowth, where "ole hares" were plenty. It was when the fire was heaviest that the little things seemed paralyzed from fear. The boys were so busy picking up and bagging them that they almost forgot the enemy in their front. One "old lady," though, didn't lose her head, but took to the rear, and in passing Colonel Vance he put his sword under his arm, clapped his hands, and exclaimed: "Go it, old Molly Cottontail! If 'twasn't for honor, I would be with you."

James B. Lacy,

Late Sergeant-Major 15th Virginia Infantry, Confederate States Volunteers, Army of Northern Virginia.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, March 5, 1899]

GETTYSBURG BATTLE.

Some Literary Facts Connected Therewith.

A QUESTION OF GREAT INTEREST.

Discussed in the Light of Some Late Revelations—General Early's Theory—Many Writers Passed in Review—A Myth.

By HENRY ALEXANDER WHITE, Washington and Lee University.

At what hour on the morning of July 2, 1863, did General Longstreet's troops present themselves, in readiness for battle, on the Seminary Ridge in front of Gettysburg? Strange to relate, it has required a period of thirty-three years to question, and yet this question bears upon the point that is most essential, perhaps, in the entire discussion of Longstreet's part in that great struggle. The chief facts in the case are as follows:

So long as General R. E. Lee remained alive, no utterance in public fell from any Confederate officer's lips concerning the loss of the field of Gettysburg. On January 19, 1872, at the Washington and Lee University, General J. A. Early felt impelled to make reply to William Swinton's published criticism of General Lee's management of the battle. Swinton's strictures were based upon alleged private statements by Longstreet. Early's reply involved the charge that Longstreet himself was responsible for the repulse of the Confederate army at Gettysburg. In support of this charge, Early referred to a conference held by Lee, Ewell, Rodes and Early, late in the afternoon of July 1, 1863, and declared that Lee left that conference "for the purpose of ordering up Longstreet's corps in time to begin the attack at dawn next morning. That corps was not in readiness to make the attack until 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the next day." (*Southern Historical Society Papers*, December, 1877, page 284.) Early's statements were repeated in the *Southern Magazine*, September–October, 1872. One year after Early's address—January 19, 1873—Dr. William N. Pendleton substantiated the charge against Longstreet by reciting Lee's personal statement, made in the

evening of July 1, 1863, that he had ordered Longstreet to attack "at sunrise the next morning." Dr. Pendleton's address was published in the *Southern Magazine*, December, 1874.

In November, 1877, Longstreet made answer by publishing in the Philadelphia *Times* a detailed account of the campaign and battle of Gettysburg. This article was reprinted in *Southern Historical Society Papers* (January-February, 1878). In this he denied that Lee gave him the order to attack at sunrise on July 2, 1863. To sustain his assertion, Longstreet published extracts from letters written by members of Lee's staff and members of his own staff, declaring that they had no knowledge of Lee's order. Among these extracts there was one from a letter written to Longstreet by Hood, who commanded the rear division in Longstreet's marching column as the First corps drew nigh to Gettysburg. As the quotation from Hood's letter plays an important part in the later stages of the discussion, we may pause here long enough to say that this letter itself, as cited by Longstreet, bore no date. The extract ran thus:

"I arrived with my staff in front of the heights of Gettysburg shortly after daybreak, as I have already stated, on the morning of the 2d of July. My division soon commenced filing into an open field near me, when the troops were allowed to stack arms and wait until further orders. A short distance in advance of this point, and during the early part of the same morning, we (Longstreet and Hood) were both engaged, in company with Generals A. P. Hill and Lee, in observing the position of the Federals. * * * General Lee was seemingly anxious that you should attack that morning. He remarked to me: 'The enemy is here, and if we do not whip him he will whip us.' You thought it better to await the arrival of Pickett's division, at that time still in the rear, in order to make the attack, and you said to me subsequently, while we were seated together near the trunk of a tree: 'General Lee is a little nervous this morning. He wishes me to attack. I do not wish to do so without Pickett. I never like to go into a battle with one boot off.'" (*Southern Historical Society Papers*, January-February, 1878, page 79.)

Upon its face this note is rather indefinite as to the time of the conversation among the officers, the time proposed for the attack, and the time of the arrival of Hood's infantrymen. It is interesting to mark the significance attached to Hood's statement by Longstreet himself. He held that it completed his chain of evidence to disprove

the assertions in regard to the "rumored order for a sunrise attack." (*Southern Historical Society Papers*, January-February, 1878, page 79.)

Hood's statement, however, in Early's mind, was given a different interpretation. Early re-entered the lists, in the pages of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, and cited Hood's letter as the last link in his chain of evidence to prove that Longstreet was ordered to make an attack in the early morning of July 2d. Hood's letter, said Early, indicated the partial execution of Lee's order in the actual arrival of Longstreet's troops upon Seminary Ridge between dawn and sunrise. "If there had before remained any doubt," wrote Early, "as to who was responsible for the failure to strike the blow at the proper time, the very clear and explicit statement by General Hood, which is a most valuable contribution to the history of the battle, would settle that doubt beyond dispute, I think. General Hood's statement furnishes information not before given in regard to the time of the arrival on the ground of Longstreet's troops, and renders it very certain that the orders for the attack to begin were given very early in the morning, if not the night before." (*Southern Historical Society Papers*, December, 1877, page 269.) "Hood got up before sunrise, and he gives several circumstances tending to show that General Lee was anxious to make the attack at once." (*Idem*, June, 1878, page 280.) At the same time, Early set forth a detailed statement of the conference held after the close of the battle of July 1st; he expressed the opinion that Stuart and Ewell were not responsible for the loss of the field, and reiterated, as his final conclusion, the charge that Longstreet was responsible for the failure, because he was "so persistently averse to the attack and so loth to take the steps necessary to begin it." (*Idem*, December, 1877, page 291.) Early's conclusion is based apparently upon the following interpretation of Hood's note: That Hood's division, bringing up the rear of Longstreet's marching column, in obedience to Lee's previous command, actually arrived at Lee's headquartors in readiness for battle before sunrise; that Lee wished to make the attack upon the instant; that Longstreet's opposition to the plan of attack was made while the troops were thus at hand and ready for orders, and that in view of this opposition by Longstreet, General Lee delayed, and did not give peremptory orders to advance into battle until a much later hour—about 11 o'clock. (*Idem*, December, 1877, pages 291–292.)

At this point in his line of reasoning the thought evidently arose

in Early's mind that his conclusions were calculated to place General Lee's reputation in great jeopardy. If the reason for a disastrous delay of several hours duration was merely General Lee's deference to Longstreet's opposing opinion, what shall be said of Lee's capacity to carry out his own carefully-arranged plan of battle? Early's mind was too clear not to see this issue, and he faced it as follows:

"There is one thing very certain, and that is that either General Lee or General Longstreet was responsible for the remarkable delay that took place in making the attack. I choose to believe that it was not General Lee, for if any one knew the value of promptness and celerity in military movements, he did. It is equally certain that the delay which occurred in making the attack lost us the victory." (*Idem*, December, 1877, page 293.)

This statement shows us that in the last analysis the gallant old soldier, General Early, was compelled to fall back upon his personal loyalty to General Lee and his personal knowledge of Lee's conduct upon other battle-fields to find vindication for Lee's management of the Confederate troops at Gettysburg.

The central truth, however, of the whole matter is that Early misinterpreted the fragment of Hood's letter. Early's chief premise was wrong and his conclusion was, therefore, entirely wrong. Early set forth his views in 1877–'88. Since that time additional facts have come to the light to show that Longstreet's troops did not arrive on Seminary Ridge until long after sunrise on the morning of July 2d; that the difference of opinion between Lee and Longstreet was not matter for discussion one moment after the coming of the infantry of the First corps, and that Longstreet's subsequent delay on the right was perpetrated during Lee's tour of observation to the Confederate left wing.

The first instalment of fresh evidence concerning the time of the arrival of Longstreet's troops was published in the *Southern Historical Society Papers* for February, 1879, in the form of an address by General Lafayette McLaws. He had delivered a similar address as early as 1873. McLaws was in command of the advance division of Longstreet's men as they approached Gettysburg. By Longstreet's order McLaws went into camp on the western side of Willoughby Run after 12 o'clock in the night that followed July 1st. The head of his column was more than two miles from Lee's headquarters, on Seminary Ridge. McLaws wrote these words: "Some time after my arrival I received orders from General Longstreet to continue the march at 4 A. M., but the order was afterwards countermanded,

with directions not to leave until sunrise. The march was continued at a very early hour, and my command reached the hill overlooking Gettysburg early in the morning. Just after I arrived General Lee sent for me, as the head of my column was halted within a hundred yards of where he was, and I went at once and reported. General Lee was sitting on a fallen tree with a map beside him. After the usual salutation, General Lee remarked: 'General, I wish you to place your division across this road,' pointing on the map to about the place I afterward went to" (the Peach Orchard).

McLaws said further that "if the corps had moved boldly in position by 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning, as it could have done," the attack would probably have succeeded. (*Southern Historical Society Papers*, February, 1879, pages 68 and 76.)

Another fragment of testimony was added in the following year—1880—when Hood's volume, entitled "Advance and Retreat," was issued from the press. This volume contained the entire letter from Hood, of which Longstreet had printed only an extract, and it now appeared that Hood made his statement concerning the time of the arrival of his troops "from memory," on June 28, 1875, twelve years after the morning of July 2, 1863. It may, at this point, be noted further that Hood's phrase concerning the time of the conversation held by Lee, Longstreet, Hill and Hood is this: "During the early part of the same morning;" presumably before the arrival of Hood's troops.

In 1883 the *Century Magazine* began to publish an extended series of articles written by both Federal and Confederate actors in the great tragedy of Gettysburg. E. P. Alexander set forth the movements of the Confederate artillery on July 2d and July 3d, in such complete detail that all subsequent writers from that time forward could do nothing else than adopt his statements. Kershaw likewise told how he led a brigade of McLaw's division at the very head of Longstreet's column on the morning of July 2, 1863. (*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. III, page 331.) These articles in the *Century* anticipated by a few years the publication of the official reports of the participants in the battle, in Volume XXVII of the official records.

Kershaw's report concerning the movements of his brigade on July 1st and afterwards, was thus set forth: "We marched to a point on the Gettysburg road, some two miles from that place, going into camp at 12 P. M. The command was ordered to move at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 2d, but did not leave camp until about sun-

rise. We reached the hill overlooking Gettysburg with only a slight detention from trains in the way, and moved to the right of the Third corps, and were halted until about noon." (*Official Records*, Volume XXVII, Part II, page 366.)

E. P. Alexander's report states that his battalion of artillery "marched with the First corps, and accompanied it * * * to Gettysburg, Pa., where we arrived at 9 A. M. on July 2d." (*Official Records*, XXVII, Part II, page 429.) Captain O. B. Taylor, commanding a battery in Alexander's battalion, reports thus: "We arrived there (Gettysburg) about 10 A. M. July 2d." *Idem*, page 432.) It may be remarked in explanation that Alexander's battalion marched at the rear of Longstreet's column, and that it took a leading part in the battle of the 2d day of July. The Washington Artillery marched with Longstreet's troops. In 1885 appeared W. M. Owens's volume, entitled "In Camp and Battle with the Washington Artillery." On pages 243–4 we find this statement concerning the journey made on the morning of July 2, 1863: "After waiting until 2:30 A. M. for a clear road, began our march, and at 8 A. M. reported, ready for action, to General Longstreet on the field."

An important word remained even yet unspoken. This came at last from the lips of General McLaws on April 27, 1896. He revised his former Gettysburg address and read it before the Confederate Veterans' Association of Savannah on the date named. From that address I quote: "My division arrived at Willoughby Run, about four miles from Gettysburg, at 12 o'clock at night and camped there. During the night I received orders to march on at 4 A. M., but this was countermanded, and I was directed to be ready to move early in the morning. The sun rises about half-past 4 in the first days of July. * * * Not long after sunrise I moved forward, and before 8 A. M. the head of my division reached Seminary Ridge, where General Lee was in person. I was notified that General Lee wished to see me, and my command was halted and I reported to the General. * * * General Longstreet was walking up and down a little way off, apparently in an impatient humor. * * * General Longstreet joined us and said, pointing to the map and speaking to me, 'General, I want you to place your division there,' drawing his finger along a line parallel to the Emmitsburg road. 'No, General,' said General Lee, 'I want his division perpendicular to the Emmitsburg road.'" (*Addresses Savannah Veterans' Association*, 1896, pages 68, 69.)

Further light is thrown upon the matter by the reports of Wilcox and Anderson, of Hill's corps. It was part of Lee's plan that this corps should occupy the Confederate centre on July 2d, and that Longstreet should bring his divisions upon the field immediately to the right of Hill. Anderson's division, however, was a mile and a half west of Gettysburg on the morning of July 2d (*O. R.*, XXVII, Part II, page 613.) The brigade of Wilcox, Anderson's division, did not begin the advance movement until 7 A. M., and it was 9 A. M. when the brigade took its position in line of battle on Seminary Ridge. (*Idem*, page 617.)

These quotations furnish us a full explanation of Hood's indefinite letter, and show that Longstreet was delinquent in not hastening up his troops to Seminary Ridge as Lee had ordered; that those troops set forth from camp only after sunrise, were detained to some extent by Ewell's wagon train, and the head of the column reached Seminary Ridge when the sun was three or three and a half hours above the horizon. We learn, further, that the quasi-debate between Lee and Longstreet, as described in Hood's letter, took place before the troops stood in Lee's presence; that when the First corps arrived, about 8 A. M., Lee at once gave specific orders to the leading division commander, over Longstreet's head, as it were, and bade McLaws lead his men into battle along the Emmittsburg road, from the Peach Orchard towards Gettysburg.

There is further evidence from Long, Venable and others, to show that Lee then rode away through the town of Gettysburg to consult with Ewell about the co-operation of the left wing with the right wing, which he had just ordered forward to the attack. At Ewell's headquarters Lee waited to hear Longstreet's guns. At noon he rode from beyond Gettysburg to Seminary Ridge to seek Longstreet, only to find that the latter had assumed authority to await the arrival of Law's brigade. This brigade came up about half-past 12 or 1 o'clock. Three hours were then consumed in finding a covered route to the Peach Orchard, where Longstreet's guns opened the battle about 4 P. M.

The above are the actual facts. On the other hand, however, General Early's untenable theory, set forth twenty years ago, has become the basis of a modern myth. Early's narrative with reference to that which he heard and saw on the evening of July 1st is of course accurate beyond all question. But when Early took the fragments of Hood's letter and fastened an erroneous interpretation upon it, due to his own lack of information, he laid the foundation of the

myth which many recent writers have asked us to accept. General Longstreet himself seems to have adopted the myth, for in his *Memoir of the War*, published in 1896, he asserts that the troops of McLaws and Hood reached Lee's headquarters at sunrise on the morning of July 2d (page 362). Newspaper and magazine articles have invited us to consider a supposed dramatic spectacle, alleged to have taken place on the morning of July 2d. The time contemplated by those who have developed this view is the hour between dawn and sunrise; the place, Seminary Ridge, with Cemetary Hill in full view. The mythical spectators, the troops of McLaws and Hood, stained with mud of an alleged night march. The chief actors, Lee and Longstreet. Lee's alleged opinion is that the troops ought to deliver battle at once; Longstreet remonstrates against the attack, and his argumentative opposition, we are told, leads to delay and consequently disaster. So runs this erroneous theory.

Reference must here be made to one writer, who published his views before Hood's letter became a part of the discussion. The Comte de Paris, as long ago as 1875, gathered into his bulky volumes all obtainable facts bearing upon the most minute movements of the Federal and Confederate troops in this entire campaign and battle. Some of his statements are wide of the truth, but upon the point here under discussion he bore this testimony: "Longstreet virtually disobeyed General Lee's wishes in not bringing his corps to Seminary Ridge until 8 o'clock on the morning of July 2d."

The whole myth vanishes in the light of the statements made by McLaws, Kershaw, and the rest. The alleged spectacle of Lee's vacillation did not take place. The supposed spectators, the troops, were not present. In fact, they were just breaking camp beyond Willoughby Run after the hour of sunrise. The discussion between Lee and Longstreet was only a brief exchange of views, and it took place while those riflemen were still at a distance. Lee did not vacillate. He did not yield his judgment to Longstreet. The latter's fault was not argumentative opposition, but practical disobedience of orders. There were two separate acts in this disobedience. Neither of these was committed in Lee's presence. Both were perpetrated when Lee and Longstreet were far apart. Longstreet countermanded the order for the early march before he reached Lee's headquarters; later in the day he bade his divisions pause and wait for Laws' brigade, after Lee's departure to another post upon the field. In both cases Longstreet could advance the nominal excuse that he was only exercising the discretion usually accorded

to a corps commander in the absence of the general-in-chief. His use of that alleged discretion, together with the improvident use of the same prerogative on the part of Stuart, A. P. Hill and Ewell, combined together to inscribe Gettysburg in the annals of the Southern Confederacy as a lost field.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, October 22, 1899.]

THE VINDICATION OF THE SOUTH.

BRILLIANT ADDRESS OF HON. B. B. MUNFORD.

An Array of Facts—The Right of Secession is Set Forth Unmistakably.

THE SENTIMENT IN THE NORTH.

The South Not Alone in its Interpretation of the Constitution—Virginia's Love for the Union—The Institution of Slavery—Good of the Negroes.

At the unveiling of the monument to the Confederate soldiers of Accomac and Northampton at Parksley, Friday last, Hon. Beverley B. Munford, of this city, delivered an address which excited widespread interest, and brought out facts unknown to the majority of the present generation.

Mr. Munford, after an appropriate allusion to the West-Harmanson Camp of Confederate Veterans, under whose leadership the monument had been erected, proceeded to portray the heroic conduct of the Confederate soldiers from Accomac and Northampton counties. Cut off from the balance of the State, their section early passed under the control of the Federal power. Uninfluenced either by the safety of their situation, or by the fears of the dominant power, the men of this sea-girt land sped to the succor of their State and to their brethren on the other shore of the bay. Mr. Munford paid a high tribute to the valor of the men in whose honor the West-Harmanson Camp was named, of the various officers and privates from Eastern Shore

who bore heroic parts in the great struggle, and then proceeded as follows:

But, my countrymen, while the erection of monuments to commemorate the heroism of the Confederate soldier is a work worthy of the highest commendation, there remains for this generation a still more sacred and important duty—the duty of portraying the high motives which impelled him, and of vindicating his name from the charge of treason.

The world acknowledges the splendid valor with which he maintained his cause, yet waits to declare whether his course was justified by the tests of ethical and constitutional right. It is only by repeated expositions that our children, and the mind and conscience of the outside world will be informed both with respect to his rights and the motives which influenced his conduct. This exposition is due as well to the actors in that great contest as to our countrymen of every phase of thought. The Union, and love for the Union, the closer sympathy between the States and sections, will be strengthened rather than hindered by a correct understanding of the rights asserted by the parties to that, the mightiest conflict of modern times.

THE RIGHT OF SECESSION.

First and foremost of the States which seceded appealed to the Constitution in justification of their course. The rightfulness of this contention must be determined not by our conceptions of what would have been the best system of government or the best form of constitution, but what, in the light of the admitted facts of history, and the actual terms of the Constitution as adopted, were the relative rights of the States and of the Union, with respect to this great problem. I can not, upon this occasion, do more than epitomise the facts and reasoning upon which the advocates of secession maintained the justice of their cause. It will help to a clearer understanding if we take one Commonwealth and portray her relations to the Union, and as we are to-day to honor the memory of Virginians, I shall select for that purpose our native State.

Virginia was one of the original colonies, having a separate existence from the other colonies, and yet, like the others, forming an integral part of the British Empire. Pending this political relation, the allegiance of her citizens was due the British crown.

On the 15th of May, 1776, the people of Virginia met in convention, and acting without association with any of the other colonies, declared her separation from and independence of Great Britain.

BILL OF RIGHTS.

On the 12th of June, 1776, she adopted and proclaimed her bill of rights; and on the 29th of June adopted her Constitution. She declared all power of government vested in her own people, who alone succeeded to the rights and territories of the crown. Her governor and State officers were elected, taking an oath of fealty to the Commonwealth of Virginia. All this was accomplished before the 4th of July, 1776—before the Declaration of Independence, which declared the colonies free and independent States, had been proposed at her instigation and prepared by her great son.

Thus, the people of Virginia became citizens of the State, and she their sovereign. The Declaration of Independence, so far from changing the allegiance of her citizens or proclaiming the independence of the country as a whole, by its very terms declares that the several colonies are "free and independent States."

The Articles of Confederation were formulated by the Continental Congress in November, 1777, and submitted to the legislatures of the respective States as such, and not to the people, for ratification.

These articles constituted by their very terms a compact between States, naming them, and not the people of the whole country; and declare that each State retains its sovereignty and every power which is not expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled. While numerous powers were vested in the Federal Congress, yet it had no power, except acting on and through the States as such, even to collect taxes or to enlist troops for the prosecution of the war of the Revolution.

NOT AS A WHOLE.

When, by the treaty of peace with Great Britain, our independence was acknowledged, the independence of the people of the United States as a whole was not recognized, but each of the separate Commonwealths, naming them, was declared a free, sovereign and independent State.

Thus stood the government—Federal and State—and the allegiance of the citizen, after the treaty of peace with Great Britain acknowledging our independence.

In 1787 the Constitutional Convention, as it was called—a body authorized by no Federal enactment—assembled at Philadelphia, prepared and proposed to the several States for adoption a new constitution. The old Confederacy was abandoned, and by the express

terms of the Constitution it was not to be effective until nine States should have ratified the same.

The adoption of the Constitution was not the act of the people of the whole country, but of each State, as only by the separate acceptance of its terms by each State could it become binding upon her. The States were absolutely free to enter the new Union, or to retain their complete independence. Thus North Carolina and Rhode Island—the latter not being even represented at the Philadelphia convention—refused to enter. The Congress of the United States laid tariff duties upon imports from both of these Commonwealths, as in the case of other foreign States—acts which were not repealed until they entered the Union.

CONSOLIDATED GOVERNMENT.

When Mr. Henry, who was not a member of the Philadelphia convention, charged that the expression, "We, the people of the United States," in terms implied a consolidated government. Mr. Madison, the foremost architect of the Constitution, replied: "Who are the parties to it? (the Constitution). The people. But not the people as composing one great body, but the people as composing thirteen sovereignties. Were it, as the gentlemen asserts, a consolidated government, the consent of a majority of the people would be sufficient for its establishment."

The bare recital of these facts would seem to demonstrate that in the formation of the Constitution, and the resulting Union, the States acted as separate sovereignties, and that the government thus created, was the result of a compact between them, and not the act of the people as a whole.

The powers of the Federal Government, therefore, were delegated and not inherent; and to ascertain them it is only necessary to search the Constitution, where those so delegated are enumerated.

In the conventions of Virginia and New York, the question was raised as to the relative rights and powers of the State and Federal governments, and in order to define more clearly the meaning of the Constitution, and to establish more firmly the rights of the States, the resolution of the Virginia convention, in adopting the Constitution, uses this language:

VIRGINIA CONVENTION.

"We, the delegates of the people of Virginia, do in the name and behalf of the people of Virginia, declare and make known, that the

powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression."

The resolution of adoption by the New York convention is of very much the same import. These two States also proposed amendments to the Constitution, which were quickly ratified and made a part of the instrument itself. The amendment bearing specifically upon the point under consideration, was the 10th, which expressly provides "That the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." Thus, with the very adoption of the Constitution, the position maintained by the statesmen that the Constitution was a compact between States, was established, as they thought, beyond a question.

If it was a compact between separate sovereignties, and the compact enumerated all the powers surrendered to the federal head, then the parties to the compact could withdraw as an incident to their sovereignity, and because that right had not been surrendered. The citizen, as we know, was the citizen of the State, and not of the Union. If the State had a right to secede, it had the supreme claim upon the allegiance of all its citizens, even in a controversy between the State and the federal head.

POSITION OF THE FOUNDERS.

This was the position of the advocates of the right of secession, and the reasoning upon which they based their claim. The principle so declared, had been frequently asserted by States and statesmen, in the most solemn manner. Thus, upon the passage of the Alien and Sedition laws, the celebrated resolutions of 1798 were adopted by the legislatures of Kentucky and Virginia—the first of which was prepared by Jefferson, and the second by Madison. These resolutions, thus prepared by the author of the Declaration of Independence and the father of the Constitution, asserted in the most solemn form that the government was a compact between States; that its powers were limited to those specifically delegated in the Constitution; and that the States had the right to determine for themselves when the Federal government exceeded its authority.

These declarations became the subject of assault and defence, but so far from the principles annunciated being repudiated, at the very next election, Mr. Jefferson was elected President of the United

States, and after a service of eight years, was succeeded by Mr. Madison, who filled the office for a like period.

CAUSE OF DISSOLUTION.

In 1804, the legislature of Massachusetts passed an act declaring that the purchase and annexation of the territory of Louisiana by the general government was a sufficient cause for the dissolution of the Union.

In 1814 the representatives from the six New England States assembled in the celebrated Hartford convention, and, because of their opposition to the war with England, declared that unless the policy of the administration in prosecuting this war was changed, they would be forced to adopt measures for withdrawing from the Union. The convention adjourned to meet the following June, when the timely ending of the war prevented the necessity of its reassembling.

Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, in a speech delivered in the House of Representatives upon a bill for the admission of the first State from the Louisiana purchase, declared: "It is my deliberate opinion that if this bill passes, the bonds of the Union are virtually dissolved; that the States which oppose it are morally free from their obligations, and that as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation."

In 1839 John Quincy Adams, in an address before the New York Historical Association, declared: "We may admit the same right has vested in the people of every State of the Union with reference to the general government, which was exercised by the people of the united colonies with reference to the supreme head of the British Empire, of which they formed a part, and under these limitations have the people of each State in the Union a right to secede from the Confederate Union itself."

NO BINDING FORCE.

In 1845 the legislature of Massachusetts, in view of its opposition to the proposed annexation of Texas, passed a series of resolutions in which, after declaring that there was no precedent for the admission of a foreign State or territory into the Union, and as the powers granted in the Constitution do not provide for such legislation, so "an act of admission would have no binding force whatever upon the people of Massachusetts."

These various resolutions and enactments of State authorities, and declarations of statesmen both of the Revolutionary and later periods, were accepted as avowals of constitutional rights, implying no lack of loyalty or patriotism.

If the States had the right under the Constitution to secede, then the Federal government had no constitutional right to coerce them. The inability of the Federal government to coerce States had been frequently illustrated by the refusal of governors to honor requisitions made upon them by governors of other States for the rendition of fugitive slaves, though the statute under which the requisitions were made was passed by Congress, and the government stood pledged to enforce its execution.

Thus stood the historical and legal features of the great controversy. To say that the people of Virginia, or of any other State, acting under the forms of law, could not withdraw from the Union without a violation of the Constitution, was to contest what was an accepted theory of the government, held by leaders of thought in every section, from the day of its foundation.

We are not discussing either the wisdom of exercising the right of secession or the wisdom of the fathers in the formation of such a goverment, but we are considering the actual terms of the Constitution and the truths of history. And in the light of these conditions, that man is indeed reckless of inexorable facts who avows that men who died in the maintenance of rights so time-honored and so widely accepted were guilty of treason.

THE RIGHT OF REVOLUTION.

The statesmen of the seceding States founded their action, as we have seen, upon their rights under the Constitution. They never admitted that it was necessary to have recourse to the right of revolution. Mixed, however, in the popular mind with the right of secession was the conviction that the right of revolution was one that could not be denied. They had never learned to admit that George Washington was a traitor, only saved from the scaffold by the adventitious fortunes of war. Less than one hundred years before, their fathers had decided for themselves the great question of their political destiny, with no higher warrant than the brave avowal of the declaration that governments are instituted among men, "deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

The people felt that they had walked the path blazed out by the fathers, and asserted rights which had been vindicated in the heroic

days from Lexington to Yorktown. If thirteen colonies, with a population of less than three million of free men had the right to determine for themselves their form of government, and secede from the mother country, how much more should this new nation, possessing a territory twice as great, with a population of over six million of free men, exercise the same prerogative?

SOUTH NOT ALONE.

And not alone was this the conviction of the people of the seceding States, but the same sentiment was wide-spread among leading statesmen, journalists and the people of the North. Thus, the New York *Tribune*, foremost among the organs which had supported Mr. Lincoln, declared: "If the Declaration of Independence justified the secession from the British Empire of three million of subjects in 1776, it was not seen why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southerners from the Union in 1861."

At a great meeting held in New York on the 31st of January, 1861, after the Cotton States had seceded, addresses were delivered by ex-Governor Seymour, Chancellor Walworth, and other leading citizens. Governor Seymour asked whether "successful coercion by the North is less revolutionary than successful secession by the South? Shall we prevent revolution by being foremost in overthrowing the principles of our government and all that makes it valuable to our people, and distinguishes it among the nations of the earth?"

Chancellor Walworth declared: "There were laws that were to be enforced in the time of the American Revolution. Did Lord Chatham go for enforcing those laws? No, he gloried in the defence of the liberties of America."

Here was an imperial empire, four times as large as either Germany or France, peopled by a self-reliant race, the descendants of men who had established the great principle that the power to determine their form of government is inherent in the people; and avouching these facts they demanded of their sister Commonwealths of the Union and the world, what they regarded was a birthright bequeathed them by the fathers. To maintain this principle the Confederate soldier fought and sealed with his life his devotion to the cause. The country at whose call he went forth to battle, now appeals to the world for a recognition of the high motives which impelled his conduct, and an acknowledgment of the great avowal that he died for principle.

VIRGINIA'S LOVE FOR THE UNION.

But while Virginia was foremost among the States in her efforts to maintain their rights, she was none the less conspicuous in her efforts to preserve the Union. While jealous of the rights of local self-government, as the surest guarantee of the liberties of the citizen, she none the less loved the Union. In every stage of the country's history, and at no time more earnestly than in the fateful days of 1860–'61, the dominant element of the Virginia people stood as well for the Union of the States as for the rights of the States.

The part which Virginia played in the formation of the government, and in augmenting the glory and power of the Union, may be found on every page of our country's history. It was her great son, Patrick Henry, who, as far back as 1765, prepared the resolutions denouncing the Stamp Act, and supported them with his thrilling arraignment of British tyranny.

It was Virginia who proposed the Committee of Correspondence between the colonies, from which sprung the Continental Congress. She gave to that body its President in the person of Peyton Randolph, and fired the representatives of the several colonies with the spirit of co-operation and nationalism in the words of her Henry, who declared:

"British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the several colonies. The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American."

WASHINGTON'S WORDS.

And in the brave words of her Washington before the convention: "I will raise 1,000 men, subsist them at my own expense, and march myself at their head for the relief of Boston"—words of patriotism, breathing a love for the whole country—quickly to be followed by the march of Virginians under Daniel Morgan, to the succor of that besieged city.

It was her legislature that passed the resolution calling upon Congress to declare that the colonies were free and independent States. It was Richard Henry Lee who submitted this brave motion, and Thomas Jefferson who penned the Declaration. It was her great son who took command of the Continental armies, and under his matchless leadership brought victory to a cause which, but for him, would undoubtedly have suffered overwhelming defeat.

While bearing her part in maintaining the cause of the colonies in their great struggle with the mother country, she commissioned and equipped the expedition which, under the leadership of her son, George Rogers Clarke, conquered the empire of the northwest; and then, in the plenitude of her patriotism, she donated this great territory to the Union.

A CLOSE UNION.

When the Revolution had finally triumphed in the great battle fought out on her soil, her statesmen were the first to realize the necessities of a closer union, and under her leadership the Constitutional Convention was called. George Washington presided over its deliberations; Edmund Randolph proposed a plan which was the basis of the new Constitution, and James Madison was at once the foremost architect in its construction, as he was the ablest advocate in favor of its subsequent adoption by the States. For thirty-six years—save four—Virginia furnished the Presidents who shaped the destinies of the infant republic. John Marshall, first among the foremost jurists of the English-speaking world, for thirty-five years filled the high place of Chief Justice, and by his great decisions performed a work of incomparable importance in the making of the Union. Under the leadership of Jefferson, the empire stretching from the mouth of the Mississippi to Canada and the Pacific was acquired from France, while Monroe secured from Spain the cession of Florida.

Her Taylor and Scott led the triumphant forces of the Union in the war with Mexico, while a brilliant of younger sons, Lee, Jackson, Johnston and others, shed new lustre upon American arms by their personal heroism in that war.

Wherever the genius and prowess of leadership had added strength and glory to the Union and her institutions, whether in the cabinet, in the council, or on the field, Virginia had been foremost in her contributions of wisdom and of heroism. Thus was the Union so indissolubly linked with her own interests and glory that she was presently to be called upon to declare whether she would aid and abet it in the policy of what she regarded as unconstitutional coercion, or stand forth herself to brook its power.

TO PRESERVE THE UNION.

The foregoing constitutes but an imperfect recital of the part borne by Virginia in the making of the Union, and so whenever the clouds of civil dissention arose, and peace between the States or between a

State and the Union, was imperilled, Virginia was foremost in her mediations. Thus in 1832, when South Carolina, by her Ordinance of Nullification, brought on the crisis involving a conflict between the State and Federal powers, it was Virginia who stepped forward as the peace-maker, and as a result of her mediations, the threatened rupture was averted.

Again, in 1860, the alignment of parties demonstrated that the election of either Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Breckinridge to the Presidency would be followed by a rupture, and so Virginia, with her eldest daughter, Kentucky, alone of the States of the Union except Tennessee, cast her vote for Bell and Everett, the Union candidates, standing on the platform, "The Constitution of the country; the Union of the States, and the enforcement of the laws."

But Mr. Lincoln and his associate upon the ticket, Hannibal Hamlin, were elected, and for the first time in the history of the government these high offices were to be filled by men from one section of the country, elected by the electoral votes only of States from the same geographical division, and that too despite the fact that the opposing tickets combined received a majority of over a million of the popular vote.

Following the election of Mr. Lincoln, under the leadership of South Carolina and Cotton States, seven in number, withdrew from the Union and formed a government, and adopted a constitution in February, 1861. While there was a strong party in Virginia which not only believed in the right of secession, but advocated the immediate assertion of the right, yet the dominant voice of her people was still for the Union, and in obedience to this sentiment every possible effort was put forth to avert a collision between the Federal power and the seceding States, and to bring the latter back into affiliation with the Union.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

Her legislature was called in extra session and resolutions immediately adopted calling for a meeting of commissioners from the States still in the Union, to assemble at Washington and to devise means to avert the threatened calamity. The resolutions of the legislature recite that: "Whereas it is the deliberate opinion of the General Assembly of Virginia that unless the unhappy controversy which now divides the States of this Confederacy shall be satisfactorily adjusted, a permanent dissolution of the Union is inevitable,

and the General Assembly, representing the wishes of the people of the Commonwealth, is desirous of employing every reasonable means to avert so dire a calamity"; and then proceeds to call upon the States to send commissioners to what has been known in history as the "Peace Congress." To this Congress Virginia sent as her representatives ex-President John Tyler, William C. Rives, John W. Brockenbrough, George W. Summers and James A. Seddon.

The Peace Congress accordingly met in Washington in February, 1861, where representatives from twenty-three States assembled and took part in the deliberations, though there were, of course, no representatives present from the seven Commonwealths who had already formed the Southern Confederacy. John Tyler, of Virginia, was elected its president, and his speech accepting the position thrilled with sentiments of patriotism and devotion to the country. He declared:

"The voice of Virginia has invited her co-States to meet her in council. In the initiation of this government that same voice was heard and complied with, and the result seventy odd years has fully attested the wisdom of the decisions then adopted. Is the urgency of her call now less great than it was then? Our Godlike fathers created! We have to preserve. They have built up through their wisdom and patriotism monuments which have eternized their name. You have before you, gentlemen, a task equally grand, equally sublime, quite as full of glory and of immortality; you have to snatch from ruin a grand and glorious confederation; to preserve the government, and to renew and invigorate the Constitution. If you reach the height of this great occasion, your children's children will rise up and call you blessed."

WITHOUT AVAIL.

The deliberations of the Peace Congress availed nothing to stem the tide of disunion, which seemed to flow in from both sections. It is almost pathetic to read the speeches of some of the participants in that great conference, as evidencing their yearnings for reconciliation between the sections and to avert the threatened calamity of civil war. Over against this sentiment was a counterspirit which foreboded no good for the peace of the country. As an example of the first, let me quote a few sentences from a speech of William C. Rives, one of the Virginia delegates:

"Mr. President, the position of Virginia must be understood and appreciated. She is just now the neutral ground between two em-

battled legions—between two angry, excited and hostile portions of the Union. Something must be done to save the country, to allay these apprehensions, to restore a broken confidence. Virginia steps in to arrest the progress of the country on its way to ruin. She steps in to save the country. * * * Sir, I have had some experience in revolutions in another hemisphere; in revolutions produced by the same causes that are now operating among us. What causes led to the revolution in France?

"One I saw myself, where interest was arrayed against interest, friend against friend, brother against brother. I have seen the pavements of Paris covered and her gutters running with fraternal blood. God forbid I should see this horrid picture repeated in my own country; and yet it will be, sir, if we listen to the counsels urged here."

THE OPPOSITION.

From these appeals and warnings of this distinguished son of Virginia, I turn to the characteristic utterance of one of the leaders in the opposing element. The Peace Conference had been from the first opposed by a faction, and under the influence of their leadership, several of the Northern States had refused to send delegates. As the patriotic character of the Congress, however, and of the great mission which it had in hand, impressed itself more and more upon the thought and conscience of the country, other States sent forward their representatives. Then fearing that the friends of reconciliation would be dominant in the congress, this ultra element sought to secure the appointment of delegates from the States not represented, who would combat this sentiment and defeat the accomplishment of any practical results. It was in this spirit that Zachariah Chandler, then a Senator from Michigan, wrote the following letter to the Governor of that State:

"WASHINGTON, Feb. 11, 1861.

My dear Governor:

Governor Bingham and myself telegraphed you on Saturday, at the request of Massachusetts and New York, to send delegates to the Peace, or Compromise Congress. They admit that we were right, and that they were wrong; that no Republican State should have sent delegates; but they are here and cannot get away. Ohio, Indiana, Rhode Island are caving in, and there is danger of Illinois; and now they beg us for God's sake to come to their rescue and save

the Republican party from rupture. The whole thing was gotten up against my judgment and advice, and will end in thin smoke. Still, I hope as a matter of courtesy to some of our erring brethren, that you will send the delegates.

Truly your friend,

Z. W. CHANDLER.

His Excellency, Austin Blair.

P. S.—Some of the manufacturing States think that a fight would be awful. Without a little blood-letting, this Union will not, in my estimation, be worth a rush."

LEE'S DECLARATION.

It may not be amiss to quote at this point from the declarations of Robert E. Lee, made in January, 1861, as the sentiment of the leading Virginian of his time. Referring to Washington, he wrote:

"How his spirit would be grieved, could he see the wreck of his mighty labors. I will not, however, permit myself to believe, until all ground for hope has gone, that the fruit of his noble deeds will be destroyed, and that his precious advice and virtuous example will be so soon forgotten by his countrymen. As far as I can judge from the papers, we are between a state of anarchy and civil war. May God avert both of these evils from us."

In the same month he again wrote: "I shall mourn for my country, and for the welfare and progress of mankind. If the Union is dissolved, and the government disrupted, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people, and save in defence will I draw my sword on none."

Thus at this momentous crisis Virginia furnished the "neutral ground between the embattled legions"—and declared in the words of her great son, "Save in defence will I draw my sword on none."

VIRGINIA CONVENTION OF 1861.

The same legislature which called the Peace Congress passed an act providing a popular convention of the people to consider what should be the course of Virginia in the crisis with which she was confronted. By the terms of the act the people were not only to select delegates to a convention, but they were to declare by a sepa-

rate vote whether the action of that convention should be referred back to the people for ratification, or whether its action should be binding upon the Commonwealth. The result of the popular vote not only overwhelmingly committed the convention to submit its findings to the people for ratification or rejection, but sent to the convention a majority of delegates opposed to the secession of Virginia from the Union.

JANNEY'S WORDS.

The dominant element in the convention elected as its president the venerable John Janney, and the spirit and purpose of the body may be gathered from his address in accepting the position. He said:

"It is now almost seventy-three years since a convention of the people of Virginia was assembled in this hall to ratify the Constitution of the United States, one of the chief objects of which was to consolidate—not the government, but the union of the States. Causes which have passed, and are daily passing into history, which will set its seal upon them, but which I do not mean to review, have brought the Constitution and the Union into imminent peril, and Virginia has come to the rescue. It is what the whole country expected of her—her pride, as well as her patriotism, her interest, as well as her honor, call upon her with an emphasis she could not disregard, to save the monuments of her own glory."

I would that time permitted to quote the whole of his splendid oration. The foregoing extract, however, will suffice to show the spirit in which the dominant element of that great convention approached the consideration of the grave problem which confronted them. From the day of its opening session, on the 13th of February, down to the 17th of April, the advocates of secession and of union confronted each other in debate. Foremost among the Union men were John B. Baldwin, Robert Y. Conrad, Jubal A. Early, Alex. H. H. Stuart, George W. Summers, Williams C. Wickham, and the president, John Janney.

RIGHT TO SECEDE.

Of the 152 members of the convention there were probably few who did not hold to the constitutional right of a State to retire from the Union; but, as I have said, a majority were opposed to the exer-

cise of that right, and clung tenaciously to the hope that the alternative would never be put to Virginia—either to draw her sword to coerce the States of the Southern Confederacy, or withdraw from the Union.

This alternative, however, at length came, when on the 15th day April, Mr. Lincoln made his call for 75,000 men with which to invade the Southern Confederacy, and demanded of Virginia her quota. To honor this call was to abandon her principles, join in an unconstitutional invasion of the Southern States, and inaugurate a cruel war upon their people.

On the 17th of April, by a vote of 88 to 55, the convention resolved upon an ordinance repealing the act by which Virginia had entered the Union, and submitted to a popular vote of the State, at an election to be held on the 4th Thursday of the following May, the ratification or rejection of this momentous step. The sentiments of many of the Union men of the convention doubtless found expression in the declaration of John B. Baldwin, the great Union leader, who, when called upon to know what would be the course of the Union men in Virginia declared: "We have no Union men in Virginia now, but those who were Union men will stand to their guns and make a fight that will shine out on the page of history as an example of what a brave people can do, after exhausting every means of pacification."

Thus was precipitated Virginia's secession from the Union. Thus was ushered in one of the most terrific wars in all history.

THE CAUSES OF WAR.

Time will not permit a consideration of the causes which brought on this great conflict. They are to be gathered from remote and far distant times, as well as the epoch of the great event. Echoes of the battles of Naseby and Marston Moor; differences in the mental and religious characteristics of Puritan and Cavalier; divergent interests springing from dissimilar commercial and industrial conditions; conflicting notions as to the purposes of the Federal Government; crimination and recrimination as to the alleged prostitution of its powers for the advantage or disadvantage of the two sections; the institution of slavery; the attempted enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law; the nullification by States of this Federal statute; the abolition movement; the John Brown Raid; the growing hostility between the peoples of the North and the South; and finally, the triumph of sectionalism in the elections of 1860.

VIRGINIA DID NOT FIGHT TO MAINTAIN SLAVERY.

There is, however, one popular misconception to which I would direct your attention. While the institution of slavery and the rise of the abolition party were uudoubtedly among the causes which precipitated the war, yet the statement is false either that Virginia seceded in order to maintain the institution of slavery, or that the authorities of the Federal Government inaugurated the war to emancipate the slaves.

What had been Virginia's position with reference to this institution, and what historically speaking, was the cause for which the Federal Government drew its sword?

Slavery was introduced into Virginia in 1619—a period of the world's history when the slave trade and the ownership of slaves was everywhere legalized by law. Between the date of the introduction of the first slave in 1619 and 1776, when Virginia declared her independence of Great Britain, petition after petition was addressed by her people and her Assembly, imploring the British crown to interdict the importation of slaves. Not only were petitions presented, but between the dates mentioned numerous Acts of Assembly were passed, the object and purpose of which was to stop the traffic. All of these acts were vetoed by the King, and, despite the declared opposition of the colonists, for over a century and a half the traffic continued, with each importation adding more and more to the difficulties and dangers of emancipation.

AGAINST HUMAN NATURE.

When her great son, Mr. Jefferson, came to pen the Declaration of Independence, and to arraign the King for his veto of these enactments, he declared that George III "has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty, in the persons of distant people who never offended him, captivating them and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere." * * * "This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative by suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce."

This clause in the Declaration of Independence was omitted from the draft adopted by Congress. Jefferson declares in his auto-

biography that it "was struck out in compliance to South Carolina and Georgia, who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and who, on the contrary, still wished to continue it. Our Northern brethren also, I believe, felt a little tender under those censures, for though their people had very few slaves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others."

In October, 1778, the General Assembly of Virginia, then freed from the control of the British King, passed an act forever prohibiting the further importation of slaves into her Commonwealth. When she ceded to the Union the great northwest territory, won by the blood and the treasure of her people, she not only dedicated to the general government this imperial empire, but by the hand of her sons, Edward Carrington and Richard Henry Lee, constituting with Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, a special committee, prepared the celebrated ordinance of 1787 for its government, in which it was provided that slavery should never exist in all that wide territory.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Thus Virginia not only gave to the Union the territory from which five of the foremost Commonwealths were carved, but dedicated it to freedom. The supreme opportunity, however, of suppressing the slave trade, came upon the adoption of the Federal Constitution. With every increase in the number of slaves, the difficulties and dangers of emancipation were multiplied. The hope of emancipation rested in stopping their importation, and dispersing over the whole face of the land those who had already found a home in our midst. Despite the opposition of Virginia, the legality of the foreign slave trade was extended for a period of twenty years. This action of the convention is declared by Mr. Fiske, the New England historian, "a bargain between New England and the far South." Continuing, he says: "This compromise was carried against the sturdy opposition of Virginia."

George Mason, the author of our Bill of Rights, denounced what he called the "infernal traffic." "Slavery," said he, "discourages arts and manufactures; the poor despise labor when performed by slaves; they prevent the emigration of whites, who really strengthen and enrich a country. They produce the most pernicious effect on manners; every master of slaves is born a petty tyrant; they bring the judgment of heaven on a country; as nations cannot be rewarded or punished in the next world, they must be in this. By an inevita-

ble chain of causes and effects, Providence punishes national sins by national calamities." "But," says Mr. Fiske, "these prophetic words were powerless against the combination of New England with the far South."

TRADE LICENSED.

Thus by the votes of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut, with those of the far South, an additional twenty years was added to the century and a half during which the slave trade was licensed by law, and when that period had rolled around, the statesmen and thinkers of the land stood front to front with the problem of emancipation under far different, and more difficult conditions.

The General Assembly of Virginia on more than one occason considered the subject of gradual emancipation, and as late as 1832, the advocates of such a course mustered a following almost large enough to enact their resolutions into laws. The great difficulty, however, lay in the dangers to the community of the mere presence of such a host of slaves suddenly released from the restraints and care with which they were formerly surrounded.

The sentiment of a large, if not the dominant element of the people of Virginia, was doubtless expressed in the words of Robert E. Lee, who, writing in December, 1856, declared:

SLAVERY AN EVIL.

"There are few, I believe, in this enlightened age, who will not acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil. I think it is a greater evil to the white, than to the colored race. While my feelings are strongly enlisted in behalf of the latter, my sympathies are more deeply engaged for the former. The blacks are immeasurably better off here than in Africa, morally, physically and socially. * * * Their emancipation will sooner result from the mild and melting influences of Christianity, than from the storm and tempest of melting controversy. * * * While we see the course of the final abolition of human slavery is still onward, and give it the aid of our prayers, let us leave the progress, as well as the results, in the hand of Him who sees the end, who chooses to work by slow influences, and with whom a thousand years are but a single day."

The great apostle of liberty, Mr. Jefferson, realizing the dangers and difficulties of emancipation, and yet discerning some signs of the future, penned in the closing years of his life these words: "Nothing

is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free. Nor is it less certain that the two races equally free, can not live in the same government. Nature, habit, opinion, has drawn indelibile lines of distinction between them."

TO DEPORT THEM.

The leaders and philanthropists of Virginia grew to realize the truth of these sentiments, and so the efforts which were made in the State Legislature to secure the enactment of laws for the emancipation of the slaves, were in time abandoned, and followed by the inauguration of movements for their deportation. It was nowhere felt that either the peace of the community or the well being of the slave, would be subserved by his emancipation, unless followed by his exodus from the country. In this work many of our foremost citizens were enlisted when the rise of what was known as the "Abolition Party" at the North, projecting itself as a disturbing force between master and slave, and in the councils of the Federal Government, with respect to this—a purely domestic and local institution—quenched the sentiment in favor of emancipation and riveted the startled minds of the people upon the new dangers, which as a result of the movements and discussions of the Abolition Party, confronted them.

The reality of these fears was illustrated and intensified by the raid of John Brown and his followers, which sent a thrill of horror through the land.

Such was Virginia's record with reference to slavery. Such the sentiments of some of her greatest sons.

In the light of such a record, and such sentiments, will it be seriously insisted that she gave her home to desolation and her people to death, to maintain the institution? The vast majority of her sons who went forth to battle were not slave owners, and had little or no love for the institution.

But beyond all this, the secession of Virginia could not have been to prevent the threatened emancipation of her slaves, because as we know, the Federal Government meditated no such course.

LINCOLN'S PLATFORM.

The platform of the party which elected Mr. Lincoln emphatically declared against any interference by the Federal power, with this domestic institution in the States, in which it already existed; and Mr. Lincoln in his inaugural address reiterated and reaffirmed that

declaration. From no authoritative source was any assault meditated upon the institution of slavery.

Even the right of the slave owner to carry his slaves into the territories, which had constituted the great question at issue, was now relinquished by the seceding States, and the territories themselves abandoned to the Union. The right of slavery in the territories was thus forever settled, while the question of the abolition of slavery in the States where it existed, had never been put in issue between the contending parties. The States of the Confederacy avowed the right to secede, and denied the power of the Federal Government to coerce them. Mr. Lincoln denied the first, and maintained the second. It was on this issue the two parties litigant submitted their controversy to the gage of battle.

How, then, did the emancipation of the slaves become involved in the great war which followed? The facts are facts of history, and can be quickly declared.

PROCLAMATION OF 1862.

On the 22d of September, 1862, after the war had been in progress for a year and a half, Mr. Lincoln issued his proclamation, in which he declared that the slaves held in the States, or portions of States which should be still in rebellion on the 1st of January, 1863, following, would be, by a subsequent proclamation, emancipated. His justification was found in the fact that, as a war measure, it would deplete the strength of the Confederacy and augment the forces of the Union.

In all other portions of the Union where slavery was legalized, to-wit: Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and portions of Louisiana and Virginia, the institution would remain unaffected by the proclamation. More than that, by the very terms of the proclamation, the people of the States in which it was made to apply could escape its effects by laying down their arms. Surely if the preservation of the institution of slavery in the seceding States furnished the incentive for their conduct, these States had simply to ground their arms and the institution would have remained.

On the 1st of January, 1863, the final proclamation was made, in which it was recited, because of the failure of the people of the States and portions of States above mentioned to lay down their arms, the slaves within those designated localities were declared free, and the President pledged all the powers of the Union to make good

this declaration. It may be of interest to note that, among the counties of Virginia excepted from the operation of this proclamation, were Accomac and Northampton—in honor of the Confederate soldiers from which this monument is dedicated to-day.

Thus, and thus only, did the emancipation of the slaves become involved in the war. Mr. Lincoln only justified his proclamation as a war measure to help the cause of the Union, for he said: "If he could save the Union by freeing the slaves, he would do it; if he could save it by freeing one-half and keeping the other half in slavery, he would take that plan; if keeping them all in slavery would effect the object, that would be his course."

REASON FOR SECESSION OF VIRGINIA.

What, then, was the true cause which impelled Virginia to secede and for which her people fought? It may be stated in a word. Statesmen from the dawn of the Union had declared, and her people had been educated to believe, that any State had the constitutional right to peaceably withdraw from the Union. When the Cotton States adopted that course and formed the Southern Confederacy, Virginia, while deploring the event, still felt they had but exercised an undoubted right, and therefore any armed coercion on the part of the Federal government was not warranted by the Constitution.

Mr. Davis, in one of his first messages, thus stated the position of this new government: "In independence we seek no conquests, no aggrandizements, no concessions of any kind from the States with which we have lately been confederated. All we ask is to be let alone; that those who never held power over us shall not now attempt our subjugation by arms."

Virginia believed they had the right to make that declaration, and to take that stand; and because of this conviction, and because of its repeated declaration in the most solemn and authoritative form, both by legislative enactment and the avowals of her leaders, to have remained in the Union and joined in the coercion of the seceding States, would have been a repudiation of her principles and an act of tyranny and dishonor.

VIRGINIA'S TRADITIONS.

The people of Virginia were devoted to the memories, traditions, and the very soil of their Commonwealth—proud of her history, and jealous beyond comparison of her fame. The settlement of the State, the part which she had borne in the Revolution, and other wars, the

romantic and daring adventures of her sons in every period of storm and stress, the brave avowals of her great leaders in the cause of the civil and religious liberty; the deep-seated belief that the rights of the government were only derived from the consent of the governed; the position of the parties to the impending conflict—the North rich in teeming population, diversified wealth, established government and the prestige of the old flag and the old constitution—the South unequal in every point, save in the enthusiasm and determination of her people; all this made the strongest appeal to the imagination and sympathies of her sons. To stand by as a neutral would have been to wear the badge of confessed dishonor. At the thought of invasion either of their homes or their liberties, there sprang to the hearts of these cavaliers and the sturdy yeomanry of the mountain and the plain, the inspiring words of the poet of their fatherland:

> "In our halls is hung—
> Armory of the invincible knights of old;
> We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakespeare spoke; the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held—In everything we are sprung
> Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

PROPHETIC WARNING.

The prophetic warning of her statesmen as to the terrors which would mark the conflict, were more than realized in her desolated homes, her impoverished people, and the myriad graves of her sons that marked the face of the Commonwealth; and yet when all was over, and standing in the midst of her desolation, the figure which represented the true life and genius and heroism of the Commonwealth, could but exclaim in the language of Demosthenes:

"I say if the event had been manifest to the world beforehand, not even then ought Athens to have forsaken this course, if Athens had any regard for her glory, or for her past, or for the ages to come."

I have thus, my countrymen, attempted to epitomize some of the causes and motives which influenced the people of Virginia during the momentous period of the Civil War. If I have presented one fact or suggested one thought which will tend to make clear the truth, then my labor has not been in vain. The great duty of this generation is to present to the world the truth with reference to the causes and motives which actuated our people in that struggle.

To the future we may look with confidence for a vindication of the

high principles and pure motives which controlled Virginians. The very pathos of our story will enlist the interest of the world. Calvaries and Crucifixions take deepest hold upon humanity. The truth will be found and proclaimed just so sure as sacrifice and devotion appeal most strongly to the hearts and minds of men.

"Thou hast great allies.
Thy friends are exultations, agonies
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

Already the truth of this assertion is being verified, and writers and thinkers of this and the old world make bold to affirm the integrity and heroism of Virginia's course. Thus Henderson, the English military critic and author, in his Life of Jackson, declares:

JUSTICE TO CROMWELL.

"The world has long since done justice to the motives of Cromwell and of Washington, and signs are not wanting that before many years have passed, it will do justice to the motives of the Southern people. They were true to their interpretation of the Constitution."

Then referring to Virginia—"Her best endeavors were exerted to maintain the peace between the hostile sections, and not until her liberties were menaced did she repudiate a compact which had become intolerable. It was to preserve the freedom which her forefathers had bequeathed her, and which she desired to hand down unsullied to future generations, that she acquiesced in the Revolution."

Ropes, the New England historian and author, in his History of the Civil War, referring to the Southern people, says: "They are not in their own opinion rebels at all; they were defending their States, that is, the nations to which they conceived themselves to belong, from invasion and conquest."

Mr. Lecky, England's greatest living historian, in his Democracy and Liberty, declares: "The self-sacrifice, the unanimity, the tenacity of purpose, the indomitable will displayed on both sides by the vast citizen armies, in that long and terrible struggle, form one of the most splendid pages in 19th century history."

But not only will these facts impress the minds and demand recognition of the students and historians of the future, but the time will come when the united voice of this whole land will proclaim the integrity of purpose which controlled our people in that conflict, and

when their heroism will be proudly claimed as a part of the heritage of our country.

All that was pure and knightly—all that was magnanimous and strong—will yet be treasured as evidences of our country's glory.

What Englishman to-day, while recalling the heroism displayed at Naseby and Marston Moor, stops to inquire whether his forefathers fought for Parliament or King?

AMERICAN MANHOOD.

The day is not far distant when upon the fields where were fought the great battles of the Civil War, monuments will be erected to commemorate the prowess and valor of American manhood as exhibited in those fierce struggles for principle. On the plains of Abraham, which overlooked the city of Quebec, was fought the last battle between the French and English-speaking races for the mastery of this continent. Victory crowned the English arms under the splendid leadership of Wolfe, despite the desperate resistance of the French, led by the noblest heroic Montcalm. Both leaders fell at their posts of duty. To-day a beautiful monument rises above the plain. It carries no sting to the hearts of the vanquished, for it commemorates the heroism of both Wolfe and Montcalm, in the generous inscription: "Valor gave them a common death; history a common fame; and posterity a common monument."

Inspired by the remembrance of the valor of the soldiers of Accomac and Northampton, their surviving comrades have erected this monument to perpetuate their fame.

Let it stand a lasting memorial of the heroic men of this sea-girt land.

Let it make known the ever blessed story of duty well performed; of steadfast valor and fortitude in the face of defeat. For it invokes the reverential care of all who love devotion to principle; and over it I pronounce as a sentence of consecration, the beautiful epitaph which is said to mark the last resting place of the first Grenadier of France: "Consecrated to virtue and courage, and put under the protection of the brave in every age and country."

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, October 15, 1899.]

HANOVER COUNTY HEROES.

Partial List of Soldiers from Hanover County Who Perished in the War of 1861–'65.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

It is proposed to erect a memorial in Hanover Courthouse to those soldiers from Hanover county (whether in Hanover organizations or otherwise), who sacrificed their lives in defence of Virginia between 1861 and 1865. We enclose a list of such, and would be greatly obliged by its publication in your Sunday Confederate columns, with the request from this committee that any one who knows of any error or omission would write a correction and send the accurate information at once to Rosewell Page, Richmond, Va.

T. W. Sydnor,
George P. Haw,
H. T. Wickham,
Rosewell Page,
Committee.

The list is as follows:

Cavalry.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. B. Newton, Fourth Virginia Cavalry, Raccoon Ford, October 11, 1863.

Corps-Surgeon John B. Fontaine, Petersburg, October 1, 1864.

Hanover Troop.

First-Lieutenant Isaac W. Wingfield, Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 9, 1864.

Second-Lieutenant B. H. Bowles, Manassas, July 21, 1861.

Sergeant Edmund Fontaine, Manassas, July 21, 1861.

Sergeant William J. Kimbrough, Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 9, 1864.

Corporal O. C. Anderson, Raccoon Ford, October 11, 1863.

Corporal Bernard Pollard, Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 9, 1864.

Philip B. Spindle, Manassas, July 21, 1861.

Richard D. Saunders, Manassas, July 21, 1861.

Richard Harris, Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863.
B. J. Nuckols, Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 9, 1864.
John W. Nash, Raccoon Ford, October 11, 1863.
J. Benton Vaughan, ———, May 10, 1864.
T. Cary Nelson, Nance's Shop, June 24, 1864.
W. T. Priddy, Wayneshoro, October, 1864.
R. W. Talley, ———, 1864.
Andy J. Nuckols, Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.

Twenty-Fourth Virginia Cavalry.

Chapman Tyler, Enon Church.
William Timberlake, Enon Church.
Arthur Timberlake, Enon Church.

Mosby's Cavalry.

Wirt M. Binford, Harmony Church.

ARTILLERY.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis Minor Coleman, Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.

Page's Battery.

Sergeant C. S. Stone, Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.
Corporal Thomas L. Jones, Second Manassas, 1862.
Samuel Baker, Richmond, 1862.
N. A. Cross, Richmond, 1862.
W. T. Ford, Richmond, 1862.
Martin Baker, Richmond, 1862.
William J. Chapman, Fort Delaware, 1864.
M. C. Lowry, Fort Delaware, 1864.
William E. Luck, Fort Delaware, 1864.
W. T. Yarborough, Fort Delaware, 1865.
Oscar Chisholm, Hanover Courthouse, 1864.
J. G. Lane, Hanover Courthouse, 1864.
J. W. Eddleton, Point Lookout, 1864.
Ferdinand Elmer, Gettysburg, 1863.
B. H. Stone, Gettysburg, 1863.
Joseph Stone, Gettysburg, 1863.
T. F. Woody, Gettysburg, 1863.
J. O. McGhee, Somerville Ford, 1863.
William Patterson, Second Manassas, 1862.

John Barker, Second Manassas, 1862.
Andrew Smith, Malvern Hill, 1862.
Silas Thacker, Sharpsburg, 1862.
John Wiltshire, Sharpsburg, 1862.

Nelson's Battery.

Major Franklin Terrell.
Edmund Anderson, Second Cold Harbor, 1864.
B. F. Harris, Sharpsburg, 1862.
Samuel Harris, Sharpsburg, 1862.
A. J. Harris, Richmond, 1862.
Stephen C. Sydnor.
John E. Oliver.
R. H. Nelson.
Charles Hall.
—— Upshur.
John Farmer.
James Murphy, Second Cold Harbor, 1864.

Woolfolk's Battery.

Joseph R. Terrell, Gettysburg, 1863.
Thomas B. Moody, 1863.

Marye's Battery.

Woodson Sullivan, Cold Harbor.
Aleck Pate, Cold Harbor.
Walter Jones.
George Smith, Staunton.
Elisha Wicker, Staunton.
David Wright, Martinsburg, W. Va.

Second Howitzers.

Lieutenant H. St. C. Jones, Sailors' Creek.

Pamunkey Artillery.

Robert P. Anderson, Drewry's Bluff.

Morris's Artillery.

Lieutenant Henry W. Toler, Somerville Ford, 1863.

INFANTRY.

Company K, Fifty-sixth Virginia.

Captain Dabney C. Harrison, Fort Donaldson.
Lieutenant Edmund Langan, Cold Harbor.
Lieutenant James Jones, Abingdon.
Corporal A. M. Martin, Cold Harbor.
Corporal Henry Jeffries, Cold Harbor.
Allie Gathright, Cold Harbor.
Thomas Trueman, Cold Harbor.
John D. Martin, Richmond.
Felix Warren, Richmond.
John Wooddy, Hanover Junction.
W. H. Peace, Indianapolis, Ind.
Edward Acree, Indianapolis, Ind.
Robert Richardson, Indianapolis, Ind.
William White, Gettysburg.

Company I, Fifteenth Virginia.

Sergeant Leonidas White, Drewry's Bluff.
Corporal E. S. Talley, Jr., Sharpsburg, 1862.
J. A. Talley, Sharpsburg, 1862.
William Wicker, Sharpsburg, 1862.
Williamson Talley.
Cornelius Batkins.
Silas Wright.
Henry Richardson.
L. M. Cook, Bristol, Tenn., January, 1863.
J. H. Warren.
Charles Dunn, Drewry's Bluff.
John H. Dunn, Drewry's Bluff.
W. C. Smith, Ashland, April 1, 1865.
R. R. Horne, Point Lookout.
Andrew Hazlegrove, Point Lookout.
Washington Jones.

Company C, Fifteenth Virginia.

Corporal Thomas Braddock, Drewry's Bluff, 1864.
J. W. Johnson, Drewry's Bluff, 1864.
T. M. Lowry, Drewry's Bluff, 1864.
Sill Braylock, Drewry's Bluff, 1864.

William Bumpass, Drewry's Bluff, 1864.
Marcellus Mallory, Drewry's Bluff, 1864.
B. F. Nuckols, Drewry's Bluff, 1864.
Edward Talley.
J. C. Butler, Sharpsburg, 1862.
W. D. Winston, Sharpsburg, 1862.
Walter Hall, Seven Pines, 1862.
John Eddleton, Suffolk, 1863.
Martin Lambert, Suffolk, 1863.
Charles Terrell, Company E, Fifteenth Virginia; Drewry's Bluff, 1864.
George L. Terrell, Company E, Fifteenth Virginia; Gordonsville.
Captain J. P. Harrison.
Lucien Smith, Seven Pines.
William Snead.
Leander Blackburn, Fifty-third Virginia Regiment.

[From the Galveston, Texas, *News*, November, 1899.]

THE PURCELL BATTERY FROM RICHMOND, VA.

Its Gallant Conduct at the Battle of Cedar Run.

After helping McClellan to change his base from the Pamunkey to James river (in which operation our battery lost in killed and wounded sixty-five men out of less than one hundred), we were ordered from Malvern Hill to Richmond to refit and recruit. After several weeks' rest, we were attached to Jackson's flying column, and sent to meet the army of the Potomac, commanded by General John Pope, who, the Northern press declared, would prove "more than a match for Stonewall Jackson," and had been sent to Virginia to teach him (Jackson) the art of war.

Arriving at Orange Courthouse about August 8th, we took a short rest, and on the afternoon of the 9th crossed the Rapidan at Morton's Ford. A. P. Hill's division, to which we were attached, was marching in columns through a wooded country, over a very rough road. Our battery was about the centre of the column. As soon as the head of our troops emerged from the woods into the open fields of

Culpeper, they were attacked by Banks's corps. After a short but desperate conflict, Banks fell back, and the fighting ceased. We had been posted in the woods, and did not see or participate in the fighting, at which our boy captain—little Willie Pegram—was very much chagrined. But his chance was soon to come. In a short time an order came to send Pegram's rifled guns to the front. Going forward, we soon came to the open country, where Jackson and our chief of artillery, General R. L. Walker, met us and pointed out the position we were to take and the work we were to do. In an old stubble-field on a little knoll we unlimbered, and Jackson in person directed Pegram to throw shells into a distant woods. We opened fire as directed, using 1 and 2-second shells—no enemy in sight. Three hundred yards in front of us was a heavy growth of green corn, extending for a mile or more over beautifully undulating ground. To the left was the road by which we had come, and the only line of retreat in case such an emergency arose.

We had fired only a few shots, when over the hill and through the corn we saw at least a brigade of blue infantry coming straight for the guns. Changing from shell to shrapnel and canister, we turned our entire attention to this column, but they continued to come on without a waver. Finally we doubled the charges of canister, and then they broke and went back over the hill. Just then we noticed coming down the road at full speed, and in easy shell range, a body of blue cavalry. If they passed our flank we were lost. Changing front to the left, we raked the road, first with shell, then with canister. The cavalry came on almost past the danger point, then broke and went back.

Our attention was then called to our old friends, the infantry, who had been reinforced, and were coming through the corn as if to take our guns at all hazards. The situation looked desperate, as we had no support near by. Pegram ordered double charges of canister, and seizing the flag, he went from gun to gun, waving it in the very faces of the men, and begging: "Don't let the enemy have these guns or this flag; Jackson is looking at you. Go in, men; give it to them."

The column faltered and went back and reformed, only to come again. On they came, and were getting in good canister range, when an order came to fall back. The bugle blew, "Limber to the rear; cannoneers mount." Just as this order was executed, one of the gun horses was killed, and it looked as if the only prudent thing

to do was to leave this gun and save the rest, if we could. Pegram did not think so, and he quickly gave the order:

"Action, front! Fire double charges of canister!"

While we obeyed this order under his personal direction, the drivers replaced the dead horse, and again the bugle sounded: "Limber to the rear! Cannoneers mount! Retire!" which was instantly obeyed, for the enemy were within less than 100 yards of our guns and in great force.

We galloped away with all of our guns, but reinforcements coming up, we soon had our old position back. After this, Pegram heard the men discussing how near we came to losing the gun. He merely said: "Men, whenever the enemy takes a gun from my battery, look for my dead body in front of it." And he kept his word.

From a private in an infantry company, he rose to be a colonel of artillery, and commanded at one time, as high as sixty guns in battle. He never lost a single piece until the final break-up at Five Forks. He died, aged 22, in Gilliand Field, in a little redoubt, by the side of the first gun the enemy had ever captured from his command, and his eyes were closed in death 'ere they claimed the prize.

What Napoleon said of Ney might well be said of Willie Pegram, the boy artillerist: "What a man! What a soldier!" Of boyish form and face, in camp and on the march he had the voice and manners of a school-girl. Kind and gentle to his men, still a stern disciplinarian, requiring every one to do his whole duty. Amid the roar of his guns on the battlefield he became a giant in voice and stature, and seemed to know in the hottest battle just which gun was doing the best work, even when he had forty in action, and never failed to give praise even to a private when due, but just as quick to censure if it was deserved. He once heard that some of his men had censured him for volunteering to go into a very desperate position, where a whole gun's crew were cut down with one shell. He immediately called the company into line, and said:

"Men, I have heard that I have been blamed for the disaster that occurred to our company at Manassas. Every man who is not willing to follow me wherever I choose to take him, will please step to the front. If a majority, I will resign and go into the ranks; if a minority, I will give them a transfer to such other commands as they may select."

He waited some time. Not a man stirred. "Then," said he, "let us have no more of this talk. A soldier should always seek the most desperate post that has to be filled."

He was a shining example of the influence a good officer has over his men. I believe almost any set of men would have fought under W. J. Pegram.

A. S. DREWRY,
Private Purcell Battery, Pegram's Battalion Artillery,
Third Corps, Army Northern Virginia.

[From the Charlotte, N. C., *Observer*, September, 1899.]

APPOMATTOX ECHO.

The Last Volley on That Memorable Field.

STATEMENT OF GENERAL GRIMES.

It Was Fired by Cox's Gallant North Carolinians—A Stirring Reminiscence—Lest We Forget a Letter from Mosby.

In the *Confederate Veteran* for August, Captain William Kaigler, of Dawson, Ga., insists that the last volley at Appomattox was fired by the sharpshooters of Evans's division under his command, and not by North Carolinians. The closing incident of the greatest of modern wars is of such historic importance, and is so creditable to those participating therein, that it is not surprising that they should be proud of it and claim as much of its glory as truth permits.

In the *Veteran* for November, 1898, Captain Kaigler first claimed this honor for his command, and in the *Veteran* for February, 1899, he is answered and contradicted by Captain James I. Metts, of Wilmington, who quotes statements (sustaining him), made by several North Carolina officers, among them being General W. R. Cox, whose brigade they say fired the last volley at Appomattox. In his last communication Captain Kaigler says that General Cox is liable to be mistaken, because his statement "is only from recollection after thirty years have elapsed." In this Captain Kaigler is himself mistaken, for this statement of General Cox is exactly the same written by him and published, in 1879, in *Moore's History of North Carolina.*

It was my privilege to be an active participant in that memorable morning's scenes at Appomattox as one of the staff of Major-Gene-

ral Bryan Grimes, and it fell to my lot to carry the last order on the field of battle immediately preceding the surrender. All the incidents of that historic occasion are still fresh in my memory, and as an eye-witness I unhesitatingly testify that the last volley at Appomattox Courthouse was fired by Cox's North Carolina brigade of Grimes's division. But, to put the matter beyond all doubt, and to cite the best evidence possible, I will ask your readers to consider what was said about this controverted question by the witness best qualified to know—General Bryan Grimes—who planned and commanded the last charge at Appomattox.

I enclose, therefore, the following extract from Grimes's own report, or statement, published in 1879, and never questioned before his death. As stated by him, he was given by General Gordon the divisions of Walker and Evans in addition to his own division, which was composed of Phil Cook's Georgia brigade, Battle's Alabama brigade, Grimes's old brigade, and Cox's brigade. It is proper to state that General Grimes was not in the rear, but was with the line of battle and narrowly escaped being killed.

All soldiers know how hard it is for an unmounted officer at one end of a long line of battle to know what is done at the other. Hence, it does not disparage Captain Kaigler's veracity or courage to assert that he, who was on the extreme left, could not know what was done on the right as well as mounted officers who were riding all along the line and had full opportunity of seeing all that was done.

This statement of General Grimes's (who died in 1880) is so clear and explicit that it should be accepted as conclusive of the facts mentioned, and being of peculiar historic value, should be carefully read and remembered.

H. A. London.

Pittsboro, N. C., September 12th.

THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX.

(By General Bryan Grimes.)

On Saturday, the 8th, no enemy appeared, and we marched undisturbed all day. Up to this time, since the evacuation of Petersburg, we had marched day and night, continually followed and harassed by the enemy. The men were very much jaded and suffering for necessary sustenance, our halts not having been sufficiently long to prepare their food; besides, all our cooking utensils not captured or abandoned were where we could not reach them. This day

Bushrod Johnson's division was assigned to and placed under my command, by order of General Lee. Upon passing a clear stream of water, and learning that the other division of the corps had gone into camp some two miles ahead, I concluded to halt and give my broken-down men an opportunity to close up and join us, and sent a message to General Gordon, commanding the corps, making known my whereabouts, informing him I would be at any point he might designate at any hour desired.

By dark my men were all quiet and asleep. About 9 o'clock I heard the roar of artillery in our front, and in consequence of information received I had my command aroused in time and passed through the town of Appomattox Courthouse before daylight, where, upon the opposite side of the town, I found the enemy in my front. Throwing out my skirmishers and forming line of battle, I reconnoitered and satisfied myself as to their position, and waited the arrival of General Gordon for instruction, who, awhile before day, accompanied by General Fitz Lee, came to my position, when we held a council of war. General Gordon was of the opinion that the troops in our front were cavalry, and that General Fits Lee should attack. Fitz Lee thought they were infantry and that General Gordon should attack. They discussed the matter so long that I became impatient, and said it was somebody's duty to attack, and that immediately, and I felt satisfied that they could be driven from the cross-roads occupied by them, which was the route it was desirable that our wagon train should pursue, and that I would undertake it; whereupon Gordon said: "Well, drive them off." I replied: "I cannot do it with my division alone; but require assistance." He then said: "You can take the two other divisions of the corps." By this time it was becoming sufficiently light to make the surrounding localities visible.

I then rode down and invited General Walker, who commanded a division on my left, composed principally of Virginians, to ride with me, showing him the position of the enemy and explaining to him my views and plans of attack. He agreed with me as to its advisability. I did this because I felt that I had assumed a very great responsibility when I took upon myself the charge of making the attack. I then made dispositions to dislodge the Federals from their position, placing Bushrod Johnson's division upon my right, with instructions to attack and take the enemy in the flank, while my division skirmishers charged in front, where temporary earthworks had been thrown up by the enemy, their cavalry holding the

crossings of the road with a battery. I soon perceived a disposition on their part to attack the division in flank. I rode back and threw our right so as to take advantage of some ditches and fences to obstruct the cavalry if they should attempt to make a charge.

In the meantine the cavalry of Fitz. Lee were proceeding by a circuitous route to get in rear of them at the cross-roads. The enemy, observing me, fired upon me with four pieces of artillery. I remember well the appearance of the shell, and how directly they came towards me, exploding and completely enveloping me in smoke. I then gave the signal to advance. At the same time Fitz. Lee charged those posted at the cross-roads, when my skirmishers attacked the breastworks, which were taken without much loss on my part, also capturing several pieces of artillery and a large number of prisoners, I at the same time moving the division up to the support of the skirmishers in echelon by brigades, driving the enemy in confusion for three-quarters of a mile beyond the range of hills covered with oak undergrowth. I then learned from the prisoners that my right flank was threatened. Halting my troops, I placed the skirmishers, commanded by Colonel J. R. Winston, 45th North Carolina troops, in front, about 100 yards distant, to give notice of indication of attack. I placed Cox's brigade, which occupied the right of the division, at right angles to the other troops, to watch that flank. The other divisions of the corps (Walker's and Evans's) were on the left. I then sent an officer to General Gordon, announcing our success, and that the Lynchburg road was open for the escape of the wagons, and that I awaited orders. Thereupon I received an order to withdraw, which I declined to do, supposing that General Gordon did not understand the commanding position which my troops occupied. He continued to send me order after order to the same effect, which I still disregarded, being under the impression that he did not comprehend our favorable location, until finally I received a message from him, with an additional one as coming from General Lee, to fall back. I felt the difficulty of withdrawing without disaster, and ordered Colonel J. R. Winston, commanding the skirmish line, which had been posted in my front on first reaching these hills, to conform his movement to those of the division, and to move by the left flank so as to give notice of an attack from that quarter. I then ordered Cox to maintain his position in line of battle, and not to show himself until our rear was 100 yards distant, and then to fall back in line of battle, so as to protect our rear and right flank from assault. I then

instructed Major Peyton, of my staff, to start the left in motion, and I continued with the rear.

The enemy, upon seeing us move off, rushed out from under cover with a cheer, when Cox's brigade, lying concealed at the brow of the hill, rose and fired a volley into them, which drove them back into the woods, the brigade then following their retreating comrades in line of battle unmolested. After proceeding about half the distance to the position occupied by us in the morning, a dense mass of the enemy in column (infantry) appeared on our right, and advanced without firing towards the earthworks captured by us in the morning, when a battery of our artillery opened with grape and canister and drove them under the shelter of the woods.

As my troops approached their position of the morning, I rode up to General Gordon and asked where I should form line of battle. He replied, "Anywhere you choose." Struck by the strangeness of the reply, I asked an explanation, whereupon he informed me that we would be surrendered. I then expressed very forcibly my dissent to being surrendered, and indignantly upbraided him for not giving me notice of such intention, as I could have escaped with my division and joined General Joe Johnston, then in North Carolina. Furthermore, that I should then inform my men of the purpose to surrender, and that whoever desired to escape that calamity could go with me, and galloped off to carry this idea into effect. Before reaching my troops, however, General Gordon overtook me, and, placing his hand upon my shoulder, asked me if I were going to desert the army and tarnish my own honor as a soldier, and said that it would be a reflection upon General Lee and an indelible disgrace to me if I, an officer of rank, should escape under a flag of truce, which was then pending. I was in a dilemma and knew not what to do, but finally concluded to say nothing on the subject to my troops.

Upon reaching them, one of the soldiers asked if General Lee had surrendered, and upon my answering that I feared it was a fact that we had surrendered, he cast away his musket, and holding his hands aloft, cried in an agonized voice: "Blow, Gabriel, blow! My God, let him blow. I am ready to die!" We then went beyond the creek at Appomattox Courthouse, stacked arms amid the bitter tears of bronze veterans, regretting the necessity of capitulation.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, May 28, 1899.]

SUSSEX LIGHT DRAGOONS.

A Complete Roster of This Gallant Confederate Organization.

An issue of the *Petersburg Express*, published September 14, 1861, gives the roll of the Sussex Light Dragoons, a number of the members of which are still living, some in this city. The roster is as follows :

OFFICERS.

Captain—B. W. Belsches.
First Lieutenant—G. H. Dillard.
Second Lieutenant—Wm. N. Blow.
Third Lieutenant—P. S. Parker.
First Sergeant—H. O. Moyler.
Second Sergeant—T. A. Dillard.
Third Sergeant—E. T. Thornton.
Fourth Sergeant—T. L. Johnson.
First Corporal—F. L. Vellines.
Second Corporal—J. E. Barker.
Third Corporal—T. E. Dillard.
Fourth Corporal—G. S. Rives.

PRIVATES.

J. D. Atkins, T. W. Adkins, Wm. L. Adkins, A. M. Adkins, B. R. Birdsong, Henry Birdsong, A. S. Birdsong, S. J. Birdsong, J. A. Bishop, H. C. Briggs, Andrew Briggs, R. R. Bains, O. H. Baird, E. T. Chappell, J. L. Chappell, Wm. D. Chappell, J. R. Chappell, D. A. Cocke, J. A. Cotton, J. J. Dillard, W. H. Dillard, J. H. Dobie, A. T. Dobie, R. M. Dobie, R. L. Dobie, A. H. Ellis, G. W. Gilliam, Robert J. Gwaltney, Wm. H. Gwaltney, B. F. Harrison (commissary), R. K. Harrison, T. J. Harrison, J. H. Harrison, R. S. Harrison, J. W. Harrison, Trezvant Harrison, B. L. Hargrave, W. F. Hansberger, James B. Harrell, L. D. Holt, J. H. Jones, J. R. Jones, L. E. Jordan, H. G. Kelly, Samuel Little, Jesse Little, W. H. Marable (forage master), J. M. H. Marable, T. S. Morgan, J.

Edward Moyler, F. D. Nibbett, J. R. Norris, J. A. Parker, Wm. H. Parker, R. A. Parker, J. S. Parker, J. W. Parker, J. M. Presson, Nathaniel Raines, B. F. Raines, G. E. Rives, W. B. Scott, J. D. Spain, P. Thorp, R. G. West, J. L. White, R. W. White, A. D. White, H. B. Walker, George Walker, A. C. Winston, and W. W. Woodson.

The paper from which the above was taken is in the possession of Captain George J. Rogers, of this city.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, October 31, 1899.]

WILLIAM L. YANCEY IN HISTORY.

The Memorable Debate on the Slave Trade at Montgomery, Alabama.

[Reference may be made to Vol. XXI., pp. 151–9, for a graphic sketch of the eventful career of Hon. William Lowndes Yancey, by Hon. Anthony W. Dillard. It is evident that it was not the intention of Dr. McGuire to misrepresent Mr. Yancey.—EDITOR.]

Editor of the Times:

Sir,—You have incalculably increased the obligations of the country to your custom of printing fragmentary examples of Southern history in the publication of Dr. Hunter McGuire's report, in your issue of Sunday, October 15th, instant.

The vast and wonderfully rich field of historical incident connected with the Southern movement in the decade next before the erection of the Confederacy is sufficiently explained in the activity at that time of the remarkable men who came forward in large numbers to discuss public questions. In evidence of this phenomenon, stands the Southern Commercial Convention, a meeting of planters and lawyers. At the Knoxville meeting of 1857 a committee was apppointed to report on the policy of re-opening the African slave trade and to consider the constitutionality of the act of Congress which pronounced the trade piracy. The report was to be made to the next annual meeting of the convention, appointed for Montgomery, Alabama, in May, 1858. The significance of the discussion of this sub-

ject lay in the movement, already more or less advanced, to secure Cuba for the United States, and also in the then pending scheme of General William Walker to conquer the Central American States and erect a government there with institutions similar to those of the Southern States. African slavery, it was believed, would flourish well in those tropical, yet fruitful agricultural regions, while the Southern States were much in need of sympathy in the fast ripening purpose of the Northern States to invade our institutions and destroy them. More than that, it was hoped that if Texas could be well supplied with African slaves in order to protect herself against Northern interference, she would readily consent to divide her vast and bounteous area into five slave States, thus checking in the Senate the tide of Congressional usurpation of Southern rights.

The Southern Commercial Convention of 1858, met, according to appointment, at Montgomery. The membership was so great that the State capitol could not by any means contain the meeting. It was the annual season of empty cotton warehouses at that cotton shipping port, when, perhaps, 100,000 bales each year were loaded on steamers for Mobile. An immense brick cotton warehouse, thoroughly lighted, was hastily floored, and plank benches provided for the meetings of the convention. It was a most noble gathering of men—the educated, earnest, prosperous democracy of the South, come to deliberate for a week in a pending crisis which involved their all. They felt deeply the awe of the situation. They acted calmly.

It was at this great and decisive meeting that the memorable debate occurred between Mr. Roger A. Pryor, the young editor of *The South*, a weekly, published at Richmond, of extreme Southern rights' character, supported by William Ballard Preston, and Henry W. Hilliard, on our side, and William Lowndes Yancey, a lawyer, of Montgomery, on the other side. The report of the committee from the Knoxville meeting of the year before was submitted by its chairman, J. D. B. De Bow, editor of *De Bow's Review*, a South Carolinian then domiciled in New Orleans. The report was favorable to the re-opening of the trade. Just about that time some five hundred Africans had been landed from a slaver on the coast of Georgia, and prominent Georgians were being pursued in the Federal courts as participants in the crime of importing them.

De Bow's report was debated and postponed for action until the meeting of 1859, appointed for Vicksburg, Miss.

Referring to Mr. Yancey's speech, or rather speeches, for he spoke the greater part of two days, Dr. McGuire says: "Mr. Yan-

cey, in an able and powerful speech, urged that the African slave trade be revived." Dr. McGuire has fallen into an error, not peculiar to himself, but one which greatly annoyed Mr. Yancey in his lifetime, and which he studiously sought to correct at every opportunity. I will relate one example of his corrections. In the Alabama secession convention, Mr. Yancey warmly supported a resolution of instructions to the Alabama delegates to the proposed Provisional Congress of the Confederacy, requiring them to vote for a proviso of the Constitution of the Confederacy forever prohibiting the African slave trade. He said in that speech that he apprehended few public men had been more industriously misrepresented than himself on this subject of the resolutions; that he was not and never had been in favor of re-opening the trade; that Virginia and Maryland would continue to send all the negroes to the cotton States that it was desirable to have. (See Smith's Debates.)

Mr. Yancey's position may be briefly stated. He contended that it was a question for adjudication whether the Constitution gave Congress the right to make "piracy" of a trade—for instance, the African slave trade—upon which the social fabric of half the States was founded; whether Congress had the right to declare the particular trade "piracy" which the Constitution specially forbid any hostile legislation against "prior to" 1808, twenty years after the formation of the government; whether the positive forbidding by the Constitution of any interference with the African slave trade, a specially designated and protected trade, "prior to" 1808, left Congress free to forbid it after that date; whether the forbidding ultimately of an original constitutional guarantee, existing in the form of a compromise between the sections in an organic law, could become valid under any enactment less than a constitutional amendment.

Messrs. Pryor and Preston, of Virginia, and Mr. Hilliard, of Alabama, contended for unconstitutional rejection of De Bow's report favoring the re-opening of the trade.

Mr. Yancey saw his opportunity to discuss the encroachments of the Abolitionists upon the Constitution in resisting a summary rejection of the motion of Mr. Pryor. Hence the debate and the final reference of the De Bow report to the Vicksburg convention.

Dr. McGuire is bold and opportune in denouncing the allegation of Fiske, and other so-called historians who falsely pretend that the South fought for the perpetuation of slavery. As I have just said, Alabama led in demanding that the constitution of the Confederacy should forever prohibit the African slave trade. That policy once

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put into effect, time was the inevitable emancipation of African slavery. A property status could not possibly attract to labor the moment the property value became higher than the value of the products of the labor. Cotton could be kept at ten cents by white producers and by improved methods of cultivation. Negro slave cotton producers could not be kept down to $1,000 per head, when coal mining, iron manufacture, railroad building, etc., came in to compete for negro slave labor. In the Birmingham district to-day, are many coal mine and ore mine operators who owned in 1860, a quarter of a million dollars in cotton field negroes. Must they not have sold them by now to have invested in wage employing mines, rather than retain them in the less profitable employment of the cotton field?

The record stands, General Lee, the commanding general of the Confederate armies, voluntarily manumitted his slaves. Mr. Yancey, the oratorical agitator of the constitutional principles which were attempted by the Confederacy was a leader in the policy of rejection by the Confederacy of the African slave trade, thus hastening the maturity of the institution of slavery and providing for the industrial economy which must have worked out the final emancipation of labor from the status of prosperity to the status of wages.

Dr. McGuire relates that President Lincoln pronounced the Union indissoluble because the Southern ports on 10 per cent. duties would cut off this revenue of the port of New York and starve the northern nation. It is important to remember that upon the organization of the Provisional Government at Montgomery and the appointment of Mr. Yancey at the head of the commission to go to Europe to sue for recognition of the new born Republic, he asked to be instructed to offer to the commercial nations of Europe, England and France, a treaty quite similar to the treaty which General Washington asked, successfully, the Congress to negotiate with France and Spain.

Mr. Yancey, at the suggestion of Mr. Rhett, of South Carolina, asked to be permitted to offer European powers a contract of twenty years duration, fixing the duties at all Southern ports at 20 per cent. ad valorem. A bill was offered in Congress embodying these views, but reducing the time to six years. Mr. Rhett refused to accept this reduction of time, and this bill failed. The commission to Europe was thus doomed to failure, and with this fore knowledge, Mr. Yancey went upon it, consenting to his own sacrifice with characteristic valor.

JOHN WITHERSPOON DU BOSE.

Wetumpka, Ala.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, November 7, 1899.]

JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

A Visit to the Confederate Cemetery of the Prison.

Its Condition Described—Services on Decoration-Day—A List of Those Buried There—What Should be Done—A Fund Needed.

[The devoted effort of our noble women of the South, which has been so constantly efficacious, is confidently invoked for the sacred object stated.—ED.]

In company with a friend, your correspondent paid a visit to the now lonely burial plat on Johnson's Island, where over two hundred members of the Confederate army are buried.

Soon after the breaking out of hostilities between the North and South, in the war of 1861 to 1865, a prison camp was established on Johnson's Island, in Sandusky bay, about three miles north of this city, where were sent many officers of the Confederate army for safe-keeping, until exchanged or the war was over.

The island is a picturesque spot, about three miles long and about three-quarters of a mile wide.

There is no regular communication with the island, and to reach the same one must charter a small boat, or he may be lucky enough to get to the island through the kindness of some fisherman, who goes in the vicinity to draw seines for fresh water fish.

The soil is good, and in places there are quite extensive openings where stone has been quarried for domestic use.

The old prison camp lay in full view from this city, and as the island is surrounded by a good depth of water on all sides, it was regarded by Northern men as a most safe and healthy spot for the establishment of a military prison camp.

There was a stockade of plank about the prison quarters at the time of its use, but which has now all disappeared. There yet remains two or three buildings where the officers of the guard had their quarters, and the old guard-house, to mark the spot.

Just east of the camp, which was situated on gently rolling land that dropped towards the bay, to the south, was a small earth fortification for the protection of the camp, should it ever be surprised

by an attack of the friends of the Confederacy, who at that time were reported to be quite numerous in Canada, just across Lake Erie, thirty-five miles to the north.

Little remains of the old fortification aside from its broad, sloping embankment, and even of this a part of the earthworks on the west side towards the camp has been nearly levelled to the ground near by.

The old magazine, for the storing of powder and ball for use by those who occupied this fortification, has gone to decay, and as its walls and ceiling were of plank, old Father Time has done the work surely and well, for the top has caved in, probably never to be re-excavated in the present generation.

About twenty or thirty rods still farther eastward, near the eastern end of the island, is the lonely burial plat, where rest the remains of over 200 officers of the Confederate army, who died while imprisoned here, and their remains were buried in this little plat of ground, where the north winds whistle through the trees, singing a mournful symphony o'er the graves of more than one brave man who laid down his life at his country's call.

The plat is enclosed with a wrought-iron fence, thus protecting the last resting place of many a loved one from tramp of horses and cattle and the heedless visitors, that occasionally pay a visit to this lonely spot.

As we opened the gate and walked in at the south end of the half-acre enclosure, eight rows of white marble headstones came into view, each bearing a withered wreath of evergreen, placed there by members of McMean's Post of the G. A. R., on Decoration Day in May last. Every year a committee from this post, or the Toland Post, at the Soldiers' Home, near the city, visit this burial plat, and o'er the graves strew flowers and place wreaths upon the headstones of each of the 205 graves. While the duty is a sad one, it is always performed with willingness by members of the Grand Army who live here, and when the exercises of the day are held, a fitting recognition of these sleeping warriors is made by the speaker of the day, who delivers the oration of praise to living and dead in terms to touch more than one honest heart.

If we are rightly informed, it is thirty-seven years since the first interment was made, and while within the grounds there were a few small trees then, they now have grown to a good size, and whose friendly limbs outstretch o'er foe and friend alike, and as autumn comes the silvery leaves bedeck the lonely graves of those who lie buried here.

The plat certainly deserves a little better care than it now receives —through whose neglect we are not able to say. Some of the trees ought to be removed, the undergrowth taken out, and the graves and grounds lined up, so as to be more presentable to the visitor's eye. The expense would be but nominal, and it would add so much to the sad scene that presents itself as one gazes upon the last resting-place of so many young men of the same race and speaking the same tongue of those who held them in captivity until death relieved them of their heavy burden.

The following list will show who are buried here, and undoubtedly will be read by many, who will recall to mind the names and acts of more than one that are interred in this lonely place. The list of names is copied from the headstones placed over each grave.

The writer has omitted the word "infantry" after each name, that being understood by the reader:

J. L. Hood, adjutant, 59th Virginia.
A. C. Pitt, second lieutenant, Company K, 20th Tennessee.
M. H. Michael, lieutenant, 59th Virginia.
W. C. Raidy, Company G, 11th Kentucky cavalry.
J. M. Hill, captain, Company G, Dobbins's Arkansas cavalry.
J. P. Nolan, lieutenant, English's Mississippi battalion.
Robert Gamble, second lieutenant, 9th Alabama.
J. Miller, third lieutenant, Williams's Arkansas cavalry.
C. B. Morris, lieutenant, Company I, 9th Alabama.
Thomas Ruffin, lieutenant, Company D, 4th North Carolina.
J. Coulter, citizen, Marysville, Tenn.
H. H. Cresswell, lieutenant, Freeman's regiment.
W. P. Norton, lieutenant, Company D, 22d North Carolina.
J. W. McRae, second lieutenant, Company E, 67th Georgia.
J. W. Jacques, lieutenant, Company F, 24th Tennessee.
E. N. Pucket, lieutenant, Company K, 12th Arkansas.
J. W. Day, captain, Company D, 55th Georgia.
W. S. Hilton, captain, Company F, 22d North Carolina.
H. Wilkinson, lieutenant, Company B, 9th Virginia.
W. W. Wynn, captain, Company C, 64th Virginia.
John F. Brigham, lieutenant, Company E, 14th Tennessee.
J. A. Lash, major, 4th Florida.
W. A. Stevens, lieutenant, Company K, 46th Alabama.
T. J. Lowis, captain, Company C, 3d Virginia.
B. B. Starns, lieutenant, Company B, 9th Alabama cavalry.

J. A. Campbell, colonel, 27th Mississippi.
John Welch, lieutenant, Company B, 40th Virginia.
S. V. Hamilton, captain, Company B, "Choctaw cavalry."
G. W. Swink, lieutenant, Company K, 8th Virginia.
A. B. Archibald, captain, Company D, 8th Confederate cavalry.
J. Dean, lieutenant, Company H, 28th Tennessee.
C. B. Nash, lieutenant, Company H, 6th Louisiana.
Francis Baya, lieutenant, Company H, 2d Florida.
F. J. Alexander, lieutenant, Company C, 4th Alabama battery.
M. C. Peel, captain, 8th Arkansas.
R. G. Love, first lieutenant, Company K, 1st Mississippi artillery.
P. Nichols, captain, Company B, 11th battery, North Carolina.
R. P. Bolling, lieutenant, Company H, 6th Georgia cavalry.
I. B. Wood, lieutenant, Company C, 10th South Carolina cavalry.
B. F. Lock, lieutenant, Company E, 4th Arkansas cavalry.
P. W. Lane, lieutenant, 23d Arkansas.
Josiah Bissell, captain, Company C, 8th Florida
James E. Webb, captain, 8th Arkansas.
Willis Randall, lieutenant, Company G, 52d North Carolina.
W. E. Phillips, second lieutenant 4th Alabama cavalry.
John Nickell, surgeon, 2d Kentucky, "Mounted R."
E. B. Holt, lieutenant, "Bidy's Artillery," Lexington, N. C.
W. J. Porter, captain, Company D, 61st Alabama.
Peter Mackin, lieutenant, Company I, 16th Mississippi.
John W. Hanagan, colonel, 8th South Carolina.
J. M. Henken, first lieutenant, Company K, 12th South Carolina.
John J. Cobeau, lieutenant, Company B, 10th Mississippi.
S. T. Moore, second lieutenant, Company F, "King's R," Alabama.
J. E. Duncan, private, 22d Virginia.
F. T. Coppeys, lieutenant, Tennessee.
W. E. Killem, lieutenant, Company H, 45th Virginia.
A. J. Frazer, Company H, 15th Mississippi.
W. E. Wason, adjutant, 1st Tennessee.
F. F. Cooper, captain, Company K, 52d Georgia.
R. H. Lisk, citizen.
P. J. Raben, captain, 5th Alabama.
S. F. Sullivan, captain, 1st Alabama.
R. K. G. Weeks, second lieutenant, Company F, 4th Florida.
W. S. Norwood, lieutenant, Company E, 6th South Carolina.
B. C. Harp, lieutenant, Company I, 25th Tennessee.

J. C. Long, lieutenant, Company I, 62d North Carolina.
W. T. Norwood, lieutenant, 6th South Carolina, "Confederate States army."
John O. High, lieutenant, 1st Arkansas battery.
John F. McElory, lieutenant, Company F, 24th Georgia.
N. T. Barnes, captain, Company E, 10th Confederate cavalry.
J. L. Land, lieutenant, Company A, 24th Georgia.
William Peel, lieutenant, Company C, 11th Mississippi.
D. L. Scott, second lieutenant, Company I, 3d Missouri cavalry.
J. W. Moore, lieutenant, Company B, 25th Alabama.
J. U. King, captain, Company K, 9th Georgia.
M. R. Handy, citizen, Hopkins county, Ky.
E. Morrison, private, 8th Alabama.
Charles H. Mattock, colonel, 4th Mississippi.
R. E. M.
W. W. Davis, private, 35th Mississippi.
W. N. Swift, lieutenant, 34th Georgia.
A. Kelley, lieutenant, 10th Arkansas.
J. D. Conway, private, 19th Virginia cavalry.
J. Middlebrook, captain, 45th Georgia.
J. B. Hazzard, captain, 24th Alabama.
J. P. Vaun, captain, Company E, "Bell's R," Alabama.
D. H. McKay, lieutenant, Company D, 46th Alabama.
J. R. Jackson, captain, Company H, 38th Alabama.
H. S. Dawson, lieutenant, Company H, 17th Georgia.
D. D. Johnson, lieutenant, Company A, 48th Tennessee.
J. B. Hardy, captain, Company I, 5th Arkansas.
W. T. Skidmore, lieutenant, Company D, 4th Alabama cavalry.
M. D. Armfield, captain, Company B, 11th North Carolina.
G. W. Lewis, captain, Company C, 9th battalion Louisiana cavalry.
J. N. Williams, captain, 6th Mississippi.
J. T. Sigon, lieutenant, 55th Virginia.
F. G. W. Coleman, lieutenant, 7th Mississippi.
J. E. Threadgill, lieutenant, Company H, 12th Arkansas.
J. C. Shuler, captain, Company H, 5th Florida.
B. J. Blount, lieutenant, Company H, 55th North Carolina.
J. D. Armington, lieutenant, Company H, 32d North Carolina.
James Lawson, lieutenant, Company C, 18th Mississippi cavalry.
John C. Holt, lieutenant, Company C, 61st Tennessee.
Samuel Chormle, Blunt county, Tenn.
J. W. Johnson, captain, "Green's R," Missouri S. A. S.

J. B. Cash, lieutenant, 62d North Carolina.
Hugh Cobble, private, Company E, 5th Kentucky.
J. B. Hardy, captain, 15th Arkansas.
Mark Backen, captain, Company D, 60th Tennessee.
J. R. H.
E. M. Orr, lieutenant, 62d North Carolina.
S. W. Henry, captain, 19th Tennessee cavalry.
S. R. Graham, first lieutenant, Company J, 3d Texas cavalry.
J. A. McBride, lieutenant, Company H, 60th Tennessee.
J. Reeves, Company J, 1st Georgia cavalry.
J. Ashby, Kentucky.
Samuel Fox, colonel.
E. L. Moore.
Daniel Herrin, Poindexter's Missouri cavalry.
J. W. Collier, lieutenant, 18th Kentucky.
John M. Kean, captain, 12th Louisiana artillery.
W. McWhister, captain, Company H, 3d Missouri.
R. Hodges, Memphis, Tenn.
E. Gibson, lieutenant, 11th Arkansas.
D. Christian, Company E, 128th Virginia.
S. W. C.
William Johnson, Poindexter's Missouri cavalry.
Peter Cole, private, 60th Virginia.
J. W. Gregory, captain, 9th Virginia.
W. Veasey, lieutenant, 10th Kentucky cavalry.
B. Anderson, private, Missouri State cavalry.
J. Hupteller, lieutenant, 1st battalion, Arkansas.
S. G. Jetter, company H, 31st Alabama.
D. D. Keller, private, 2d Tennessee cavalry.
J. M. Dotson, lieutenant, 10th Tennessee cavalry.
W. P. Harden, lieutenant, 5th North Carolina.
L. B. Williams, lieutenant, 63d North Carolina.
G. W. Gillispe, captain, company D, 66th North Carolina.
C. B. Jackson, Guir'a, Va.
J. E. Scruggs, colonel, 85th Virginia.
E. M. Tuggle, captain, company H, 35th Georgia.
A. E. Upchurch, captain, 55th North Carolina.
J. P. Pedden, second lieutenant, "Hamilton's battery.
J. Barnett, lieutenant-colonel, 9th battalion, Louisiana cavalry.
W. J. Hudson, lieutenant, 2d North Carolina.
D. E. Webb, captain, 1st Alabama cavalry.

J. W. Mullins, lieutenant, 6th Tennessee.
J. D. Cassaway.

In addition to the above list, there are fifty-two graves, on the headstones of which are engraved the word "Unknown."

Two graves among the number have evidently been cared for by loving friends. The first is that of

G. W. Gillispe,

Captain Company D, Sixty-sixth North Carolina Infantry.

Died September 9, 1863; Aged 26 years.

Below this inscription there are engraved several Masonic emblems. The other stone bears this inscription:

W. T. Norwood,

Lieutenant, Sixth South Carolina Infantry.

Died January 11, 1864; Aged 30 years.

"Aninnus Opebusque Parati."

There ought to be some stone or monument erected over this group of men, and a fund provided for the care of the spot where sleep so many loved ones, to the Southern heart most dear. Who will start the proper way to begin?

W. H. H. Blackman.

CONFEDERATE DEAD OF FLORIDA.

The Ceremonies Attending Unveiling of the Monument to,

AT JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, June 16, 1898.

Presented by Charles C. Hemming, of Gainesville, Texas, formerly of Jacksonville, Florida, and Member of 3d Florida Infantry, C. S. A.

[Extract from account of Unveiling by *Florida Times Union and Citizen.*]

"Should the captious critics of American institutions or the observer of Republican principles require evidence of their stability, more than the story that one hundred and twenty years have given, they would have found convincing proof in the scene which Jacksonville witnessed yesterday.

"A thousand young men, the flower of the Seventh corps of the United States Army, escorted Confederate Veterans of thirty-five years ago through the streets of the city to the dedication of a monument erected by the generosity of one of Florida's sons, to the memory of Florida heroes who fell in the war which estranged for four years those who had been before and have since then been brothers.

"Greater contrasts in the whirl of time have rarely, if ever, been seen in any land, and such as that would hardly be deemed possible in any but America. To the sounds of martial strains they marched, the blue uniform of a reunited nation leading its grizzled veterans of the gray of former years. The Starry Cross and the Star Spangled Banner mingled in the same procession, and no one murmured. Splendid tributes of praise to Confederate heroes fell from eloquent lips to shouts welcomed by approval, which rose from the throats of the North and the South alike. Illinois and Virginia, Iowa and North Carolina, Wisconsin and New Jersey, through their soldiers, joined with Florida in honor to those who fought and bled and died for the Lost Cause, the cause which in the words of one speaker, 'went down in defeat, but not in dishonor.'

ENTHUSIASM NOT EFFECTED.

"The sun dawned yesterday on another day of heat and discomfort, but it effected not the enthusiasm of those who had looked forward for months to the occasion, which was to see the erection and dedication of the Hemming Monument. At an early hour the streets were filled with the throngs of those who had come from other parts of the State to mingle with Jacksonville's citizens in the ceremonies. The line of march made known through the press was lined with crowds who were anxious to see the pageant.

"At St. James Park a stand had been erected, south of the monument, from which the speakers were to be heard, the songs to be sung, and on it were reserved places for the members of Camps of Veterans who had come to the celebration of the day, for the Daughters of the Confederacy, and for distinguished guests, including the chief officers of troops encamped here, and for the members of their staffs. As the head of the long procession came to the stand, the applications for space on it were innumerable, and even with the most careful management of the committee, the greatest difficulty was experienced in allowing within the railing only those for whom places had been reserved. On every side the crowd extended to the limits of the buildings which surround the park. Thousands were in sight, the light colors of women's and children's costumes alternating with the blue of the Volunteers' uniforms. The luxuriant semi-tropical growth of the park shrubbery made a strong background for the sea of faces that was turned to the stand or upward to the monument, its summit shrouded in the canvas of secrecy.

THOSE ON THE STAND.

"Among those who were accorded places on the stand were the speakers of the day, the chorus, which rendered several patriotic songs, the sponsers and their maids of honor, the young ladies representing the different States, many of the Daughters of the Confederacy, delegations from the various camps of Confederate Veterans, a delegation from O. M. Mitchel Post, G. A. R., and several relatives of Mr. Hemming, the donor of the monument. The distinguished guests of honor were General Lee and his staff, beside General Arnold and General Burt and their staffs, and other and prominent military officers now in command of the soldiers at Camp Cuba Libre; Governor Bloxham and his staff were also present."

THE PARADE,

Starting from Bay and Market streets, was as follows:

City Police, Mounted.
Second New Jersey Drum Corps.
Grand Marshal and Aids.
Col. Hines, 2d New Jersey Vols., Commanding the Military.
Companies from each of the following Regiments of the Seventh Army Corps, U. S. V.:
2d New Jersey Volunteers.
2d Illinois Volunteers.
2d Virginia Volunteers.
1st North Carolina Volunteers.
1st Wisconsin Volunteers.
49th Iowa Volunteers.
50th Iowa Volunteers.
4th Virginia Volunteers.
4th Illinois Volunteers.
Wilson Battery, Florida State Troops.
Mitchel Post, G. A. R.
Florida Division United Confederate Veterans.

Float drawn by four gray horses, upon which were Young Ladies representing the Confederate States and the States and Indian Territory having troops in the Confederate Army, as follows:

Confederate States—Miss Belle Dewson.
South Carolina—Miss Mai N. Colcock.
Mississippi—Miss Julia Stockton.
Florida—Miss Elizabeth Legere Fleming.
Alabama—Miss Kitty L. Roby.
Georgia—Miss Minnie Sollee.
Louisiana—Miss Marie M. Prioleau.
Texas—Miss Annie Champlain.
Virginia—Miss Anna Virginia Taliaferro.
Arkansas—Miss Julia Cook.
North Carolina—Miss Mamie Rogers.
Tennessee—Miss Aline Buckman.
Missouri—Miss Ruby DuPont.
Kentucky—Miss Isabelle Livingston.
Maryland—Miss Mary T. Fleming.
Indian Territory—Miss Lena Dancy.

Each young lady was attired in white, with a broad red sash, on which, in white letters, was the name of the State represented. The float was the most effective feature of the procession.

Sons of Confederate Veterans.
Carriages with Governor W. D. Bloxham and Staff.
Col. R. H. M. Davidson, Orator of the Day.
Miss Sarah Elizabeth Call and Escort.
Hon. Noble A. Hull, Commander R. E. Lee Camp U. C. V.
Officers of the Daughters of the Confederacy.
Sponsors and Maids of Honor.
Distinguished Visitors.
Fire Department.

The line of march terminated at St. James Park, the site of the monument.

EXERCISES AT THE PARK.

The assemblage was called to order by Hon. Noble A. Hull, commanding R. E. Lee Camp, No. 58, U. C. V.

PRAYER.

Commander Hull introduced the Right Reverend Edwin G. Weed, S. T. D., Bishop of Florida, and Chaplain of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 58, U. C. V., who made the following prayer:

O Almighty Lord, who fashionest the hearts of men and considerest all their works, grant, we beseech Thee, to us and all the people of this land, the spirit of obedience to Thy commandments; that, walking humbly in Thy fear, we may, under Thy almighty protection, continue to dwell in righteousness and peace. Defend our liberties, save us from lawlessness, dishonesty and violence; from discord and confusion; from pride and arrogance, and from every evil way. Continue Thy goodness to us that the heritage which we commemorate this day may be preserved in our time and transmitted, unimpaired, to the generations to come. Grant this, we beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HYMN.

Our Father's God to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing:

Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Bless Thou our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee alone we cry,
God save the State!

THE MONUMENT UNVEILED

By Miss Sarah Elizabeth Call.

SALUTE OF THIRTEEN GUNS

By Wilson Battery.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

BY EX-GOVERNOR FRANCIS P. FLEMING, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Ladies and Gentlemen, my Friends, and Comrades:

In behalf of R. E. Lee Camp, United Confederate Veterans, and the committee of arrangements, it is my pleasure and privilege to welcome you to an occasion which will ever be memorable in the annals of our city and State, and to bid you join us in dedicating a monument to heroes and patriots.

As we look upon this beautiful shaft, surmounted by the figure of a Confederate soldier, what memories of the past crowd upon us! In the retrospect of thirty-seven years we may recall the States of the South, not by rebellion or revolution, but each in solemn convention, in the exercise of its sovereignty, withdrawing from a union that had ceased to be fraternal. We see another compact formed,

another republic created, upon the plan of that which the South had helped to build, another nation born and baptized "The Confederate States of America."

Differences of opinion have existed, and probably ever will, as to whether the States had the right to secede. A right first asserted by a New England statesman, the merits of which I will not undertake to discuss at this time. But leaving out the question of right: The States, in fact, did secede. The Confederate Government, in fact, existed complete in all its departments. And when war was waged, it was neither a civil war nor a rebellion, but a war between separate *de facto* nations. This removed from the citizens of these States all question of divided allegiance as between State and National Government. And it is from this standpoint the Southern people must be viewed. No intelligent and well-informed person of the present day, whose mind is not imbued with fanatical teachings, believes that the Confederates were traitors. No people ever espoused a cause, or went forth to battle in defense of home and country, with a clearer consciousness of right in the discharge of duty.

Tell me not that any but patriots, inspired with the highest principles of right and justice, could have fought with the courage and valor of the Confederate soldier, or evinced, as he did, that heroic fortitude in the endurance of every hardship, privation and suffering, with insufficient food and scanty clothing, contending against fearful odds. True to country; steadfast to duty, and faithful to the last! Surrendering only to overwhelming numbers, when all hope of further resistance was at an end. No traitor's heart found place in the breast of the Confederate soldier!

Comrades, we welcome you to the dedication of Florida's monument to her Confederate dead, presented by a noble son of her soil, who, in the tender years of early youth, represented his State in the Confederate armies; and whether on the march, in the forefront of battle, or in prison, illustrated that valor and patriotism, the memory of which we are here to perpetuate on bronze and granite, as it will ever be preserved on the pages of history and in the breasts of our people.

Florida, the smallest of the Confederate States in population, has a rich heritage in the record of those times. Of general officers, she contributed Kirby Smith, the Blucher of Manassas, afterward a full general in command of the Trans-Mississippi department; Loring and Patton Anderson, major-generals; and Finegan, Perry, Davis, Miller and Finley, brigadiers, all gallant and distinguished soldiers.

I cannot trespass upon your time to go through the list of her heroes, but let us give an honored place to the private soldier, whose representatives we welcome here to-day. He went to battle and offered his life on the altar of country, without the stimulus of fame, and with but little hope of promotion, his only reward being the consciousness of duty well performed. I have in mind a private soldier of my company, uneducated, and from the humblest walks of life, who, in the attack upon the Federal works at Jonesboro, though weakened by sickness, was among the most advanced in the charge when stricken down by a fatal shot. As I supported him and saw the life blood flow from his brave young breast, I felt that no one better deserved the title of hero. And on this occasion, and in this presence, I offer this tribute to the memory of Isaac Varnes, of Company D, 1st Florida cavalry, Army of Tennessee, a type of the humble private soldier, hero and patriot.

Soldiers of the Union! You who have nobly responded to the call of your country, whether you come from the far North or from the sunny South, we accord you our heartiest welcome. Let us realize that the blood which stained the blue or the blood which stained the gray represented a sacrifice to duty, which we may all claim as a proud heritage of American valor and American manhood. If in the war in which you have enlisted you will but emulate the soldiers of the sixties, you will well deserve the plaudits of a grateful country.

Especially do I welcome these fair women, who join us in honoring the memory of Southern heroes. What would the cause of the South have been without the support of her daughters? No monument can ever adequately commemorate their heroism and virtues. Bereft of loved ones and protectors, and sharing in the poverty of desolated homes, yet never faltering in works of devotion for their country's cause, or in the encouragement of her sons when the dark cloud of disaster had all but obscured the star of hope.

O daughters of the South! You who were faithful to a cause which went down in defeat, but not in dishonor, be mindful of the duties which now rest upon you, as upon us all, and while lovingly and reverently we fold the Starry Cross, enshrined in the memory of our tenderest affections, be true to the flag that waves over a reunited people, under which our sons are now facing a common foe. Instil in your children that love of country which is the highest inspiration of patriotism and honor. And should a time of peril come when luxury shall beget vice and greed of gain threaten to stifle the

nobler aspirations, point your sons to this column and recount to them the story of the patriotic sacrifices and heroic virtues which it commemorates, and if a spark of true manhood remains, you will have done much toward the salvation of your country and the preservation of liberty.

INTRODUCTION OF THE ORATOR.

The orator of the day was introduced by Hon. F. P. Fleming, in the following words:

"It is now my pleasure to present to you, as the orator of the day, one who gallantly illustrated the valor of Florida's son on the field of battle, and has ably and faithfully represented his State in the halls of Congress; one whom our people have ever delighted to honor, Colonel Robert H. M. Davidson, of the 6th Florida infantry."

ORATION AND TENDER OF THE MONUMENT.

BY COLONEL ROBERT H. M. DAVIDSON.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The vast audience before me demonstrates that the living approve the ceremonies of this day, and, could voices from the spirit-world reach us, methinks we might hear now, from angelic choirs there, songs of commendation. Almost from the beginning, pyramid, mausoleum, granite shaft and marble column have been erected as memorials.

And orator, poet, sculptor and painter, through the ages, by enrapturing eloquence, by enchanting song, by exquisite statue, and by beautiful picture, have contributed to perpetuate the glorious deeds of the soldier-dead. Patriotic heroism should ever be honored.

For that laudable purpose we have come now to this park, beautiful for situation, in the metropolis of our State, and near by the murmuring waters of her great river. Appropriate place, indeed, is the city of Jacksonville for the majestic column from which the veil has just fallen. Appropriate not only because it is the metropolis of our State, but also because it was for years the home, "the dearest spot on earth," of the estimable and noble-hearted gentleman to whose unsurpassed generosity and devotion to principle Florida is to-day indebted for this splendid tribute to the "chivalry and courage" of her Confederate soldiers. If I were not prevented by that

gentleman's modesty from doing so, most gladly would I speak of his wonderful and thrilling career as a soldier in his youth and of his great work as a citizen in his mature years. But I am not permitted to panegyrize him as he deserves to be, yet I can express a wish for him. And well do I know, hearers, that you will heartily unite with me in that wish, which is, that his life may be as long and happy as the soul which sustains it is generous and patriotic, and that distant, far distant, may be the time when monumental legend or eulogistic addresses shall tell us that he is no longer in the land of the living.

This beautiful shaft, dedicated "To the Soldiers of Florida," with its fitting and impressive inscriptions, though silent, yet eloquently speaks to us, and will so speak to coming generations, of the brave men whose intrepid valor and ardent love of home and country it is intended to commemorate. Who were these men and whence came they? They were citizens of Florida, many of them "native here and to the manner born," and others citizens by adoption. They came from every section of the State—from the shores of ocean and gulf, from field and forest, and from mainland and coral isle. They came from every vocation in life—from bench and bar, from bank and counting-room, from editor's sanctum and teacher's study, from farm and shop, and from the pulpit, the Lord Almighty's rostrum on the earth. Why did they come? Because their State called them.

On the 10th day of January, in the year 1861, the people of the State of Florida, in convention assembled, did solemnly ordain, publish and declare:

"That the State of Florida hereby withdraws herself from the confederacy of States existing under the name of the United States of America, and from the existing government of said States, and that all political connection between her and the government of said States ought to be, and is hereby, totally annulled, and said union of States dissolved. And the State of Florida is hereby declared a sovereign and independent nation. And that all ordinances heretofore adopted, in so far as they create and recognize said Union, are rescinded. And all laws and parts of laws, in so far as they recognize or assent to said Union, be, and they are hereby, repealed."

Florida having thus seceded from the Union, and her citizens believing that to their State, in which were their homes and loved ones, they owed allegiance, promptly responded to her call and soon became actors in the great "war between the States." They were animated by that heroic spirit which was conspicuously displayed at

that eventful period of our country's history by men both from the South and the North—that spirit which is beautifully portrayed by Thomas Gray, Jr., when he says:

> "No fearing, no doubting thy soldier shall know,
> When here stands his country and yonder her foe;
> One look at the bright sun, one prayer to the sky,
> One glance at our banner, which floats glorious on high;
> Then on, as the young lion bounds on his prey;
> Let the sword flash on high, fling the scabbard away;
> Roll on, like the thunderbolt over the plain;
> We come back in glory or come not again."

Fellow citizens, small indeed, was the population of our State during the war, yet "the soldiers of Florida" had "a place in the picture near the flashing of the guns" on almost every battlefield of that unequal and unparalleled conflict. Though rations were short, though clothing was poor and scant, though superior numbers opposed, and though loved ones were dependent and suffering, yet they never faltered, but with undaunted courage followed where duty led, and fought and bled and died for their homes and their native land.

I do not err, I think, when I say, that Florida, in proportion to her population, gave to the Confederate cause, more men than any other State of the South. A gentleman, who was a gallant Confederate officer during the four years of terrific strife, and who is now an official of the State at Tallahassee, and in a position to be well informed, kindly handed to me a few days since, the following:

"Florida sent to the Confederate armies eleven regiments of infantry, two regiments of cavalry, and five batteries of artillery, aggregating at the first enlistment, 10,527 men. To these must be added a regiment of infantry reserves, and Munnerlyn's battalion, which was organized to gather and distribute the beef supply for the armies in the field, besides eight or ten companies of 'Home Guards,' consisting of old men and boys, making in all about 15,000 combatants, out of a voting population of about 13,000."

"The soldiers of Florida" came not only from every section of the State and every vocation in life, but also from every age, indeed from the "cradle to the grave." What a glorious record and what convincing proof that they battled for what they believed to be right.

As the years come and go, their patriotic service will be remembered as long as men shall admire and love heroic virtue.

Confederate veterans, survivors of the "Lost Cause," you who marched with Lee and Jackson and Johnston and Bragg. You who heard the thunder of guns at Sharpsburg and Gettysburg and Shiloh, and Perryville and Chickamauga, though the cause for which you fought was engulfed in the fiery waves of war and lost, the conclusion must not be, that therefore it was unjust and wrong.

The failure of a right cause does not make it wrong any more than does the success of a wrong cause make it right. If the cause for which our Revolutionary forefathers struggled for more than seven years and at last gained, had been lost, would it therefore have been wrong?

A cause may fail, but the principle involved may be right.

We cannot praise and commend the martyr and at the same time condemn the cause for which he gave his life.

In the great and bloody conflict now ended, more than thirty-three years ago, the people of the South fought for a cause which they sincerely, religiously believed to be right and just.

In their sunny land, their men, from the days of boyhood, had been taught to believe that the distinguished Virginian, James Madison, was correct, when, in convention on the 31st of May, 1787, he declared that "the use of force against a State would be more like a declaration of war than an infliction of punishment, and would probably be considered by the party attacked as a dissolution of all previous compacts. A union of States containing such an ingredient, seems to provide for its own destruction."

They had been taught also to believe that Alexander Hamilton was correct when, in a debate in the New York State Convention, he said: "To coerce a State would be one of the maddest projects ever devised."

The men of the South, a large majority of them, believed, honestly believed, in the doctrine of absolute sovereignty of the State, in the right of secession and in the doctrine that the consent of the governed was the only correct foundation of government, and that the true construction of that doctrine was, that the consent meant was that of a State, and not of the whole or entire number of the States.

Thus thinking and believing, the controversy between the people of the South and those of the North who entertained different views of the great questions at issue, continued for years until the Southern States seceded and the crisis came, and then the terrible conflict began.

Shall I discuss now those great questions which entered into the

controversy and were advocated on the one side by the South and the other by the North? I do not propose to do so.

It is enough for me to say now that the questions were submitted by the contending parties to the sword for arbitration, and the award was against the South. Yes, my hearers, after four years of battle and blood, the men of the South were vanquished, but not dishonored.

And here and now, in behalf of our "dear departed" comrades, and in behalf of Finley and Miller and Dickison and Bullock and Hemming and Lang and Baya, and others "tried and true" who, thank God, yet survive, I say, hushed be the voice and still be the tongue that would stigmatize them and us as traitors.

They and we, in the great contest, followed where honor and manhood and patriotism led. They and we rallied around the "Stars and Bars," the flag of the Confederate States, and over a hundred battlefields and more that flag waved in glorious triumph, and baptized and rebaptized it was in the best blood of our land before it became the "Conquered Banner." We loved it, and as evidence of our devotion we risked our lives for it, and thousands of our comrades gave theirs.

But, my countrymen, our flag now is the starry banner of the Union. With pride and joy and thanksgiving we can sing the thrilling lines of Francis Scott Key:

> 'Tis the star spangled banner, O long may it wave
> O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Yet we can also, with the purest emotions and with the sincerest love for our country, chant the sad and beautiful words:

> Furl that banner; true 'tis gory,
> Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
> And 'twill live in song and story,
> Though its folds are in the dust.
> For its fame on brightest pages,
> Sung by poets, penned by sages,
> Shall go sounding down through ages,
> Furl its folds though now we must.

Fellow-citizens, I wish, I long, for the coming of that time when a complete and impartial history of the war between the South and the North shall be produced—a history that will be a truthful record of the causes, the events both civil and military, and the results of that war. And I rejoice to say that the indications are, to my mind,

that the time is not far distant in the future when such a history will be written.

Glorious, but sad, indeed, will be that history. It will tell of an unfortunate, cruel and fratricidal war; of charges and battles; of victories and defeats; of sufferings and sacrifices, and of patriotism and heroism that will be intensely interesting to its readers. It will tell that, after four years of bloody conflict, unutterably sorrowful and yet wondrously illustrious, the weaker side went down before overpowering numbers and superior military resources; but it will not record that therefore the weaker side fought for that which was unjust and treasonable.

On the pages of that history it will appear that among those whose cause was lost there were thousands of educated Christian men who loved law and constitutional freedom, and whose heroic efforts and brave deeds in behalf of what to them was right and just have not been surpassed in the annals of the world.

And O how the pages of that history will sparkle with lustre, on which will be written the names of the military chieftains of the South, the name of Robert E. Lee, whose noble virtues and martial deeds gave glory and renown world-wide to his beloved country; of Jackson—"Stonewall Jackson"—

> Whose eye met the battle
> As the eagle's meets the sun—

that military genius whose fall on the bloody field of Chancellorsville made "freedom shriek"; of Smith and Polk, the Christian soldiers; of Albert S. and Joseph E. Johnston; of D. H. and A. P. Hill; of Cleburne and Stuart and Morgan and Bragg and Hardee, and a host of others, who in life labored and fought for the South, and who are at rest now, we trust, on the shining shore of the other side.

But no pages of that history will be brighter and more resplendent than those which shall record the marvelous deeds and terrible trials of the women of the South. Those pages will tell of wives and mothers and daughters and sisters who, in their wonderful courage and in their true and constant love for their dear ones, their homes and native land, equalled, if they did not excel, any of whom Sparta could ever boast. Oh! that I were rich in language, abundantly rich, that I might now praise them as they merit and I desire to do.

But I will say in the words of another: "I thank God that I lived in the same generation with such women, and was an actor in the same transactions with them. To have known and lived and acted

with such gives a kind of immortality. He was a 'Waterloo' was a diploma of nobility. How much greater: He was the friend of the matrons of the South."

Years have passed since bugle call and roll of drum were heard summoning the soldiers of the South to battle against the soldiers of the North. Since then many of those who participated in the great contest, have embarked on "eternity's ocean" and a new generation has come on life's stage. Flower and shrub and fruit tree make beautiful now the fields that once were made red with the blood of the soldier's heart. The States of the North and of the South, thanks to the Master, are one great and glorious Union.

But, Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans, "still I say to you," drop not from memory's roll the names of "Our Heroes," and remember, especially remember, the martyrs of your own State—Ward and Lamar and Call and Parkhill and Bird and Bradford and Simmons and McLean and Pyles, and other sons of Florida, whose lives went out in war's wild tempest. Remember, also, Anderson, Finnegan, Maxwell and Beard, and Brevard and Daniel, and others, who escaped death on the field of carnage and have "passed over the river" since the smoke of battle cleared away.

Can we forget them?

No; no; no;
And years may go,
But our tears shall flow
O'er the heroes who fought and died for us.

Though I speak to you thus, my hearers, think not that it is my desire to awaken in your hearts feelings of the terrible days gone by and to revive the animosities of the past. Nay, I would not if I could, and sure I am that I could not if I would.

But I would have, while cherishing and honoring the memory of your "gallant dead," to be ever wishing and hoping that the valor displayed, the trials endured and the blood shed by the soldier who wore the gray, as well as by him who wore the blue may conduce, "as time steals away," to cement more firmly together the different sections of our country, and to make stronger and stronger the regard and love of its citizens for each other, and that continually there may be ascending from the hearts of all throughout our broad and free land the prayer:

The Union!
O! long may it stand and every blast defy,
'Til Time's last whirlwind sweeps the vaulted sky.

I would have you, on occasions like the present, to remember that every monument erected to Confederate soldiers is a reminder of the skill and bravery of the Northern soldiers, who triumphed over courage and heroism unsurpassed.

And I would have you, on Memorial days and Decoration days to be actuated by the kind and tender feelings which must have inspired these touching lines:

"From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe.—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

Fellow-citizens, we have this day abundant cause to rejoice. The presence in this city of a Lee, and with him a grandson of Grant, as a member of his military family; the thunderings of Dewey's guns in the far East, and of Sampson's and Schley's along Cuba's coast; the martyrdom of Bagley; the heroism of Hobson and the thousands of men from the North and the South, in the uniform of American soldiers, all, all, tell us that we are not a divided people, and that the Union has been, and is forever restored. And may we not, at this time, with hearts profoundly thankful, exclaim, "God bless our country?"

Governor Bloxham, it is now my pleasing duty and exalted privilege, as the representative of Mr. Charles C. Hemming, a citizen of Texas, to present to Florida, the State of his birth, through you, its Chief Magistrate, the imposing monument before us, which has been

erected by him, "in testimony of a comrade's love," "To the Soldiers of Florida."

In this beautiful and henceforth consecrated place, as the years pass away, may that granite column stand, and, a silent witness though it be, yet ever testify to all who come here, in behalf of devotion to principle, patriotic valor and love of home and native land.

MONUMENT RECEIVED.

Acceptance of the monument in behalf of the State of Florida by Governor William D. Bloxham, who, being introduced, spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman:

It becomes my pleasant task to accept, on behalf of the State, this monument, given by a warm-hearted and generous Florida soldier as a votive offering, that memory may forever garland the deeds of his brave comrades.

On many of the bloody fields in that gigantic struggle between the States, so eloquently pictured by the orator of the day, Florida gave her soldiery. In the thickest of the fight fell her splendid officers and her private soldiers—those unepauletted martyrs of liberty—whose lives illustrated those excellences that sparkle brightest in duty's crown. This beautiful shaft with tongueless eloquence will forever tell that they live in fame if not in life, and that their names are written on memory's deathless scroll.

Behold the Confederate soldier! No earthly crown too brilliant to deck his brow; no monument too grand to perpetuate his memory.

Though many rest in unknown graves, their heroic virtues will forever peal from mountain top to mountain top, and swell along the valleys of the entire South,

> Whose smallest rill and highest river
> Roll mingling with their fame forever.

It has been said that there was a stone in Bologna that, ever since the stars sang of creation's wonders, each day absorbed the brightest sunbeams from Heaven, and to-day gleams magnificently with those accumulated treasures of untold centuries. So as the years have rolled on, and the passions of the past allayed, and the rhetoric of hate drowned in the swelling tide of a united country and admiration for heroic deeds, the record of the Confederate soldier has grown

brighter, and his devotion to duty and patriotic promptings received the world's recognition. No soldiers braver ever trod the field of fame; nor firmer, marched to duty, in "one red burial blent."

That great conflict between the States illustrated the grand heroism of both sections. It should be known as the Heroic Age of America. The world never witnessed greater valor. The entire continent trembled beneath the intrepid tread of the noble followers of Lee and of Grant, who seemed to spurn the dull earth under their feet and go up to do Homeric battle with the greater gods. The richest heritage of the nineteenth century is the self-renewing splendor of the heroes of America as they were marshalled to the marriage feast of death beneath the eye of Lee and of Grant.

Grant and Lee! Lee and Grant! Had I the power, those two names would be garlanded together on one monument, reared at the capital of our beloved country, as representatives of American soldiery. It would be Fame's most jeweled crown and Glory's grandest temple.

Once more the gates of Janus have been thrown open in America. Possibly in the fulfillment of a destiny running back through the centuries, this great liberty-loving republic had to confront upon the battlefield that spirit of inquisition and superstition which has characterized Spain through her entire history. The cruelty of Alva lives in Weyler. The spirit of the bloody Philip has been the ruling spirit at Madrid. We are witnessing a great crusade in the cause of humanity that no man can stay. We are fortified in the conflict with the knowledge that "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

In this conflict of humanity against the oldest despotism of Europe, thank God we stand as one people, with one hope, one flag, and one destiny. The Lethean waters of oblivion have washed away all bitter memories of the past. No sectional lines now mar our patriotic ardor. Our soldiers to-day step to the same music, whether it be Yankee Doodle or Dixie, and march shoulder to shoulder as in the days gone by when they carried our eagles in triumph at Buena Vista and Chapultepec and into the glittering halls of the once noble Montezuma.

This glorious consummation shall also be commemorated by a befitting monument; it will be a monument which will always recall the Maine and her human sacrifices. The world will recognize it as reared to the cause of humanity and human freedom. That monument will be free Cuba.

When accomplished, let us hope that the war drums will throb no longer, and the battle flags be furled

> "In the parliament of Man,
> The federation of the world."

Standing upon the threshold of the twentieth century, let us trust that it will be welcomed, not in the spirit of Cromwell when he placed upon the muzzles of his cannon, "Open Thou our lips, O Lord, and our mouths shall show forth Thy praise;" but as the angels welcomed the messenger of a Saviour, "Glory to God on high; and on earth, peace." Peace is the halcyon weather of the heart, where the noblest virtues brood. Perfect in patriotism as in piety, was the prayer of royal David for the people and country of his love, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem."

In welcoming the twentieth century, let us hope that it will be crowned with the unspeakable glory of the rich pearl of peace, and a still higher civilization and a broader and more vigorous Christianity—which will evolve a strifeless progress, and consecrate the statesmanship of the world to the spirit of international arbitration. Then,

> "Theseus will roam the world no more,
> And Janus rest with rusted door."

Mr. Chairman, I feel that the sentiments of our entire people are voiced when I return to Comrade Charles C. Hemming, the generous donor, their grateful acknowledgments for this noble gift. Its care is confidently entrusted to the patriotic citizens of Jacksonville.

RESPONSE BY MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

Major-General Fitzhugh Lee happily responded to an urgent request for words of greeting. It is regretted that his address, which was entirely extempore, cannot be given. He spoke in eloquent and forceful language of the cause for which each side had fought, involving differences which had to be settled by the sword, and by the sword were settled. "Looking out," said he, "to-day upon yonder tented city, we see Illinois and North Carolina, Wisconsin and Virginia under one flag, for a common cause, the only rivalry being as to which shall carry the flag further for freedom." He paid a beautiful tribute to those whom the monument commemorates, among whom were old comrades dear to him; that his first service after leaving West Point was in the company of Captain Kirby Smith, whose medallion appears on the monument.

PATRIOTIC HYMN.

LA MARSELLAISE.

Ye sons of fame, awake to glory,
Hark! Hark! What myriads bid you rise—
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary—
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
Shall reckless tyrants, mischief's breeding,
With hireling hosts—a ruffian band—
Affright and desolate our land
While peace and liberty are calling?
To arms! To arms! Ye braves,
Th' avenging sword unsheath.
March on! March on! All hearts resolve
On victory or death.

Oh liberty, can man resign thee
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons' bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or wrongs thy noble spirit tame?
For long the world has wept bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield.
Thank God, their arts are unavailing.
To arms! To arms! Ye brave,
Th' avenging sword unsheath.
March on! March on! All hearts resolve
On victory or death.

CHORUS.

To arms! To arms! Ye brave,
Th' avenging sword unsheath,
March on! March on! All hearts resolve
On victory or death.

The ceremonies terminated with the following benediction, pronounced by the Rev. W. H. Dodge:

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. *Amen.*

Among the responses to invitations sent by the Committee of Arrangements, were letters of regret at inability to be present from President McKinley, the Governors of Maryland, Alabama and Virginia, General S. G. French, U. S. Senator S. Pasco, Major Thomas

M. Woodruff, and Generals Wade Hampton and John C. Underwood.

[From the *Times Union and Citizen.*]

THE MONUMENT.

The Confederate monument is regarded by everybody as being most beautiful in design and finish in every way. The monument was selected as having been the choice of three different committees that were appointed, each committee being unknown to the other, and as being the best from the designs submitted. Two of the best artists in the United States have approved the design as being the best for purity, simplicity and design. The contractor for the monument, and who has been in the city superintending its erection, is George H. Mitchell, of Chicago.

The monument is sixty-two feet in height, being surmounted by a Confederate soldier in winter uniform, standing at ease with his gun resting on the ground. On his cap are the initials "J. L. I."

The foundations consist of three steplike elevations, the bottom and largest one being twenty feet, eight inches square. On this are several other stones, on which rests the die stone. The shaft of the monument, which is round, is seventeen and one-half feet in length, and is one solid piece of Vermont granite. The weight of the die stone is ten tons.

On the north side of this stone is the bronze bust of General E. Kirby Smith, one of the noted Confederate leaders, who was born in St. Augustine. Above the bronze plate, which is inserted in the die stone, two crossed rifles are carved. Above the bust on the bronze plate is inscribed in raised letters, "Christian Soldier," and beneath the bust, the name, "E. Kirby Smith."

On the east side, on the top of the die stone, is carved an anchor and a pair of oars, representing the navy of the Confederacy, and below, on the bronze plate, are the words:

"To the Soldiers of Florida. This shaft is by a comrade raised in testimony of his love, recalling deeds immortal, heroism unsurpassed.

"With ranks unbroken, ragged, starved and decimated, the Southern soldier, for duty's sake, undaunted, stood to the front of battle until no light remained to illuminate the field of carnage, save the luster of his chivalry and courage.

"'Nor shall your glory be forgot,
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.'"

Below this, on the block surmounted by the die stone, are the words: "Confederate Memorial, 1861–1865," carved in the stone.

On the south side of the monument, cross swords in an alcove over the die stone are carved. Beneath them, on the bronze plate, are the words: "Tried and True," and below this the bust of General J. J. Dickison, commander of the Florida division of the United Confederate Veterans, now a resident of Ocala, and a military leader during the Civil War. Under this is the name, "J. J. Dickison."

On the west side are two cannon crossed in the alcove above the die stone, under which are the words, "Our Heroes," and on the plate is General R. E. Lee, on horseback, with his drum corps, facing General Jackson, with his drum corps, representing the army of Northern Virginia.

CHARLES C. HEMMING.

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF.

From the Souvenir Programme of the Unveiling Ceremonies, June 16, 1898, of the Monument to the Confederate Dead, erected at his Cost at Jacksonville, Fla.

Charles C. Hemming, now of Gainesville, Texas, was born in Jacksonville, Florida, in 1845. Charlie Hemming, as he was known to all his comrades, enlisted in the Jacksonville Light Infantry, 3d Florida infantry, in January, 1861. He participated in every battle fought by the Western Army, in which Florida troops were engaged, up to the time of his capture, except the battle of Chickamauga, at which time he was at home sick.

He was wounded in the battle of Perryville, Ky., and captured at Missionary Ridge. He was sent as a prisoner to Nashville, and then sent to Rock Island, Ill., arriving there early in December, 1863, which was the beginning of the coldest winter ever known in the Northwest. During the next month the thermometer was at times more than 40 degrees below zero. It was while in this prison that

Colonel (now General) Shafter, fearing an outbreak, offered Charlie Hemming his liberty if he would report all combinations made by the Confederates, which offer he unhesitatingly declined, and as a result was put in irons for three days.

Colonel Shafter no doubt thought that Charlie Hemming was of Northern birth, from the fact that he had an aunt living in the State of New York, to whom he frequently wrote.

On the 28th of September, 1864, he escaped from prison, dressed as a Federal soldier, having obtained different articles of the uniform from comrades in the prison. He went immediately to Canada, and by order of the Confederate Consul there, was attached to the raiders under Captain John Y. Beall, who was later captured and hung as a spy. Hemming was with him when captured, but made his escape and visited all the Federal fortifications from Niagara Falls to Chicago, in disguise, and obtained many maps and charts. While thus engaged he was three times captured, but escaped each time. Had he been held and tried, he would, of course, have been executed. He was sent from Canada in January, 1865, as a bearer of dispatches to the War Department of the Confederate Government, and after travelling through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and going to West India Islands, he secreted himself on board a ship sailing out of Havana, and landed in an open boat on the coast of Florida, and from thence made his way, partly afoot, to Richmond and delivered his dispatches. He immediately rejoined his regiment near Greensboro, N. C., and was promoted for meritorious conduct as a soldier, and remained with the command until it surrendered, having served four years and five months in the Confederate army. When he removed to Texas in 1866, he was without means and acquaintances there, and during that year worked as a laborer on the docks at Galveston. In 1870, he entered the bank of Giddings & Giddings at Bronham as cashier, which position he held until 1881, when he removed to Gainesville, and has since been connected with the Gainesville National Bank as cashier or president.

Mr. Hemming is now also president of the Texas State Bankers' Association, and regards Texas as the grandest country in the world.

It has been the ambition of Mr. Hemming since the period of his patriotic service to erect a monument to the heroic dead of the Confederacy in the city of his birth.

At the State reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, held at Ocala, February 22, 1896, he took his comrades by surprise by announcing that his plans for the erection of the monument had been

matured, and that as soon as practicable he would arrange to select a site on which to erect it.

This was made known to R. E. Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, of Jacksonville, by telegraph the next day. That organization at once held a meeting and formally invited Mr. and Mrs. Hemming to visit Jacksonville as the guests of the Camp.

The invitation was accepted, and a reception in their honor was held at the Everett Hotel. Notwithstanding the limited time for preparation and notification to the public, it was attended by several hundred prominent citizens, accompanied by their wives and daughters.

Commander Boyleston and Mr. D. U. Fletcher made addresses of welcome, to which Mr. Hemming responded.

A committee from the Camp, with prominent citizens, with Mr. Hemming, viewed several sites for the location of the monument, but Mr. Hemming deferred the selection of the site until he had reached his Texas home, from whence he wrote, deciding in favor of the centre of St. James Park, where for a long time a fine fountain stood.

It should be remembered that the monument is the gift jointly of Mr. Hemming and his wife, who has been a zealous helpmate in his every worthy effort and noble plan. She was formerly Miss Lucy Key, of Brenham, Texas, where they were married in 1868.

From the incipiency of his plan, Mr. Hemming sought the counsel and co-operation of R. E. Lee Camp, requesting the appointment of a committee to adjust matters of detail, etc. The committee appointed were ex-Governor Francis P. Fleming, ex-Commander Chas. D. Towers, and Adjutant J. A. Erlow, Jr., who have in all things most happily acquitted themselves of their trust.

AN EFFORT TO RESCUE JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Statement of General Wade Hampton as to the Connection of Himself and Command Therewith.

[The following communication was elicited by an article by General Wheeler, which appeared under the caption above in the *Century* of May, 1898 (pp. 85–91). Every reference in it to General Hampton seems to be dictated by respect and consideration, and it would scarcely be generally inferred that there was any desire on the part of the gallant General Wheeler to impute dereliction or disaffection in the companions of General Hampton. General Hampton's letter is published by request through a distinguished Confederate cavalry officer.—EDITOR.]

DAGGERS SPRINGS, VA., August 16th, 1899.

My Dear General,—Your absence on your patriotic mission, where you not only had the opportunity of gaining additional distinction, but availed yourself of it most gallantly, prevented an earlier answer to your article in the *Century* of May last. I need not tell you that, like all others of your old Confederate comrades, I have been gratified by your distinguished and brilliant success, for it has been a matter of pride to all of us that an old Confederate soldier was able to "show how fields were won," and this has been a special cause of pride to me, because you ended your career as a Confederate soldier as a member of my command. All these considerations, which actuate me now in writing to you, will tend to assure you that my only object in correcting some mistakes into which you have fallen in your article, unwittingly I am sure, is to do justice to my staff and to the brave men I had so long commanded. I have been asked by some of these men to do this, for they have felt that any intimation that they had deserted, even in the darkest hour of the Confederate cause, was an aspersion on their loyalty to that cause and the commander upon whom they had never turned their backs. Major McClellan, of my staff, has spoken already for himself, and I must do the same for the other members and for my men. In order to make my narrative clearly understood, it will be necessary to give some papers copied from official source, and to be found in Vol.

XLVII, Series I, of War of the Rebellion. The correspondence between President Davis and myself, here inserted, will show what plans were made for the purpose of trying to take him across the Mississippi river, and I shall explain why those plans failed. The letter which led to the correspondence between President Davis and myself was written by me, and is dated Hillsborough, N. C., April 19th, 1865. The following extracts from it will give its main purport:

His Excellency President Davis:

My Dear Sir,—Having seen the terms upon which it is proposed to negotiate, I trust that I may be pardoned for writing to you in relation to them. Most of our officers look only at the military side of the picture at present, but you regard it in other aspects also. The military situation is very gloomy, I admit, but it is by no means desperate, and endurance and determination will produce a change. There are large numbers of the Army of Northern Virginia who have escaped, and of these many will return to our standard if they are allowed to enter the cavalry service. Many of the cavalry who escaped will also join us if they find we are still making head against the enemy. * * Give me a good force and I will take them safely across the Mississippi, and if you desire to go in that direction, it will give me great pleasure to escort you. * * I write to you, my dear sir, that you may know the feelings which actuate many of the officers of my command. They are not subdued nor do they despair. For myself, I beg to express my heartfelt sympathy with you and to give you the assurance that my confidence in your patriotism has never been shaken. If you will allow me to do so, I can bring to your support many strong arms and brave hearts—men who will fight to Texas, and who, if forced from that State, will seek refuge in Mexico rather than in the Union. With my best wishes, I am,

Very respectfully and truly yours,

(Signed,) WADE HAMPTON.

On the 22d of April I wrote again from Greensborough to President Davis, and a few extracts from that letter are here given:

"My Dear Sir,—I came here intending to go to Salisbury to see you, but hearing that you are not there, I am not able to reach you at present. My only object in seeing you was to assure you that many of my officers and men agree with me in thinking that nothing can be as disastrous to us as a peace founded on a restoration of the Union. * * * If you should propose to cross the Mississippi, I

can bring many good men to escort you over. My men are in hand and ready to follow me anywhere. * * * My plan is to collect all the men who will stick to their colors and to get to Texas. I can carry with me quite a number and I can get there."

To this letter, or my first one, I received the following answer by wire:

"NEAR GREENSBOROUGH, April 22, 1865.

"Letter not received. Wish to see you as soon as convenient. Will then confer.

"(Signed,) JEFF'N DAVIS."

I think the word "not" in the above was used instead of "just," for the telegram was obviously an answer to some communication from myself. On the 26th April, President Davis telegraphed to me from Charlotte, N. C., as follows:

"*To General Wade Hampton, Greensborough:*

"If you think it better, you can, with the approval of General Johnston, select men as proposed for a later period, the small body of men, and join me at once, leaving General Wheeler to succeed you in the command of the cavalry.

"(Signed,) JEFF'N DAVIS."

In response to the summons of President Davis, I had met him in Charlotte, where, after a full consultation, he approved of the plan suggested, and he gave me a letter authorizing me to join him with all the men who were willing to accompany us, and to take as many of the wagons and artillery horses as might be necessary to mount such of the infantry as decided to go with us. Having the authority of the President to carry out the plans which had been agreed on, I returned to Hillsborough, arriving there at 11 o'clock P. M. on the 26th April, and I found that the army had surrendered. This defeated all the arrangements which had been made, for I recognized, of course, that my command had been embraced in the convention entered into between Generals Johnston and Sherman. Informing General Johnston that I had special orders from President Davis, I did not consider myself as embraced in the surrender, and that I should at once endeavor to join the President, but that I should take none of my command with me. Learning that a large part of my command—cavalry and one battery—which had served with me during the whole war, having refused to surrender, had left their camps,

I sent a courier to tell them to halt until I could overtake them; and at 12 o'clock that night I left my headquarters, accompanied by several of my staff and seventeen of my scouts and couriers. At sunrise this body of brave and faithful men was overtaken, and I adjured them to prove themselves now, as they had always done, good soldlers, by obeying the command of General Johnston, by whom his army had been surrendered; that I knew they were willing to share my fate, whatever it might be, but they would go as outlaws if they went with me; but that I was acting under the order of President Davis, and was therefore free to join him. After a most painful interview, which brought tears, not only from the eyes of many of these brave men, but from my own, I bade a last farewell to these true soldiers, whom it had been my pride to command, and with my little escort we pushed on towards Charlotte, where I hoped to meet President Davis.

On the last day of our journey, after a long ride, which had tired men and horses, we reached Charlotte late in the afternoon, only to find that the President had gone to Yorkville, in South Carolina, thirty or thirty-five miles distant. I directed my escort to remain in Charlotte that night and to join me at Yorkville the next day. Taking a fresh horse, I left the former city at sunset and alone rode on, swimming the Catawba river in the night and reaching Yorkville at 2 A. M. the next day. The President had gone to Abbeville, thus again disappointing my hope of meeting him, but here I met you and I gave you a letter to the President, and asked you to endeavor to overtake the President as soon as possible. You left on this mission immediately, but failed in it, as did two of my couriers who were afterwards dispatched on the same errand.

One mistake into which you were led is explained by the fact that I did reach Yorkville alone, but all of the men who had started with me joined me the next day, after you had left, for not one of them had deserted me, as you naturally, but ignorantly, supposed. You know, my dear General, that every officer is jealous of his own reputation and of that of his men, and you will understand my solicitude to keep the honor of my command untarnished. My knowledge of your character gives assurance that nothing could induce you to cast any reflection on the conduct of your former comrades, and that the errors into which you were led in your article were due solely to misapprehension and misinformation. I am therefore sure that you

will appreciate the motives which prompted this communication, and that you will believe me to be,

Very truly your friend,

(Signed,) WADE HAMPTON.

Major-General Jos. Wheeler.

[From the *Virginia Pilot*, Norfolk, April 30, 1899]

CAPTURE OF THE UNDERWRITER.

At New Bern, North Carolina, February 2, 1864.

AN INTERESTING PAPER.

Read by Request Before Pickett-Buchanan Camp, Confederate Veterans, this city, April 25th, 1899, by B. P. Loyall Commander Confederate States Navy—Reminiscences that will be Read with Interest and Profit.

The following reminiscenses of the capture of the U. S. S. gunboat *Underwriter*, at New Bern, N. C., February 2, 1864, were read before Pickett-Buchanan Camp, Confederate Veterans, April 25th, by special request, and are reproduced in these columns in response to the earnest solicitation of many of our readers:

Commander and Comrades:

I thank you for the invitation to speak to you this evening, and respond to it cheerfully, but with some misgiving, lest I should fail to give honor where honor is due, and because the subject is so personal to me. A boat expedition is somewhat out of the ordinary events, and to make it understood by all, I will have to go into particulars at the risk of being tedious.

After the fall of Roanoke Island in the winter of 1862, the Federals had control of the sounds of North Carolina, and of some of the rivers emptying into them. They had occupied all the towns situated on the water, and among them New Bern, which lies at the confluence of the Neuse and Trent rivers, occupying an angle between the two—a place easily defended by the power having control of the

water. They had built strong earthworks on the land side, stretching from river to river, and had several gunboats cruising about to protect the place on the water side.

Among these gunboats one was the *Underwriter*, which had been a heavy ocean tugboat at New York, and purchased by the United States government, had been converted into quite a formidable vessel of war. She was the ship that fired the first gun in the attack upon Roanoke Island, where your speaker had the misfortune to be captured, and it may be said there was something like the rule of compensation when said speaker had a hand in capturing her. She was armed with two 8-inch guns, one 3-inch rifle and one 12-pounder Howitzer, and had a crew of about eighty-five all told. Picture to yourself a steamer about the size of the *Northampton*, with very low guards, and stripped of her sides or bulwarks, except a wooden rail with rope netting from that to her deck. The quiet possession of New Bern by the Federals had distressed and worried the patriotic people of North Carolina, and General Hoke, than whom there was not a more competent or brilliant officer of his rank in the Confederate army, strongly advocated a quick movement upon the place by the army, assisted by the navy on the water, predicting certain success, and large reward in stores, munitions and prisoners. The matter took definite shape in January, 1864, and it was decided to send General Pickett with as much of his division as might be available, to make the attempt. On Friday, January 29, 1864, orders were received by the four ships lying at Drewry's Bluff, each to fit out a cutter fully armed for service on a secret expedition. No one in the squadron knew of our destination, except your speaker and Captain Parker, serving on the *Patrick Henry*, and we were ordered to take five days' rations. I was put in command of that part of the expedition, with confidential orders to report to Captain John Taylor Wood (his naval rank), at Kinston, N. C.

To escape notice as much as possible, we pulled down James river to the Appomattox, and reached Petersburg before daylight. There was a railway train waiting for us, and we hauled our boats out of the water, and, by hard work, loaded them on the flat cars before the people were up and about.

We started off at once, and it was a novel sight to see a train like that—Jack sitting up on the seats of the boats and waving his hat to the astonished natives, who never saw such a circus before. Many of them had never seen a boat. We reached Kinston on Sunday morning, and immediately got the boats in the water of the Neuse

river, dropped down a short distance below the village and put things in shape for the trial of battle. Captain Wood met us at Kinston (where we were joined by three boats fully armed, from Wilmington, N. C.), and took command of the expedition. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we shoved off from the river bank and started down for New Bern, which is about forty miles distant by the river.

When we had gotten some two miles below the town, orders were given for every man to put a band of white cotton cloth on the left arm, above the elbow, and the name "Sumpter" was given as the watchword.

These precautions are necessary in a night attack, as there are no flags in sight to rally upon. Every man was armed with a cutlass and navy revolver.

Before dark the commander ordered all the boats to assemble together, and, as we floated down the quiet stream, he offered up the petitions from the prayer book to Almighty God for those about to engage in a battle. It was a solemn and impressive scene—just as the shades of evening were falling—this unusual assemblage of armed men. Then, with muffled oars, a single line was formed, and we pulled with measured stroke down the stream. The river is narrow and full of turns, winding in and out, with low, sedgy banks. Here and there huge cypress and water oak trees, which almost lock their heavy branches over the stream.

The night was so dark that we could not see each other, and often the leading boat ran into a shoal point, got aground, and the whole line would be jumbled up in a crowd.

After 2 o'clock in the morning, the river widened, and we began to see better around us. Soon we reached the mouth of the river and sniffed the salt air of the sound. Every eye was strained to see a ship. We pulled in the direction of the town of New Bern, and searched in vain to find something afloat, although we got close enough to the wharf to hear talking, probably the sentries on the dock.

There was nothing to be done but find some refuge out of sight until next night, but it was a hard letting down from the pitch of excitement and expectation we had been under—the unbending of the bow that had been strung for action. We moved up the river some three or four miles to Bachelor's creek, where among the reeds and rushes we tried to hide ourselves and rest until next night, and try it again. We felt very uneasy lest we should be discovered, and our purpose known; for unless our attack should be a surprise, it would

be useless and madness to undertake it. No force in small boats, except in overwhelming numbers, can capture an armed ship, unless by taking her unawares. We spent a day of tedious waiting. Officers and men laying low, spinning yarns and talking about our prospects. I happened to hear the talking of one of the group, where a fine young officer said: "Fellows, where will we be this time to-morrow?" He was among the killed, and it was such a lesson on the uncertainty of human life. Among the killed there was Hoge and Gardner and Henry Cooke and Gill and Palmer Saunders and Goodwin, from our State, and Gift and Porcher and Scharf and Williamson and Kerr and Roby, all trained at Annapolis and true as steel—among these, three were from Norfolk and Portsmouth. In plain sight of us was a tall crow's nest, occupied by a lookout of the Federal army on their pickett line, and I assure you it gave us a creepy, uneasy, feeling to think that our whole movement and intention might be discovered. And here let me remark that this very situation determines and exemplifies what I judge to be a man of war—a leader who does not allow his plans to be upset by what he thinks the enemy is going to do. He must be always combative and not calculating chances. Wood paid no attention to doubts and surmises, but had his eye fixed upon boarding and capturing that ship, and doing his part in the fall of New Bern.

We were in full hearing of Pickett's dashing attack upon the Federal outerworks that day, and knew that he was driving them from the advanced line of fortifications. Before sunset Wood called for the swiftest boat, and, with your speaker in company, pulled cautiously down the river, keeping close under the banks. We had not gone two miles, when simultaneously we both cried: "There she is."

We discovered a black steamer anchored close up to the right flank of the outer fortifications of New Bern, where she had come that day, and having located her exactly, we returned to our hiding place, with the understanding that we would attack her between 12 and 4 o'clock in the morning. Orders were given accordingly, and all hands were made to know the order of battle and what they had to do. In rushing pell mell upon the side of a ship with boat, they naturally rebound and leave a gap that is not easy to get across, so each bow oarsman was ordered to be ready to jump aboard with a grapnel as soon as she struck and make her fast; and our coolest men were picked for that duty, which you will easily see is risky. Some time after midnight we got under way and pulled slowly down

the river in two columns of four boats each, Wood to board her forward with his boats and your speaker to board her abaft with his.

The night was very dark and gloomy, and we could not see a light anywhere, except an occasional glimmer about the town; but we knew pretty nearly where the vessel was, and with our glasses in the evening understood her build and structure. The stroke of the muffled oars was almost noiseless, and suddenly the dark hull of the ship loomed up; and it seemed almost at the same moment there came from her the shout: "Boat, ahoy!" Then we heard the loud and cheering cry from Wood: "Give way, boys," which was caught up and echoed along both lines of boats. Then rang out and sharp from the ship the rattle, calling the men to quarters for action, and now the fight was on. No need for orders now to these disciplined men. I suppose the distance was about one hundred yards, and while our men were straining at their oars, we heard the sharp click of rifles, and the only reply we could make was by the marines (three or four being in each boat), who delivered their fire with great coolness.

It seems to me now that of all the uncomfortable things a fighting man might have to do, that of pulling an oar with his back to his foe must be the most trying and disheartening, but not a man weakened. In less time than is required to tell of this, we were into her. Our boat struck the vessel just abaft the wheelhouse, where the guards make a platform, an admirable place for getting on board. The ship's armory, where all the small arms were kept, was in a room just there under the hurricane deck, and they did not stop to reload, but loaded guns were handed to the men, as fast as they could fire. It seemed like a sheet of flame, and the very jaws of death. Our boat struck bow on, and our bow oarsman, James Wilson, of Norfolk (after the war with the Baker Wrecking Co.), caught her with his grapnel, and she swung side on with the tide.

As we jumped aboard Engineer Gill, of Portsmouth, among the first, was shot through the head, and as he fell dead our men gave a yell, and rushed upon the deck, with the crews of the two other boats close behind. Now the fighting was furious, and at close quarters. Our men were eager, and as one would fall another came on. Not one faltered or fell back. The cracking of fire arms and the rattle of cutlasses made a deafening din. The enemy gave way slowly, and soon began to get away by taking to the ward room and engine room hatches.

They fell back under the hurricane deck before the steady attack of our men, and at that time I heard the cheers and rush of our comrades from forward, and I knew we had them. They came along from forward with cutlasses and muskets they had found, clubbing and slashing. In a short time I heard the cry: "We surrender."

They could not stand the force and moral effect of an attack like that, and remember, they were not Spaniards we were fighting.

Wood gave the order to cease firing, and after a brief consultation with your speaker, we ordered the two firemen we had with us to go down into the engine and fire room to see if they could get her under weigh, and take her up the river, where we might put her in shape, and, as she was the largest vessel at New Bern, we would have temporary command of the river. It was in the fight on the forward deck that the intrepid young Palmer Saunders gave up his life for his country. He attacked a stalwart sailor with his cutlass and killed him, but had his head split open and a shot in his side. I wish I could relate the deeds of individual prowess and gallantry, but in such a melee as that, one has all he can do to keep on his feet and look out for himself.

We found the fires banked and not steam enough to turn the wheels over. At this juncture Fort Stevens opened fire upon our vessel, regardless of their own people. One shell struck part of her lever beam, went through a hen coop near where the marines were drawn up, and passed through her side. Upon further consultation we decided to burn her, and gave the order to man the boats, taking special care of our own and the enemy's wounded and our dead, and all prisoners we could get hold of.

I thought it very strange that the captain of the vessel could not be found, but, upon inquiry among his men, we learned that he had been wounded in the leg and had jumped overboard. He was drowned.

Poor Palmer Saunders was carefully placed in a blanket and lain in the bow of my boat, where he could be better supported than aft. He was breathing, but entirely unconscious. Of course, some of the men missed their boats, as nobody stood upon the order of his going in the face of the firing from those forts.

After seeing all the boats under my charge get away, we shoved off and pulled off from the ship. The duty of setting fire to the *Underwriter* had been assigned to Lieutenant Hoge, of Wheeling, a talented young officer of fine attainments and undaunted courage. When we had gotten half mile from the ship, Wood pulled up

toward our boats and asked if I had ordered the ship set afire. I said: "Yes"; but it looked as if it had not been done successfully. Just then Hoge came along in his boat and said that he had set fire to her.

Wood ordered him to go on board and make sure of it, and he went promptly. Here was trying duty to perform. The forts were firing every few minutes in our direction—wildly, of course, as big guns cannot be aimed well at night, but you never can tell where they are going to strike.

In about ten minutes we saw a flame leap out of a window forward of the wheelhouse, where the engineer's supplies were kept, and Hoge pulling away. In a very few minutes the whole expanse of water was lighted up, and you may be sure we struck out with a vim to rendezvous at Swift creek, about six miles up the river, on the opposite side from New Bern, where General Dearing had a small cavalry camp. As we were pulling up we could hear now and then the boom of the guns of the *Underwriter* as they were discharged by heat from the burning ship, and just before reaching our landing place we heard the awful explosion of the sturdy vessel, when the fire reached her magazine.

After daybreak we reached the place on the bank of the creek, where there was a clearing, and landed our cargo of dead and wounded and prisoners.

As we were taking Saunders out of the boat he breathed his last, and so passed into the presence of God the soul of that young hero.

As soon as the surgeon had made the wounded as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, the prisoners were drawn up in line to make a list of them. As I passed down the line, a strapping big fellow, without any trousers on and barefooted, said: "My Lord, is that you?" I looked him over and recognized him as an old quarter-gunner that had been shipmate with me in the frigate *Congress* ten years before, and among the wounded I was called to have a greeting from a young fellow, who had been a mizzen-topman in the same ship, and after the war got me to give him a certificate to secure his pension.

Our casualties had been six killed, twenty-two wounded, all of them brought away. Two were missing and afterwards accounted for. The Federal loss was nine killed, eighteen wounded and nineteen prisoners—about thirty of her crew escaped.

The wounded and prisoners were promptly taken care of by General Dearing's command, and sent up to Kinston. Captain Wood

proceeded to Richmond at once. As soon as proper arrangements could be made the command was summoned to pay the last rite of burial of the dead. At three o'clock in the afternoon, under the stately pines that bordered the stream, your speaker read the church service for the burial of the dead, and the bodies of our lamented comrades were tenderly laid in mother earth, there to rest until we shall all be summoned to the great assize.

General Pickett's plans miscarried, it was alleged, by the failure of one of his brigadiers to make an attack at the appointed time on the Trent river side of the defense.

He withdrew his force leisurely and retired upon Kinston.

I could never understand why the other gunboats at New Bern did not attack the *Underwriter* after her capture by us. Instead of that two of them got under weigh and steamed around into Trent river, as fast as they could. While we were getting ready to abandon the ship, it worried us very much to see one of those boats coming directly toward us, but she soon turned and went in the other direction, much to our relief.

In speaking of our casualties, it was said that there were two missing, and it was under laughable circumstances. When we took to our boats two of the men rushed to the stern where they saw a boat made fast, and they slided down into her. In a few moments other men piled into her, and "shove off" was the word. It soon developed that the boat had eight Yankees and two rebels on board, and these two poor fellows set up a fearful cry for help. We heard them howling from our boat, but could not see, nor imagine what it meant. The poor fellows were rowed ashore to New Bern by their Yankee prisoners—so to speak. They were afterwards exchanged and I met one of them in Richmond. He said he never felt so mean in all his life, and he almost split his throat hallooing for us to get them out of the scrape.

The attack upon New Bern was well planned, and we all know that the assault of that intrepid division was irresistable, but here was another case of somebody has blundered. If General Pickett's plan had been carried out, there would have been another exemplification of the power of a navy, by its very absence in this case; for the neutralizing of the help given by the *Underwriter* in the defense of New Bern would have made General Pickett's assault upon the right flank of those defences a very different affair.

Referring to this capture, Admiral Porter, U. S. N., wrote at that time:

"This was rather a mortifying affair for the navy, however fearless on the part of the Confederates. This gallant expedition was led by Commander John Taylor Wood. It was to be expected that with so many clever officers, who left the Federal navy, and cast their fortunes with the Confederates, such gallant action would often be attempted, and had the enemy attacked the forts, the chances are that they would have been successful, as the garrison was unprepared for an attack on the river flank, their most vulnerable side."

That night our command pulled up to Kinston, tired and fagged from four days of work and unrest, and so we went back to our ships at Richmond.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, May 21, 1899.]

BATTLE OF CEDAR RUN DESCRIBED.

By an Old "F" Company Man Who Took Part Therein.

WAS HOT FROM THE BEGINNING.

Guns, Bayonets, Swords, Pistols, Rails from Fences and Rocks were Used with Telling Effect at Times all Along the Line.

Jackson's army, after its arduous and brilliant campaign, were quietly resting in the neighborhood of Weyer's Cave, when it received orders to join Lee at Richmond. In a few hours they were marching, and a few days thereafter struck McClellan's army at Pole Green church, where he commenced the battles with that army and ended by the enemy being driven to Westover on the James. The second day after reaching Westover, Jackson was ordered to Richmond, and his troops immediately took up their march, going into camp at Morris Farm, on the Mechanicsville turnpike, about four miles from the city, resting here four days; then he marched into Richmond and took the cars of the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac railroad at its depot, corner of Broad and Eighth streets. And the campaign against Pope has begun.

We disembark at Louisa Courthouse and stay there a day, and then march to Gordonsville; from there we march to Liberty Mills, and we march from there to Mechanicsville, near Louisa Courthouse;

and on August 4th we marched to Liberty Mills again. These movements are occasioned by reports from the enemy in our front, who are now commanded by General Pope, who says he has been doing great things in the western army, and in his order to his troops on taking command, "said he had never seen anything but the backs of the rebels; his headquarters were in the saddle, and he wanted the task of guarding his rear stopped, as an invading army had no rear; it was useless to make any provision to look after communications in that direction." In less than a month he found out that he did not have any rear, but he would have given anything if he could have gotten there.

MARCHED TO ORANGE.

On August 7th we left Liberty Mills and marched to Orange Courthouse. We were joined on the morning of the 8th by A. P. Hill's division and Stafford's brigade, and Jackson's force now consists of Jackson's, Ewell's and A. P. Hill's division and Stafford's brigade. We marched early towards the Rapid Ann. The advance meeting with slight resistance at Barnett's Ford, just before we got to this ford we passed a "Quaker Cannon" that the advance had rigged up, it was the hind part of a wagon with a black log fixed on it, the men ran this out on a hill in full sight of the Yanks at the ford, made the advance with a cheer and the enemy retreated, they could not stand the sight of the cannon. I saw at this ford soon after crossing, the first man who claimed to be wounded by a sabre, his ear was badly cut.

We take the direct road for Culpeper Courthouse and ford Robinson river in the evening, and about sundown go into camp in a wood near the road. About midnight we are awakened by firing of musketry and the sizzling of balls falling amongst us, each man gets up and into his place in ranks quicker than I ever saw it done, and when the order was given to "take arms," every man had his gun ready for action, we were marched out to the road and halted to await orders from headquarters. The firing soon ceased. It turned out to be from some Yankee cavalry on their way from Madison Courthouse to Culpeper Courthouse, who did not know of our advance and on being halted by our guard commenced to back out when a brisk skirmish took place, they making off as soon as they could. In this affair my regiment got into ranks directly from their beds and when we were marched back to our camp the laugh began, and those old

rebels made the woods ring, some of the men were in their shirt sleeves, some with nothing but shirt on, some with one shoe on, etc., hardly one with a hat, but every man was in his place.

POPE'S STAND.

Next morning, August 9th, we resume the march, Ewell's division in front, about 1 o'clock we hear the boom of a cannon in our front and know that Pope has made a stand.

> "Peace and beauty all around us, death and danger just ahead,
> On our faces careless courage, in our hearts a sombre dread.
>
> Then the skirmish line went forward, and the only sounds we heard
> Were the hum of droning insects and the carol of a bird;
> Till, far off, a flash of fire, and a little cloud went by,
> Like an angel's mantle floating down from out an azure sky.
>
> Then a shell went screaming o'er us, and the air at once was rife
> With a million whispering hornets, swiftly searching for a life;
> And the birds and insects fled away before the 'rebel yell,'
> The thunder of the battle and the furious flames of hell."

We are hurried along for some distance when the Second brigade is marched to the front of our division and halted, roll is called and we are ordered to load, after a few minutes rest we resume the march and are hurried up, after going a short distance we find that Ewell's division has filed to the right of the road, we, however, keep the road and on going a short distance further, the men on the left of the road clear the way for a cannon ball that comes bouncing along like a boy's ball, but to show with what force it was travelling, soon after passing my regiment it struck the stump of a tree, glanced up, and went out of sight. A little farther on we come to four men lying in the road dead, killed by this same ball. The road is fairly alive now with shot and shell from the enemy, and to protect us some we march a short distance into the woods on the left of the road, or more properly speaking, as the road ran here north and south, we were marching north to Culpeper Courthouse.

WAS NOT MAD.

We now enter the woods west of the road; Ewell's division had gone to the east of the road some time ago. We continue the march in the wood parallel to the road; here we pass an old rebel standing beside a small sapling, with his hand resting on it; we ask

him what is the matter; he says: "I don't want to fight; I ain't mad with anybody." This puts us all in good humor, and amidst laughter and cheers we continue the march; after going a short distance we are halted and ordered to lie down. The Yankees are shelling this wood terribly, and soon our captain, Morgan, is killed by them. We are now ordered forward, and halt at the edge of the road; this is the same road we had been marching on. The woods ran north along this road about 200 yards from where my regiment now was, when it came to an open field. In the corner or angle of the wood the Second brigade is now formed; the 21st Virginia on the edge of the wood along the road and facing east; the 48th Virginia on our left and along the road facing east; the 42d Virginia on their left in the edge of the wood, but at right angles to the road and facing north with the field in their front; then on their left and an extension of their line, the Irish battalion, which, in the left of the brigade and as we are thus formed, it makes a right angle. The field mentioned above ran along the road about 200 yards, when it comes to a second wood. In this second wood, which is in front of the Irish battalion and the 42d Virginia regiment, are a part of the Yankee line of battle, lying down. In front of the 21st Virginia and the 48th Virginia is a large open field surrounded by a rail fence, the road running between the wood we are in and the fence; about 200 to 300 yards left obliquely in front of the 21st regiment is a corn field. This corn field is full of the enemy, it making a splendid screen, and a line of them are advancing on us when we reach the road; we open on them at once, and the battle of Cedar Run is hot from the beginning. The Second brigade is alone, as none of our division has gotten up. The Yankees who have been lying down in front of the Irish battalion and 42d regiment now make an advance, and, as their line is longer than ours, it overlaps the Irish battalion, and that part of their line swings around, doubles up the battalion, and occupies the position that we had recently advanced from, which is directly in our rear.

KEPT THEM BACK.

The Twenty-first and Forty-eighth are fighting the force at and near the corn-field, and with such effect as to keep them back. The force on our flank are firing directly up the road in the flank of the Forty-eighth and our regiment and our men are falling fast from this fire. Our Colonel, Cunningham is sick; he now comes along the line

walking and leading his horse and says to the men that the enemy is in our rear and he wants to get us out of the position we are in and we must follow him; his voice is one of loud compass and great command, but he can hardly speak now, and as he passes me he says: "John help me get the men out of this, I can't talk loud." I get all near me to face down (south) the road and we start; have hardly gotten two steps when I see a Yankee sergeant step into the road about fifty or seventy-five yards ahead (south) of us, at the same time we can hear the firing of the rapidly approaching enemy in our rear. The sergeant has his gun in his left hand and his drawn sword in his right; he turns towards us and approaches; now a Yankee private steps into the road just ahead of him. A great dread goes up from me now for Jackson, as I had seen him at this spot only a minute or two before.

COMPLETELY SURROUNDED.

Now this road that the two Yankees are in is the same road we marched up to get to our position, and it showed that the enemy were not only in our front, flank and rear, but had us completely surrounded. The sergeant did not stop his advance towards us until he actually took hold of one of the men of our regiment and pulled him out of ranks and then started towards the rear, one of our men who had been capping his gun, raised it to his shoulder, fired, and the sergeant falls dead not ten feet away. By this time the road is full of Yankees, and now ensues such a fight as was not witnessed during the war, guns, bayonets, swords, pistols, fence rails, rocks, etc., were used all along the line. I have heard of a hell spot in some battles; this surely is one. Our color-bearer knocks down a Yankee with his flag staff and is shot to death at once, one of the color-guard takes the flag and he is also killed; another bayonets a Yankee and is immediately riddled with balls, three going through him; four color-bearers are killed with the colors in their hands, the fifth man flings it to the breeze and carries it through the terrible battle unhurt. Colonel Cunningham now crosses the road, leading his horse, and starts to pull down the fence, when he and horse are both killed. It's a terrible time. The Second brigade is overwhelmed; nearly half of the 21st Virginia regiment lay on the ground dead and wounded. "F" company, of Richmond, carried eighteen men into action; twelve of them now lie on the ground, six dead, and six wounded; many of the regiment are prisoners, the remnant

is fighting still. Jackson now hurries men to our relief, the Stonewall brigade coming in on west of the road and the Third brigade on the east. They succeed in surrounding a part of the command who have us, and take nearly all of them prisoners, including their brigadier-general, and then release those of our men who were made prisoners, and those men now join in the advance; just at this moment the enemy hurl a line of cavalry against us from that cornfield, but our fire was so hot that those who were not unhorsed, made a wheel, and off to the rear they go. Our whole line now advances, and the enemy are in full retreat. We can plainly see Ewell with a part of his division on Slaughter mountain, way off on the right of our line, advancing too, as the mountain at this point was clear or open, we can see his skirmish line in the front firing as they advance, his line of battle following, and his cannon belching out fire and smoke, and the enemy's shells bursting on the mountain side; it was a magnificent and inspiring sight. We keep up the pursuit until 9 or 10 o'clock, when it ends in a terrific cannonade by the enemy.

THE BATTLE WON.

The battle is fought and won; the 21st Virginia regiment has written its name high on the scroll of honor—but at what a cost! They went into battle with two hundred and eighty-four men. Thirty-nine of them lay dead on the field and eighty-four are wounded; many of these men are shot in several places. Old F Company of Richmond has Captain Morgan killed; he was shot through the body by a piece of shell. He was a splendid soldier and the best posted on military matters of any man I knew during the war. Henry Anderson, Joe Nunnally, John Powell, Wm. Pollard, were killed, and Roswell Lindsay, after bayoneting a Yankee, was killed also; Bob Gilliam was shot through the leg, Clarence Redd through both wrists, Ned Tompkins in arm and body, Porter Wren through arm, Harrison Watkins through body, Clarence E. Taylor through hip.

The other regiments lose as badly as we do, and nearly half of Jackson's loss in the battle is in the Second brigade. Amongst the killed is Brigadier-General Charles S. Winder, of the Stonewall brigade, who commanded the division, and Lieutenant-Colonel Richard H. Cunningham (an old F), who commanded the 21st Virginia regiment, two as gallant men as the cause ever lost. They were a great loss to our command and the army. Both were conspicuous on

every battlefield for brave deeds, and bid fair to be eminent soldiers. I have always thought that there was a similarity in their death; each was on the sick list; each had been riding in an ambulance during the day; at the sound of the guns, each mounted his horse and came to the front and took command of his men. Winder was posting his advance artillery in the open field just to the right of our regiment when killed, and Cunningham was killed a few minutes later very near the same spot. I also think if they had lived each would have been promoted, Winder to major-general and Cunningham to brigadier-general, both dating from this battle.

A TERRIBLE SCENE.

Here is what Major Dabney, on Jackson's staff, says in his life of Stonewall Jackson. After describing the position of the brigades that were already in line of battle to our right, he comes to that occupied by the Second brigade: "The whole angle of forest was now filled with clamor and horrid rout, the left regiments of the Second brigade were taken in reverse, intermingled with the enemy, broken and massacred from front to rear. The regiments of the right, and especially the 21st Virginia, commanded by that brave Christian soldier, Colonel Cunningham, stood firm, and fought the enemy before them like lions, until the invading line had penetrated within twenty yards of their rear. For the terrific din of the musketry, the smoke, and the dense foliage concealed friend from foe, until they were only separated from each other by this narrow interval. Their heroic colonel was slain, the order of officers were unheard amidst the shouts of the assailants, and all the vast uproar; yet the remnant of the Second brigade fought on, man to man, without rank or method, with bayonet thrust and musket clubbed, but borne back like the angry foam on a mighty wave toward the high road."

Lieutenant-Colonel Garnett, commanding the Second brigade, pays the 21st Virginia special mention in his official report. As likewise does Brigadier-General Taliaferro, of the Third brigade, and Brigadier-General Early, of Ewell's division, says in his report that his attention was directed especially in the general advance towards a small band of the 21st Virginia with their colors, as every few minutes the color-bearer would shake out his colors seemingly in defiance to the enemy.

BURYING THE DEAD.

We stay on the battlefield all next day gathering the wounded and burying the dead. General Jackson was joined by General J. E. B.

Stuart during the day, and he got Stuart to reconnoitre for him. He found that Pope had been heavily reinforced; in consequence he did not renew the advance, and Pope, being so much surprised at seeing the front of a rebel, had not gotten over his daze sufficient to attack Jackson. About three weeks after this, Jackson taught him some more new tactics. About midday he asked permission of General Jackson to succor such of his wounded as had not already been treated by us, and to bury his dead. This General Jackson granted, and put the field under the command of General Early. Soon the Yanks and rebels are engaged in friendly converse and trading papers, tobacco, etc.

As night comes on General Jackson finds that Pope's force has been reinforced so largely, he falls back, and next day recrossed the Rapidan and goes into camp between the river and Gordonsville, where he remained until the 16th of August, when, having been joined by General Lee with the greater part of his command, the advance against Pope is again taken up. Stark's Louisiana brigade joins Jackson's division while we are here, and the division now consists of the First (Stonewall), Second and Third and the Louisiana brigades.

AN OLD "F."

ADDRESS OF Hon. T. S. GARNETT

Upon Presenting the Portrait of

Hon. R. M. T. HUNTER,

To the Circuit Court of Essex County, at Tappahannock, Va., June 20, 1898.

Judge Wright, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

In response to your kind invitation, I am here to present to the Circuit Court of Essex county, the portrait of the Honorable *Robert Mercer Taliaferro Hunter.*

Before venturing upon the performance of this honorable duty, I cannot refrain from expressing my gratitude to you for the great and good work you have so wisely conceived and so devotedly executed throughout your judicial circuit, in rescuing from dull forget-

fulness the memories of the past, and from oblivion the names and features of so many of our Tidewater Virginians who made that past forever memorable.

All honor to you, sir, for this noble work, and Heaven's blessings upon your unselfish and patriotic labors.

This portrait of Mr. Hunter, the gift of his great-niece, is a faithful likeness of that great man.

To no man who is at all acquainted with his career is it necessary for me to prove the correctness of the use of that term.

If the county of Essex had produced no other distinguished son, she would still be entitled to honor him as among the foremost of the world's great men.

In all the elements which go to make up true greatness, in purity of character, in fearless advocacy of truth and right, in strength of purpose and lofty intellectual power, he shone pre-eminent among the intellectual giants of his day.

Recall, if only for a moment, the outline of his life. Brilliant as a scholar at the University—a pupil in law at the feet of that distinguished jurist, Judge Henry St. George Tucker, he commenced the practice of his profession here. Entering public life at the age of twenty-five, he passed successively through every stage of that fascinating but exciting and delusive drama—from the General Assembly of Virginia, through the Federal Congress and Senate, until it seemed that the Presidency of the United States was to be the easy prize for his surfeited ambition. The youngest speaker that ever ruled the conduct of the House of Representatives, he soon became the most honored, trusted and distinguished Senator in that body.

Glance at some of his great work:

The establishment of the independent treasury of the United States, as it exists to-day; the Tariff for Revenue of 1846; the retrocession of Alexandria county and city to the Old Dominion; the preservation of the peace with Great Britain, so nearly broken over the Oregon boundary question; his firm and dignified stand in every assault against the Union of the States, and their equality in the Union, when the Mexican war and its results were sought to be used by the politicians of the North to weaken and degrade their brethren of the South.

Then, as now, the South was sending forth to battle its best soldiers, its most precious youth, in numbers far exceeding its proper quota, and shedding its best blood for a cause which could redound chiefly to the advantage of the North.

As chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate in 1848, and for years thereafter, Mr. Hunter practically guided the financial legislation of this country, and gained for himself a place among the great political economists of the world.

In the excellent memoir of Mr. Hunter, by Mr. L. Q. Washington [printed in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XXV, pp. 193–205], now on file among the archives of your Honor's court, the learned author says of him:

"His integrity, purity and knowledge of affairs gave him an almost absolute veto on everything corrupt, base or dangerous in fiscal legislation." * * * "He shaped and carried through the Compromise Tariff bill of 1857, a measure supported not only by Democrats, but by many prominent Republicans—Wm. H. Seward, Henry Wilson, N. P. Banks, Solomon P. Chase, and others." "They were content to follow a Virginian of the Virginians."

The establishment of the Court of Claims at Washington and the life tenure of its judges was the work of "the statesman of Essex."

The first Civil Service law, and one which puts to shame the abortive effort at reform now existing, was the work of R. M. T. Hunter.

He put an end, or showed the way to end, all controversy over the money question, and the recent unhappy warfare over the coinage of gold and silver would never have taken place if the wisdom of Senator Hunter had been the guide of those who have brought on the conflict. Without pretending to know anything about the matter, I am willing to believe Mr. Washington when he says:

"If I were called upon to name a document which best expounds the true principles of finance and statesmanship on this difficult subject, and in a perfectly unanswerable manner, free from ill-temper or bias, and full of wise prescience and overwhelming argument, I should name the report made by Robt. M. T. Hunter in March, 1852, to the United States Senate, which accompanied the bill proposed by him to regulate the coinage of gold and silver."

It is not mere eulogy to say that, "Since the passing away of Jefferson, Madison, Marshall and Monroe, hardly any Virginian has borne so influential a part in political affairs as R. M. T. Hunter."

In great qualities of mind and character, he was the peer of any, without the eccentricities of genius which marred so many of the worthies of that day.

But time would fail me to depict in detail his varied labors in the achievement of his fame. When that fame was at its zenith, and in

the very height of useful promise, at the age of 52 years, he bade farewell to all the scenes of his greatness and followed his native State into her gallant but desperate struggle for independence.

On the day when McDowell's defeated and demoralized host was driven back upon Washington from the plains of Manassas, July 21, 1861, Mr. Hunter became Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Davis.

It is not generally known, though I believe it to be true, that the original plan of those who founded the Confederate government at Montgomery, Ala., was to make Mr. Hunter President of the Confederacy, and Jefferson Davis General-in-Chief of its armies in the field. Whether such a course would have won success or not may be questioned, but certain it is that no wiser counsellor, no better financier in the desperate straits of the Confederate exchequer, no more devoted patriot than Mr. Hunter could have been found in all the limits of our new republic.

He soon became President *pro tem.* of the Confederate Senate, and all through the disheartening struggle gave his best efforts to the success of our doomed cause.

Among his last acts in its behalf was his visit to Hampton Roads as one of the commissioners to negotiate for peace between the North and the South.

His report of that memorable conference with Mr. Lincoln is an accurate record of what transpired, and is a valuable contribution to history.

Of his life after the war I need not speak.

Imprisoned as he was by Federal tyranny, insulted by a barbarous enemy with a cruelty which was equalled only by fiendish ingenuity, he was released from captivity only to return to Font Hill to find his home devastated by their deeper malignity.

Yet, in the closing years of his well-spent life, he still cherished the hope of better days for the republic, and he devoted his few remaining years to philosophical reflection and dissertation and a calm review of the motives which had impelled him to espouse the cause of the South, and vindicated the principles of her people by his masterly essays and articles of great historic value. The papers of the Southern Historical Society abound with these admirable writings and justified the assertion of one who knew him well: "That he was the most accomplished, wisest, most disinterested, best and gentlest of all the men who were his contemporaries." He was the

Treasurer of Virginia and collector of customs of the port of Tappahannock.

He died at "Font Hill" on the 18th day of July, 1887, *poor*, as men count riches in this world, "but rich, immeasurably rich, in honor."

An incident recently published in the columns of the *Free Lance*, Fredericksburg, Va., touchingly illustrates the equanimity of Mr. Hunter in adversity. A correspondent of that paper wrote:

"Your editorial of a recent date, in which you sketch the political life of R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, recalls to my mind the last time I saw him. It was in 1883, at his little country mill in Essex. As I entered the mill he measured for a customer a peck of meal, and said: 'I think that is good measure.'

"He who had had the applause of 'listening senates to command' took the place of a laborer without a murmur when necessity required."

Great in learning, great in the purity, gentleness and simplicity of his character, great in thought and statesmanlike virtue, he has left to his family and friends the heritage of a good name and to his beloved county of Essex and this Commonwealth a memory that can never fade away.

ADDRESS OF HON. T. S. GARNETT

On the Presentation to the Circuit Court of Essex county, Va. (Honorable T. R. B. Wright, presiding), of the Portrait of the

Honorable M. R. H. GARNETT, at Tappahannock, Va., July 20, 1898.

Muscoe Russell Hunter Garnett was the son of James Mercer Garnett, Jr., who was the son of James Mercer Garnett, of Elmwood, and Maria Hunter, sister of Honorable R. M. T. Hunter.

His father was educated at Princeton College and devoted himself to the law, but died at too early an age to be remembered by any but his immediate family, by whom he was esteemed as a man of great intellectual force.

His son, Muscoe, was born July 25, 1821, and was educated at the Elmwood School, established there by his grandfather. He entered the University of Virginia at the opening of the session of 1838–39, and graduated that session in Latin, Greek, French, German and Mathematics. After a year's intermission he returned to the University to pursue the study of law, and graduated as Bachelor of Law at the close of the session 1840–41. He was the companion at the University of John Randolph Tucker, William J. Robertson, William T. Joynes, John L. Marye, and others, who became prominent in the history of the State.

Being exceedingly fond of reading and study from an early age, he devoted himself to acquiring the riches of learning which he afterwards displayed in the wider fields of national life. His stories of learning were very remarkable and he was undoubtedly one of the best read men in history and literature that have ever adorned public life. His first political position was as a member of the Virginia constitutional convention of 1850, in which he took a prominent place, and participated largely in its debates. It was in this year that he wrote his pamphlet entitled: "The Union, Past and Future; how it works and how to save it—by a citizen of Virginia," which created such wide-spread interest throughout the South, and was deemed worthy of review in the old *Southern Quarterly Review*, published in Charleston, S. C. This pamphlet is remembered to the present day, although the issues which it discussed are long since dead, for it was only very recently that a gentleman inquired where he could obtain a copy of it.

Soon after 1850, Muscoe Garnett entered the Virginia Legislature, of which he was a member for several years, and on the death of Judge Bayley he was sent to the U. S. Congress from this district, and represented it until the war broke out. He was a member of the convention of 1861 which passed the ordinance of secession, and at the next election he was sent to the Confederate Congress, of which he continued a member until his death in January, 1864, although he had been defeated for re-election to the succeeding Congress.

Associated all his life with his uncle, Honorable R. M. T. Hunter, he had drawn his political principles from the same sources of inspiration; he was a great admirer of Mr. Calhoun, and was ardently devoted to the South and to the principte of State's rights. He was no mere politician, but his political faith was founded in philosophical principles, strengthened by deeep thought and reflection, and believed

in with all the ardor of his nature. He was naturally calm, gentle and reserved, but when roused by the inspiration of his subject he became filled with the orators' fire, and soared to the loftiest height of true eloquence. His well trained mind and rare learning enabled him to present with clearness and force any subject on which he spoke, even the intricate one of the tariff, which he frequently discussed in the House of Representatives. Believing thoroughly in the doctrine of the right of secession, he was one of the leaders of that party in the convention of 1861, and proved himself a strong advocate of the rights of the South.

It is not fulsome praise to say of him, that he was the most brilliant of all the younger generation of the sons of Essex, and when death claimed him in the prime of his manhood, the county lost its most prominent citizen, the State a gifted and devoted supporter, and the Confederacy an ardent champion. Peace to his honored ashes.

[From the Abbeville, S. C., *Medium*, July 20, 1899.]

ORR'S SOUTH CAROLINA RIFLES.

Brief Sketch of the Famous Regiment from the Pen of One who Fought in its Ranks.

By J. W. MATTISON, of Company G.

Orr's Regiment of Rifles went into camp of instruction at Sandy Springs camp ground, ten miles above Anderson C. H., July 19th, 1861, with the following field officers: James L. Orr, colonel; J. Foster Marshall, lieutenant-colonel; Daniel Ledbetter, major; Ben. Sloan, adjutant; T. B. Lee, sergeant-major; Company A, J. W. Livingston, captain; Company B, James M. Perrin, captain; Company C, J. J. Norton, captain; Company D, F. E. Harrison, captain; Company E, Miles M. Norton, captain; Company F, Robert A. Hawthorn, captain; Company G, G. McD. Miller, captain; Company H, George M. Fairlee, captain; Company K, G. W. Cox, captain; Company L, J. B. Moore, captain.

The regiment was composed of the ten companies of one hundred men each—Companies B and G from Abbeville county; Companies A, C, E, F, Pickens county; Companies D, K and L, Anderson county; Company H, Marion county. On July 20th the regiment was mustered into Confederate service for three years, or during the war, being the first, I believe, to enlist for the war. Few, if any, thought that the war would continue for three years. The general impression was that six to twelve months would end the war and secure our independence. Some of us were afraid it would all be over before we reached the front.

The drills and camp duty we thought very hard. In a few weeks a majority of us thought we had at least learned all that Hardee knew about tactics.

During our stay at Sandy Springs we learned very little of actual camp life. We were all quartered in tents used by tent holders at camp meetings. We had plenty to eat, such as it was, and it was roughly prepared in many cases.

While we were drilled very hard, we had many pleasant hours in camp. Friends and relatives of the members of the regiment visited the camp daily by scores and hundreds.

Dress parade at 6 P. M. was the hour to see the ladies out in large numbers to witness our military evolutions and soldierly bearing.

The regiment remained in camp until the first week in September. One detachment left September the 4th for Summerville, twenty-two miles above Charleston, another the 5th, and the balance the 6th. We remained at Summerville ten days, and from there we moved to Sullivan's Island and occupied the dwellings then standing on the island. Part of the regiment was quartered in the old Moultrie House. Daily drills were still the order of the day. About the last of November, Companies B and G were sent down the coast about twenty-five miles to picket on the Edisto river. Company B was stationed at Willtown Bluff and Company G at Pineberry, doing picket duty on Jehossee Island. During our stay at Pineberry, our pickets on the island were fired at on two occasions, but no one hurt.

Some mounted low country negroes on Edisto Island attacked our picket commanded by Lieutenant Higgins and fired a few shots one morning. One of their number was killed. On another occasion a party of the enemy came up the river in yawl boats and fired on our pickets commanded by Lieutenant Latimer. After a few shots were exchanged the enemy retired and left us alone afterwards.

About the last part of January, 1862, Company B and G were relieved by other troops and rejoined the regiment on Sullivan's Island. During the winter Colonel Orr resigned his commission and entered Congress. Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall was now Colonel of the regiment.

Colonel Marshall received orders on April 19th, to report with his command at Richmond, Va., at once. Our surplus baggage was packed and sent home at once. On Sunday, April 20th, we left the Island rejoicing that we were going to the seat of war.

The regiment was called by other troops "The pound cake regiment," because of our easy position. Our trip to Richmond was slow and tedious. We left Charleston on the evening of April 20th. When we reached Florence we were delayed the balance of the night. Monday night we reached Wilmington and remained there all night. Tusday we made Weldon. Wednesday morning we took breakfast at Petersburg, Va., and reached Richmond about 12 o'clock noon. We left Richmond in the afternoon on the Fredericksburg road, reaching Guiney's Station after night. Tents were pitched in short order and a good night's rest obtained. The next morning (April 24th), when reville sounded we formed line in about three inches of snow. After remaining stationed a few days we were moved nearer Fredericksburg, to a point near Massaponax church, picketing the roads towards Fredericksburg.

We remained in this camp until the last week in May, when General Johnson evacuated Yorktown and Peninsula and withdrew his forces to around Richmond. The commands near Fredericksburg were ordered to Richmond. When we reached Ashland we met some of our cavalry who had that day engaged the enemy on our extreme left wing. Branch's brigade and the cavalry had driven the enemy back before we reached the field.

The next day we reached the Chickahominy above Richmond and camped in a low marshy piece of Woodland. The night of the 29th was a night of continued downpour of rain, our camp was a pond of water, and slop was out of the question. The Chickahominy bottom lands were overflowed and the water extended from hill to hill.

The battle of Seven Pines was fought May 31st and June 1st.

Our command was moved down the Chickahominy Saturday, May 31st. We could hear the battle of Seven Pines raging as we moved down the river. We were not engaged in the fight. A few shells were thrown by the enemy in our direction.

After the battle was over we went into camp near the nine mile road, a few miles east of Richmond.

The camp was in a low, swampy piece of timber land, which proved to be a very unhealthy location. A large number of our regiment and brigade were on the sick list in a few days. Orr's Rifles lost during the summer quite a number of men by disease; nineteen of Company G, died in the hospital with fever. June, July and August quite a number were unable for duty during the campaign of the summer.

Some time in June, Orr's Rifles were transferred from J. R. Anderson's brigade to Gregg's brigade. The brigade was now composed of 1st, 12th, 13th, 14th and Orr's Rifles.

During the month of June we were quiet, until the 25th, when we received orders to prepare for a move. Rations were issued and cooked and all made ready for a march. Soon after dark we formed line. And our Chaplain, Rev. H. T. Sloan, offered an earnest prayer, asking the God of battles to be with us in the conflict that was soon to come. We moved out of camp early in the night and marched up the Chickahominy somewhere north of Richmond, and near Meadow bridge. We remained at this place the balance of the night and until two or three o'clock next evening. All the while concealed from the view of the enemy posted on the opposite side of the river.

About 3 o'clock P. M., June 26th, skirmish firing commenced near the railroad bridges. Soon the artillery opened on each side. We were now ordered forward to support the advance line, composed of North Carolina troops.

The enemy were soon dislodged from the bridge, and retreated to Mechanicsville. Our command crossed the stream and followed the advanced line which was engaged with the enemy at Mechanicsville. Our position at this time as support was trying to men not yet initiated into the horror of war.

The shells from the enemy's guns came thick and fast, and kept us awake and uneasy. We expected every minute to be ordered to the front.

S. C. Reid, of Company G, was mortally wounded by a shell just before night. I think he was the only man killed in our regiment on the 26th.

The enemy made a stubborn resistance around Mechanicsville, but were finally driven to their strong defence on the east side of the Beaver Dam creek, at Ellisons Mill.

This was a strong position. The enemy were posted behind heavy earthworks on the hill. One line of defense was on top of hill, another lower down on the hill side. Both lines were well manned and protected from the fire of our men.

Our loss in front of this position was very heavy. The troops making the attack failed to dislodge the enemy. On the morning of the 27th, Stonewall Jackson turned their right flank, which caused them to hastily abandon their strong works and retreat to Gaines's Mill without much resistance.

Gregg's brigade was put in advance on the morning of the 27th, the 1st and 12th in advance, Orr's Rifles and 13th, support. The 14th was left on picket line near our old camp. After crossing the creek we entered the deserted camp of the enemy, where we found immense piles of flower and bacon burning. We pushed on from this place to Walnut Grove church, something over one mile from the Mill.

There we halted and rested for an hour or two. It was at this place that we first saw Stonewall Jackson. He passed us as we rested by the roadside, and his troops and Hill's Light division were now united. After a delay of some time, Jackson's command moved out along a road bearing to the left, while Hill's Light division followed the road leading direct to Gaines's Mill, some three miles distant.

Between Walnut Grove church and Gaines's Mill in an open field the pontoon bridges of the enemy were abandoned and fired. Their retreat was so rapid that they did not attempt to save army supplies but applied the torch to everything that they could burn, and hurried on to their next line of defence. About 12 o'clock we reached Gaines's Mill without any opposition. Our skirmishers encountered the rear guard of the enemy at the Mill, and soon drove them off, without much loss on our side. After our skirmish line passed the Mill, about twenty-five Yankees were found in the mill-house, and sent to the rear, and on to Richmond, I suppose.

On the hill west of the Mill large quantities of army supplies and sutler stores had been destroyed or partially destroyed. We found coffee, cheese, can goods, and a general assortment of eatables not entirely destroyed, that we soon appropriated to our personal use. We had cheese on toast for dinner. The fire and hot sun had toasted them thoroughly. This was our first meal at Uncle Sam's expense, but not the last with some of us.

After a short rest at the Mill, we crossed Powhite creek and moved in the direction of Old Cold Harbor, leaving New Cold Harbor to our right. Just after we crossed the creek and reached high ground, and were advancing in line of battle, one Yankee was seen running across the old field in our front, some 200 yards distant, I suppose. Several shots were fired before he fell.

When we had gone about a half mile beyond the mill and reached high ground, we could see the enemy in line of battle beyond a small stream on a hill.

Their artillery opened on us at this point and threw some shells uncomfortably near, and gave us what is called bomb ague.

Dr. Frank Clinkscales was killed by a cannon shot near the road running from New Cold Harbor to Old Cold Harbor, making two men of Company G killed by cannon shot before we had fired a gun.

Our command soon reached the swampy ground, where we were allowed to rest, where we were protected from the artillery fire also. Crenshaw's battery was planted on the hill in our rear and replied to the guns of the enemy with good effect.

The fire was kept up for some time with vigor. Our command remained in the ravine about one hour, I think. All the time we remained there the artillery fire was heavy on both sides.

There was heavy firing also to our right near the Chickahominy and back towards Gaines's Mill. General Longstreet's command was hotly engaged on that part of the line. About three or four o'clock we were ordered to advance. It was generally understood that we were to charge and take a Yankee battery in our front. No calculations were made that we would fail. The advance was made by the brigade, Orr's Rifles on the right wing.

The regiment passed through some small pines skirting an open field near two hundred yards wide.

When the open field was reached, the enemy opened a destructive fire on us from our right, where they were posted in a piece of oak timber. As we came into the open field, the fire of the enemy was so heavy that we changed course to our right and charged the enemy posted in the forest. As we charged across the field with guns at right shoulder, our men were falling at every step. Numbers were killed and wounded before having a chance to fire a gun. The battery that we expected to capture was nowhere in sight. They had limbered up and gone to the rear.

The enemy held their position until we were in thirty or forty yards of them, pouring volley after volley into our ranks. We suc-

ceeded in reaching the forest, and drove the enemy back on their reserve line posted in the undergrowth.

After firing a few rounds, a force of New York Zouaves was seen forming line. Across the open field we had charged through a few minutes before they also opened fire on us with telling effect, killing and wounding a number of our men.

When Colonel Marshall discovered the enemy forming on our left flank and moving to our rear, he ordered the regiment to retreat, which was not heard by all of the regiment. Over one-half of the regiment was killed and wounded in a few minutes. The open field and woodland was strewed with dead and dying and wounded, not able to get off the field.

Companies G and K suffered the greatest. Company G had twenty-one killed on the field and mortally wounded as follows: Lieutenant B. M. Latimer, Sergeant-Major A. H. McGee, L. A. Callaham, W. J. Calvert, Dr. Frank Clinkscales, R. F. Cunningham, J. A. Davis, Samuel Fields, M. Freeman, R. A. Gordon, John B. Gordon, I. L. Grier, E. J. Humphreys, A. P. Lindsay, A. H. McGhee, Jr., J. G. Martin, J. Morrison, E. W. Pruitt, George B. Richey, S. O. Reid (26th), W. H. Simpson, over 33 per cent. killed and mortally wounded, 80 per cent. killed and wounded.

The regiment carried into action 537 men, of this number 81 were kiiled and 234 wounded. Very few commands suffered in any one engagement so heavily.

The writer was severely wounded about the time the order was given to retreat, and left on the field and fell in the hands of the enemy.

My command had gone but a short distance, falling back, before the Yankees line of battle was reformed in the edge of the woodland where I was. A reserve line was soon brought up to support the line in front, while the Yankees were around me, they asked me several questions, my command and where from, &c. They did not attempt to move and treated me kindly while among them with one exception. One fellow demanded my cartridge box, and enforced the demand at the point of the bayonet. I was slow in delivering it to him, when he threatened to bayonet me if I did not obey his demands at once.

The line in the front and the reserve line both were hard to manage by the officers. They were expecting to be attacked and would not line up, and keep in elbow touch. During the time they were adjusting their lines the conflict was raging in other parts of the field.

The thunder of cannon and roll of musketry along the lines was terrific. After a lapse of thirty minutes, I suppose, I heard the familiar yell of our men near by. The two lines of battle near me fired one volley and gave ground—retreating through the woods in disaster. Our men (a Georgia command I think), succeeded in reaching the edge of the woods but could not hold the position, a flanking column on their left forced them to give way.

The enemy soon formed their lines and advanced beyond their former position. Crossing the open field through which the Rifles charged a few hours before, the wounded were now in their rear for some time. Night was fast approaching and I could hear heavy firing on the left, and the rebel yell plainly indicated that the enemy along that part of the line was giving ground.

The firing gradually passed to the rear of the former line held by the Yankees. The line of battle formed near me soon retreated in the direction of the Chickahominy.

The fighting around the McGee house on our left seemed to be the most stubbornly contested part of the field late in the evening.

The roar of battle was heavy nearer the Chickahominy. The artillery fire was severe; batteries on the south side of the river were shelling the field until dark.

About sundown the ground was cleared of the enemy and I made an effort to get off the field by using a gun for a crutch. I managed to reach the ambulance corps of Hood's Texas troops and was carried to their field hospital, near Old Cold Harbor, where I remained until the evening of the 29th without any attention.

Hood's troops were badly cut up, and the surgeons were kept busy attending to their own wounded. They were kept busy amputating arms and legs of the wounded; other wounded could not be attended to properly. On the evening of the 29th I was moved to the hospital in Manchester and placed in the roundhouse of the Danville railroad. I remained there until the last week in August, when I was given a furlough for thirty days. I came home and remained there for two years before I was able to rejoin my command.

I have written this from memory. I kept no record at the time. May be in error along some lines.

The recollections of the days long past are often called up in memory—days that are never to be forgotten by those engaged in the conflict and those at home watching and waiting to hear from the front.

Members of Company G, Orr's Rifles, who died with disease, summer, 1862: W. D. Anderson, R. S. Ashley, T. J. Beacham, S. N. Bowen, W. T. Ellis, Robert M. Ellis, C. N. Graham, J. B. Graham, J. Moon Jones, T. G. Law, J. R. McAdams, J. T. McWhorter, F. M. McKee, S. L. Pratt, W. N. Shirley, Moses Smith, J. R. Swancey.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, January 14, 1900.]

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

His Character and Opinions Discussed.

THE CHAPTER AND VERSE CITED.

No Ground Whatever for Supposing that he was a Religious Man. Lincoln's Connection with the "First Chronicle of Reuben," &c.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

A late editorial in one of our most honored—and most deservedly honored—Southern newspapers has likened Lincoln to Washington and to Lee, and has held up Lincoln's character and personality for the admiration and imitation of this future generation. To try to re-awaken or to foster ill-will between the North and South would be a useless, a mischievous, and a most censurable task, but it is a duty for one who knows the truth to correct so serious a mistake as is contained in the above statement, and the subscriber offers the following convincing correction of it to the many thousands of readers of the *Dispatch* for whom the subject has interest.

Such claims for Lincoln are entirely inconsistent with the concessions of very grave defects in him that are made by his most respectable and most eulogistic biographers. Brief mention of each of them will first be made, and it will be seen that it is quite impossible to suppose that they would acknowledge such faults in their hero as they do acknowledge from any motive but the necessity to concede truths known personally to themselves as his intimate associates, or established on testimony they were obliged to accept.

"The Life of Lincoln" (dated 1866), by Dr. J. G. Holland, long editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, rates Lincoln among the greatest of men, not only intellectually, but morally and spiritually. The object of this letter does not require, nor do its limits permit, that it should record these biographers' attempts to reconcile their estimate of their hero with the conflicting concessions that are extracted below from their books.

HIS JOKES.

As to Lincoln's indecent stories, jokes and behavior, we have testimony as follows, from Holland (page 83): "It is useless for Mr. Lincoln's biographers to ignore this habit. The whole West, if not the whole country (he is writing in 1866) is full of these stories, and there is no doubt at all that he indulged in them with the same freedom that he did in those of a less objectionable character." Again he says (page 251): " * * men who knew him throughout all his professional and political life * * * have said that 'he was the foulest in his jests and stories of any man in the country.'"

As to Lincoln's attitude towards religion, Dr. Holland says (page 286), that twenty out of the twenty-three ministers of the different denominations of Christians, and a very large majority of the prominent members of the churches in his home (Springfield, Ill.), opposed him for President. He says (page 241): " * * * Men who knew him throughout all his professional and political life" have said "that, so far from being a religious man, or a Christian, the less said about that the better." He says of Lincoln's first recorded religious utterance, used in closing his farewell address to Springfield, that it "was regarded by many as an evidence both of his weakness and of his hypocrisy, * * * and was tossed about as a joke, 'Old Abe's last.'"

Colonel Ward H. Lamon published his "Life of Lincoln" in 1872. He appears, in the accounts of Mr. Lincoln's life in the West, as constantly associated in the most friendly relations with him. He accompanied the family in the journey towards Washington, and was selected by Lincoln himself (see McClure's "Lincoln," &c., page 46), as the one protector to accompany and guard him from the assassination that he apprehended so causelessly (Lamon's "Life," &c., page 513), in his midnight passage through Baltimore to his first inauguration. He was made a United States Marshal of the district, in order (McClure's "Lincoln," &c., page 67) that Lincoln might have him always at hand. Though Lamon recognizes and sets

forth with great clearness (page 181), his duty to tell the whole truth, good and bad, and especially (page 86, *et seq.*), to correct the statements of indiscreet admirers who have tried to make Lincoln out a religious man, and, though he indignantly remonstrates against such stories, as making his hero a hypocrite, the whole book shows an exceedingly high estimate of the friend of his lifetime.

PIOUS WORDS CHASE'S.

Hapgood (page 291, *et seq.*) records that the pious words with which the emancipation proclamation closes were added at the suggestion of Mr. Secretary Chase. Lamon says that, after Lincoln (page 497) "appreciated * * * the violence and extent of the religious prejudices which freedom of discussion from his standpoint would be sure to rouse against him," and "the immense and augmenting power of the churches," * * * (page 502) "he indulged freely in indefinite expressions about 'Divine providence,' the 'justice of God,' the 'favor of the Most High,'" in his published documents, "but he nowhere ever professed the slightest faith in Jesus as the Son of God and the Saviour of men." (Page 501, *et seq.*) "He never told any one that he accepted Jesus as the Christ, or performed one of the acts which necessarily followed upon such a conviction." (Page 487.) "When he went to church at all, he went to mock, and came away to mimic." On page 157 and thereafter, Lamon tells minutely of the writing and the burning of "a little book," written by Lincoln with the purpose to disprove the truth of the Bible and the divinity of Christ, and he tells how it was burned without his consent by his friend, Hill, lest it should ruin his political career before a Christian people. On pages 487 to 504 he records numerous letters from Lincoln's intimate associates, and one from his wife, that fully confirmed the above testimony as to his attitude of hostility to religion.

Herndon's "True Story of a Great Life" (dated 1888), sets forth on the title page that Lincoln was for twenty years his friend and law partner, and says (preface, page 10): "Mr. Lincoln was my warm, devoted friend; I always loved him, and I revere his name to-day." He quotes, with approval, and reaffirms Lamon's views as to the duty to tell the faults along with the virtues and great achievements, and says (preface, page 10): "At last the truth will come out, and no man need hope to evade it," and he betrays his sense of the seriousness of the faults he has to record by calling

them (preface, page 9) "ghastly exposures," and by saying (preface, page 8) that to conceal them would be as if the Bible had concealed the facts about Uriah in telling the story of King David; and the biographer next mentioned (Hapgood), just fresh from the press, written with all the light yet given to the world, says (preface, page 8): "Herndon has told the President's early life with refreshing honesty, and with more information than any one else."

HERNDON QUOTED.

Herndon, in his "True Story," &c., dated 1888, is silent about Lincoln's attitude towards religion, and his silence is significant, for Lamon gives in his "Life," dated 1872, the following extract from a letter from Herndon, written in answer to questions on this point: "As to Mr. Lincoln's religious views, he was, in short, an infidel. * * * He did not believe that Jesus was God, nor the Son of God. Mr. Lincoln told me a thousand times that he did not believe the Bible was a revelation from God. * * * The points that Mr. Lincoln tried to demonstrate (in his book), were: First, that the Bible was not God's revelation; and, second, that Jesus was not the Son of God."

Another letter of Herndon's, published in Lamon's "Life" (page 492, *et seq.*), says of Lincoln's contest with the Rev. Peter Cartwright for Congress in 1848 (page 494): "In that contest he was accused of being an infidel, if not an atheist; he never denied the charge—would not; 'would die first,' because he knew it could be and would be proved on him."

Herndon concedes the indecency of the jokes and stories, and gives (Volume I, page 55) a copy of "The First Chronicle of Reuben," and an account of the slight provocation under which Lincoln wrote it; and, in two foot-notes, describes the exceedingly base and indecent device by which Lincoln brought about the events which gave occasion for this satire. Morse (Volume I, page 13) denounces Herndon bitterly for publishing this chronicle, but suggests no doubt of its authenticity.

Morse's "Lincoln," one of the American Statesmen Series, published in 1892 by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., shows throughout, but notably in its last three pages, as ardent admiration for Lincoln as any other biographer; yet he concedes (Volume I, page 192) the truth of "the revelations of Messrs. Herndon and Lamon" as given

above, and the duty and necessity that rested on them to record these truths.

In "Lincoln and Men of the War Time," by A. K. McClure, the author's intimate association with Lincoln (page 112, *et seq.*), is shown in many places, and his estimate of his hero may be measured by the following tribute (page 5, *et seq.*): "* * * He has written the most illustrous records of American history, and his name and fame must be immortal while liberty shall have worshippers in our land." Yet, writing as late as 1892, he offers no contradiction of the above-given "revelations" and "disclosures" of Herndon and Lamon, but, on the contrary, says (preface, page 3): "The closest men to Lincoln, before and after his election to the presidency, were David Davis, Leonard Swet, Ward H. Lamon and William H. Herndon." Letters of the two first named are among the letters referred to above, published by Lamon as evidence of Lincoln's attitude towards religion.

Hapgood's "Abraham Lincoln," dated 1899, shows the author's attitude of admiration in the first page of the preface, declaring that he was "unequalled since Washington in service to the nation," and quoting the verses—

> "He was the North, the South, the East, the West,
> The thrall, the master, all of us in one."

LINCOLN'S GROSSNESS.

Hapgood concedes (preface, page 5, *et seq.*) the worst that was ever said of the grossness of Lincoln's jokes and stories, likening him in this respect to the Rabelais. Some readers will need, I am glad to think, to be told that Rabelais is best known to the world for hideous indecency, so that "Rabelesian wit" is the name for the filthiest wit the world has known.

If any would take refuge in the hope that the responsibilities of his high office raised Lincoln above these habits of indecency and godlessness, they are met by many authentic stories of his grossly-unseemly behavior as President, by the evidence of Lamon, the chosen associate of his lifetime, that his indulgence in gross stories was (page 480), "restrained by no presence, and by no occasion," and by a letter (Lamon's "Life," pages 487 to 504), of Nicolay, his senior private secretary throughout his administration, which states that Lincoln's attitude towards religion did not change after his entrance on the presidency. Want of space forbids further details,

but it would be as easy to prove from precisely the same sort of evidence that Lincoln's character and conduct provoked the bitterest censure from a very great number of the most distinguished of his co-workers in his great achievements, among whom may be named Greely, Thad. Stevens, Sumner, Trumbull, Zach. Chandler, Cameron, Fred. Douglas, Beacher, Fremont, Ben. Wade, Winter Davis and Wendell Phillips, while the most bitter and contemptuous and persistent of all Lincoln's critics were Chase, his Secretary of the Treasury and Chief Justice, and Stanton, known ever since as his great War Secretary.

The testimony submitted above seems to show that Lincoln was habitually indecent in his conversation—that he was guilty of grossly indecent, and yet more grossly immoral, conduct in connection with his satire called the "First Chronicle of Reuben;" that he was an infidel, and was, till he became candidate for the presidency, a frequent scoffer at religion, and in the habit of using his good gifts to attack its truths, and that he was author of a paper, the purpose of which was to attack the fundamental truths of religion, and that he never denied or retracted those views.

CHARLES L. C. MINOR,
Baltimore, Md.

[From the Charlotte, N. C., *Observer*, reprinted in the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, of September 17, 1899, with further account of the same, December 15, 1899.]

TARHEELS' THIN GRAY LINE.

Colin Campbell's Highlanders Outdone By North Carolinians.

By Gen. BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

With Corrections and Additions by R. D. Stewart.

(An incident of the battle of Winchester, Va., that surpasses the 93d regiment's famous stand on the morning of Balaklava.—How General Robert D. Johnston repelled repeated charges of Yankee cavalry far outnumbering his attenuated brigade—as told by General Bradley T. Johnston.)

At the battle of Balaklava occurred an incident which Kinglake has painted in words, and thus immortalized. The Highland brigade, the 42d, the Black Watch, the Cold Stream Guards, the Grenadiers, and the 93d, Sir Colin Campbell's old regiment, were in position which threw the 93d just along the crest of a slight rise of the ground.

The Russian artillery had become annoying, and the 93d lay down just behind the crest, where they were better sheltered and concealed. A division of Russian horse was moving to the left of Sir Colin's whole line, and its head of column nearly with the British, where at once four squadrons of Russians—four hundred men—swung quickly out of column and struck a gallop towards the English position. Instantly the Highlanders rose from the ground, and with their tall forms and towering black plumes looked like a line of giants. The Ninety-third was not in touch with either of the other battalions of the brigade, so they stood and took it, and when the Russians got within three hundred yards opened fire upon them and drove them back. They never repeated the charge. This scene has been celebrated in song and story as "Sir Colin Campbell's Thin Red Line." It was witnessed by the allied armies—English, French and Turkish—and simply astounded the Russians, for both sides saw it.

EXCELLED BY JOHNSTON'S MEN.

But I, myself, with thousands of others, saw Johnston's North Carolina Brigade—First North Carolina Battalion Sharpshooters, 5th North Carolina, 12th North Carolina, 20th North Carolina, and 23d North Carolina regiments—do a thing on September 19, 1864, which far excelled in gallantry, in firmness, and in heroism this feat of the "Thin Red Line," and I have never seen a description of it in print, and I do not think it was referred to in the reports. I am sure Bob Johnston did not, for he was as modest as he was handsome and brave.

In September, 1864, Early's army was lying about Winchester. We had been through Maryland, and terrified Washington into fits, and had gotten safely back into Virginia, with thousands of horses, cattle, medical stores, and hundreds of wagon-loads of eatables of every kind. I had a cavalry brigade of wild southwestern Virginia horsemen, as brave and as undisciplined as the Virginia Rangers Colonel Washington surrendered at Fort Necessity, or Andrew Lewis fought Cornstalk with at Point Pleasant. I was bivouacked—we had no tents, about three miles north of Winchester, on the Valley 'pike,

and picketed from the Valley 'pike to the Berryville 'pike, running east from Winchester, General Robert D. Johnston, of North Carolina, had a brigade of 800 to 1,000 muskets on the Berryville 'pike, on the top of the ridge running across the road. My pickets were a mile in advance of his, in Ashe Hollow. Sheridan, with 45,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry, lay eight to fifteen miles beyond our picket lines, from Berryville and Ripon to Charlestown and Halltown, in Clarke and Jefferson counties, Va. Now, every morning the Yankee cavalry would rush my pickets in on Johnston's posts. He would stop them until I got up, and then I'd drive the Yankees back and re-establish my original picket posts. This done, I would send my command back to camp.

I had about 800 mounted men, and I'd ride up to Bob Johnston's headquarters, which was a wagon under a tree, one camp stool, and a frying pan sizzing with bacon, and a pot of rye coffee and sorghum. I'd get my breakfast. But after a week of this proceeding, it either became monotonous or my appetite showed no signs of weakening, I don't know which. One morning I dismounted after my usual morning call to boots and saddle, and swung myself very comfortably into Johnston's single and only camp stool. I smelled the bacon and sniffed the coffee and waited. In a few moments the cook handed me a chip for a plate and a tin cup of red-hot coffee—so hot you had to set the cup on the grass, and Bob spoke up.

Says he: "Bradley, you let those Yankees do you too bad. You have got so scared of them that you all run the very first dash they make at you."

"Is that so, Robert?" said I. "That's a pity; but I don't know how to help it. I do the best I can. How many Yankee cavalry do you think you are good for?"

"Well," said he, "I've got 800 muskets present for duty. By a week's time, as the boys get back from the hospital, I'll have 1,000. Well, with 1,000 muskets, I think I can take care of 5,000 Yanks on horseback."

"All right," said I, "wait and see. I hope you can."

So I got my breakfast and went off, mightily tickled at the conceit of the Tarheel, for Sheridan's cavalry, with Custer, Torbett and Devens, were about as good soldiers as ever took horse or drew sabre. We had drilled them so that in three years we had taught them to ride. They were always drilling enough to fight, and they learned the use of the sabre from necessity.

Well, things went on as usual. Every morning Sheridan would send a regiment out to feel Early, to drive in his pickets, so as to make sure where he was and to know where to find him, and every morning I'd ride over to the Berryville road, re-establish my lines, get my breakfast off Johnston, and back to sleep.

SHERIDAN'S ADVANCE.

By daylight, the 19th of September, a scared cavalryman of my own command nearly rode over me, as I lay asleep on the grass, and reported that the Yankees were advancing with a heavy force of infantry, artillery and cavalry up the Berryville road. Early was up towards Stephenson's Depot, and Johnston and I were responsible for keeping Sheridan out of Winchester, and protecting the Confederate line of retreat, and of communication up the Valley. In two minutes my command was mounted. We always saddled up and fed an hour before dawn, and moving at a trot across the open fields to the Berryville road and to Johnston's assistance. There was not a fence nor a house, nor a bush, nor a tree, to obscure the view. Way off, more than two miles, we could see the crest of the hill, covered with a cloud of Yankee cavalry, and in front of them (500 yards in front), was a thin gray line moving off in retreat solidly, and with perfect coolness and self-possession. As soon as I got to realize what was going on I quickened our gait, and when within a mile broke into a gallop. The scene was as plain as day. A regiment of cavalry would deploy into line and their bugles would sound the charge and they would swoop down on the thin gray line of North Carolinians. The instant the Yankee bugle sounded, North Carolina would halt, face to the rear rank, wait until the horse got within one hundred yards, and then fire as deliberately and coolly as if firing volleys on parade drill. The cavalry would break and scamper back and North Carolina would "about face" and continue her march in retreat as solemnly, stubbornly, and with as much discipline and dignity as if marching in review. But we got there just in time. Cavalry aids the Tarheels. Certainly, half dozen charges had been made at the retreating thin gray line, and each and every time the charging squadrons had been driven back, when the enemy sent his line with a rush at the brigade of Tarheels, and one squadron overlapped the infantry line, and was just passing it when we got up. In another minute they would have been behind the line, sabering the men from the rear, while they were held by the fight in front. But

we struck a head-long strain and went through the Yankees by the flank of North Carolina and carried their adversaries back to the crest of the hill, back through the guns of their battery, clear back to their infantry lines. In a moment they rallied and were charging us in front and off both flanks, and back we went in a hurry, but the thin gray line of old North Carolina was safe. They had gotten back to the rest of the infantry, and formed lines at right angles to the 'pike, west of Winchester.

I rode up to Bob Johnston, very "piert," as we say in North Carolina, and said I: "Pretty close call that, Mr. Johnston. What do you think now of the Yankee cavalry's fighting qualities?" And the rest of the day we enjoyed ourselves. We could see everything that was going on for miles around. The country was entirely open. The day was beautiful, clear and bright—September the 19th. They would form for a forward movement—three lines, one after another—march sedately along until they got within touch of our lines, then raise a hurrah, and rush in a charge; and in two minutes the field would be covered with running, flying Yankees. There were 40,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry and 3,000 mounted gunmen. The thing began at daylight and kept up till dark, when, flanked and worn out, Early retreated to escape being surrounded.

This is the story of the Thin Gray Line of North Carolina and the cavalry charge—a feat of arms before which that of Sir Colin Campbell's Highlander's fades into insignificance.

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON, of Maryland,
Brigadier-General Confederate States Army.

BALTIMORE, MD.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Some time ago there was published in the Winston-Salem *Sentinel*, and copied in the *Dispatch*, a very interesting article called "The Tarheels' Thin Gray Line," by General Bradley T. Johnson, describing an incident of the Valley campaign of 1864. The article, as published in the *Sentinel* and *Dispatch*, contained a serious typographical error. The sentence, "There were 45,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry and 3,000 mounted gunmen," should read, "There were 45,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry in an open field, against 8,000 infantry and 3,000 mounted gunmen."

"The Tarheels' Thin Gray Line" was first published in the Baltimore *News*, some five or six years ago.

Brigadier-General Robert D. Johnston is a native of North Carolina, but is now a resident of Birmingham, Ala. He was commissioned as second lieutenant, Beattie's Ford Rifles, North Carolina State troops, May 9, 1861, and in a year's time became colonel of the 23d North Carolina infantry. He was made a brigadier-general September 1, 1863. During the Valley campaign his brigade consisted of the following regiments: 5th North Carolina, 12th North Carolina, 20th North Carolina (colonel, Thomas F. Toon, afterwards brigadier-general), 23d North Carolina (colonel, Charles C. Blacknall), and the famous 1st North Carolina battalion sharpshooters (major, R. E. Wilson). Johnston's brigade, with Godwin's North Carolina brigade and Pegram's old Virginia brigade, under Colonel John T. Hoffman, formed Pegram's division. The Old North State is justly proud of General "Bob" Johnston.

General Bradley T. Johnson is a Marylander, and entered the Confederate army as captain of Company A, 1st Maryland infantry, Colonel Arnold Elzey commanding. He succeeded George H. Steuart, another gallant Marylander, as colonel of the regiment in June, 1863. At Second Manassas, where he commanded the Second brigade of Jackson's division, his troops ran out of ammunition and fought with stones. In the early part of 1864 he was assigned to the command of the Maryland line, stationed at Hanover Junction to protect Lee's line of communication with Richmond. He rendered valuable service in repulsing the Dahlgren raid. On June 28, 1864, Colonel Johnson was made a brigadier and placed in command of the cavalry brigade of General William E. Jones, who had been killed at Piedmont, June 5, 1864. This brigade of "wild southwestern Virginia horsemen" consisted of the 8th, 21st and 22d regiments, and the 34th and 36th battalions of Virginia cavalry. Johnson's brigade, with the brigades of Imboden, McCausland and H. B. Davidson, formed Lomax's cavalry division—all Virginians, except the 1st Maryland cavalry, of Davidson's brigade. During the Appomattox campaign General Johnson commanded a division of Anderson's corps. He is now a resident of the State for which he fought in the dark days of 1861–'65.

Another North Carolinian who fought and fell in the "Tarheels' thin gray line" deserves special mention. The 23d North Carolina (General Robert Johnston's old regiment) was commanded by Colonel Charles Christopher Blacknall, of Granville county, N. C., a descendant of the Blacknalls of Wing, Buckinghamshire, who intermarried with the "noble and exclusive Norman family of Harcourt."

At the outbreak of the war, Colonel Blacknall organized the "Granville Riflemen" (Company G), 23d North Carolina, and was elected captain of the company. He rose rapidly to the colonelcy of the regiment. On the 19th of September, 1864, the 23d occupied, as a picket, the extreme outpost of Johnston's North Carolina brigade, and upon it fell the full force of the Federal onslaught. While the handful of "Tarheels" were slowly retreating before the enemy's cavalry, Colonel Blacknall was mortally wounded. He was removed to Winchester, and when the Confederates retired up the Valley that night, he fell into the enemy's hands. To quote from his biographer:

"Dying in the home of a Washington, and on the site of Washington's ancient fort, built in the French and Indian war, his death was in keeping with his picturesque career.

"Courage and command of faculty under fire distinguished Colonel Blacknall, even among Confederate officers, where the standard of manhood was as high as the world has seen. It is to be doubted if any officer of like rank in Lee's army had in greater measure the love and confidence of the private soldier. Handsome, eloquent, intellectual, gifted with singular charm of manner, and beloved by all men because his heart was as big as humanity, he has been termed by a comrade who knew him well in all the trying vicissitudes of a soldier's life, as the ideal Confederate officer, and by another, as one of the most chivalrous men he ever knew."

And to this we may add, in the words of the great English poet:

"His life was gentle; and the elements so mix'd in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

The story of the "Tarheels' thin gray line" should be published in pamphlet form and placed in the hands of each and every North Carolina schoolboy.

R. D. Stewart.

November 30th.

ORDNANCE REPORT OF GRIMES'S DIVISION,

Second Corps, A. N. Va., Made at Appomattox C. H., Va., April 10th, 1865.

12 "REPORT OF ARMS, ETC., OF GRIMES'S DIVISION, SECOND CORPS, A. N. V., FOR APRIL 10TH, 1865.

		Small arms—Calibre, 58.	Small arms—Calibre, 69.	Bayonets.	Cartridge Boxes.	Cartridge Box Belts.	Waist Belts.	Bayonet Scabbards.	Cap Pouches.	Ball Screws.	Screw Drivers.	Wipers.	Rounds Ammunition—Calibre, 58.
On hand to-day	In hands of men,	722	.....	47	689	205	676	103	681	25	28	22	22,590
	In brigade ordnance wagons,	11	1	.....	19	.....	28	11	23	1	.....	.....	28,750
	In division train,	30	.....	.....	14	.....	10	10	2	.....	.....	.....	11,000
Total on hand,		763	1	47	722	205	714	124	706	26	28	22	62,340

"Respectfully submitted,

"For Lt.-Col. B. G. BALDWIN,
"*Chf. Ord., A. N. V.*

"JAMES M. GARNETT,
"*Capt. and Ord. Off., Grimes' Div., 2d Corps, A. N. V.*"

Copy of ordnance report of Grimes's Division, Second Corps, A. N. V., made at Appomattox C. H., Va., April 10th, 1865, to the Chief of Ordnance, A. N. Va. From the duplicate original retained by the ordnance officer of the division.

To understand aright the foregoing report, it should be stated that Grimes's division (formerly Rodes's), consisted of four brigades, Battle's Alabama, Cook's Georgia, Cox's North Carolina, and Grimes's North Carolina, the last commanded by Colonel D. G. Coward.

Battle's brigade comprised the 3d, 5th, 6th, 12th and 61st Alabama regiments; Cook's brigade, the 4th, 12th, 21st and 44th Georgia; Cox's brigade, the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 14th and 30th North Carolina; Grimes's brigade, the 32d, 43d, 45th and 53d North Carolina regiments and the 2d North Carolina battalion, as large as some of the regiments. There were thus twenty regiments with 722 muskets in their hands, an average of thirty-six to the regiment, not four to the company. There were, however, about thirty-two rounds of ammunition per musket in the cartridge-boxes, forty in the brigade ordinance wagons, and fifteen in the division train, or eighty-seven, say, all together, enough to put up a pretty stiff fight, as it was the usual custom to have at least a hundred rounds (better a hundred and twenty), per musket with the troops. This division was the largest of the three in the corps, so the 2d corps (Gordon's) had but about 2,000 muskets at the surrender the day before (April 9th).

If now we examine Volume XV (1887), of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, containing the paroles of the army of Northern Virginia (pp. 237–271), we shall find that there were paroled in Battle's Alabama brigade, officers, 33; rank and file, 330; in Cook's Georgia brigade, officers, 28; rank and file, 320; in Cox's North Carolina brigade, officers, 51; rank and file, 517; in Grimes's North Carolina brigade, officers, 34; rank and file, 492; total in division, officers, 146; rank and file, 1,659; a good illustration of the quality of the "Tarheels" for sticking it out, as over 1,000 of their men were from the "Old North State;" but as I have not the brigade reports, it cannot be determined how many muskets were in each brigade.

The discrepancy between the number of men with muskets (722), and the number paroled (1,659), is great, but it should be remembered that the latter figure includes musicians, teamsters, and detailed men of all kinds in the commissary, quartermaster, medical and ordnance departments of the four brigades and the division. It is

possible too that some stragglers may have come up in the meantime, although the ranks were kept pretty well closed up after the enemy got in our rear. However, 722 muskets represents the fighting strength of Grimes's division on April 9th, 1865.

JAMES M. GARNETT.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, June 4, 1899]

GENERAL HUNTER'S RAID.

Story of How General McCausland Held Immense Odds In Check.

BURNING OF THE INSTITUTE.

Execution of Two Citizens by Order of General Hunter—The Battle of Lynchburg—Recollections of a Confederate Cavalryman.

No event of the Civil war more interested me than the raid of Hunter through Lexington in 1864, on his way to Lynchburg. It was the first appearance in our historic town of a live, armed Yankee on destruction bent, and the whole population of women, children and slaves viewed them with awe.

The impress of that visit can be seen easily now—thirty-five years after. All was done that could be done to keep them away, and it is marvelous to think of the stout resistance made by McCausland's 1,500 cavalrymen to the 25,000 Yankees. General McCausland did his part well. By cutting trees across the roads, burning bridges in front of them, and stationing cavalrymen, armed with Enfield rifles, behind trees, rocks, etc., he was able to check the advance of Averill's 5,000 cavalry, and compel a delay until their infantry could be brought up and dislodge us by flanking.

The 16th, 17th and 8th regiments of McCausland's command were West Virginians, and brought up to endure hardships. Their courage was of the unflinching kind, natural haters of those who were despoiling their homes, and woe to the Yankee who came within range of their unerring aim.

The destruction of the Virginia and Tennessee railroad was a cherished object of the United States Government. It was, so to speak, the aorta of the Confederacy. If destroyed, where could we get supplies from to feed the big army at Richmond? As early as December, 1863, Averill's cavalry made a hazardous attempt to accomplish its destruction, and was partially successful. At Salem, he destroyed considerable stores and ten to fifteen miles of railroad, besides five railroad bridges. It was desperately cold weather, and well do I recollect the tales of excruciating suffering told me by our men who were after them. The suffering of the Confederates, of course, was greater than these well-fed and well-clothed Federals, for at best the Confederate clothes were indifferent, and only those who had homes to draw upon to supplement their thin garments could stand it at all. A Yankee's diary, written every day, has this to say of this event:

"No language can tell the suffering of our brigade on that raid. We were cold, wet, muddy, tired, sleepy and hungry. Over icy mountains, slippery paths, rocks, logs, through rain, sleet, snow, mud, swamps, gullies, creeks, rivers, frost, forest and bullets we rode, walked, ran, stumbled, plunged, swam, waded, scrambled, climbed, charged, retreated, fought, bled, fell, drowned, and froze."

These brave and daring riders were not like the heroes of the charge at Balaklava, for nearly all of them lived to tell the story and receive a brand-new uniform as a present from the government for the inconvenience they had been subjected to.

Again, on the 1st day of May, 1864, General Averill made another raid. His starting point was Charleston, and passing through Wyoming, Logan and Tazewell counties, on the 10th he arrived at Wytheville, when he again struck the railroad. John Morgan and his raiders were close after them. Averill was compelled to evade Morgan to accomplish his purpose, and he struck for Dublin. Most of the railroad between this point and Christiansburg he destroyed, but was side-tracked by our cavalry sent to intercept him. They wheeled to the left and took a northward course through Blacksburg. A force of cavalry met them in the gap beyond Blacksburg. The Yankees were out of ammunition and half famished, so they would not try to fight, but stole away in the darkness and crawled over the mountain, following an unfrequented path in single file. Twenty-five or more horses were killed belonging to this command by slipping from the path and plunging over precipices. They arrived at Union next day, where they met General Crook, who was returning

from the battle of "Cloyd's Farm," where General Albert G. Jenkins, our beloved commander, was killed.

This brings me now to the commencement of the raid on Lynchburg. On June 3d, the combined forces of Averill and Crook left Lewisburg and marched in the direction of Staunton. Among Crook's men were two soldiers who afterwards became Presidents of the United States—Rutherford B. Hayes and William McKinley. McCausland's cavalry was in Crook's front, never losing an opportunity to harass and annoy him. We had one stiff little fight near the Warm Springs, but there being ten to one, of course we had to give back, and by the night of the 8th we were in the vicinity of Staunton, where Crook's and Averill's forces united with the forces of General David Hunter, who had won the battle of Piedmont two days before, and where General William E. Jones and Colonel John M. Templeton, of Rockbridge, were killed.

These two armies, now united, according to the statement of the commanders, numbered 25,000 men—5,000 cavalry and 20,000 infantry. To oppose this large number, were the 1,500 cavalry of McCausland, and well they did the work assigned them. In season and out of season they would pinch them in their side, rear and front, and retard them in every way. On many days not a half-dozen miles' progress was made by the enemy. The enemy's cavalry consisted of the 1st, 2d and 3d West Virginia; the 8th Ohio and 14th Pennsylvania, and one or two battalions of cavalry. The 14th Pennsylvania was commanded by Colonel James M. Schoonmaker, a Pittsburg millionaire, and was a crack regiment of the Union army. In the United States service they had the best men selected from other arms of the service for the cavalry. If a soldier distinguished himself for gallantry, he was promoted to the cavalry. But they were not invincible. The long, lean and lank Confederate, hair in strings, and tobacco saliva creeping out both sides of his mouth, was always the equal of the most pampered of the Federal soldiers. Around camp he was genial and clever, liberal to a fault, but woe to his antagonist when the Confederate looked over a rusty gun barrel at him. He was a dangerous man then.

Well, we left Staunton on the morning of the 10th of June, 1864, with our faces towards Lexington. Everything moved along well until we got to Middlebrook, and then there was a little friction. The Federal cavalry attempted to ride over us, but in this they were deceived. We planted a few in the ground, or rather put them in a

condition to be returned to Mother Earth, and we again pursued our journey south.

The gallant Captain E. E. Bouldin, at present a practicing lawyer in Danville, and at that time captain of the Charlotte cavalry, was bringing up the rear with his company and the Churchville cavalry. The idea that they could ride over us was not entirely disabused from their minds at Middlebrook, so, gathering up all the energy they could command at Newport, two miles further on, they "made for us."

Slowly and stubbornly the rear guard fell back—or rather, was pushed back—until the regiment was reached. The order came for my regiment and the 16th or 17th to dismount and take a position on a high hill overlooking the road, and the horses to pass on. This did not take but a moment, comparatively, and we arranged ourselves as best we could along the crest of the hill. We lay down flat on the ground to await developments. In the distance could be seen the Yankees, very active and busy, closing up by fours, preparatory to a charge.

It was shortly after noon, with the sun putting in its best licks on this June day, when all of a sudden there was a yell, and the road for a quarter of a mile turned blue. Our rear guard was resting in the road parallel to our dismounted men.

Now had come the time that they expected to fulfil their cherished hopes of riding over us. Kind providence had favored us in the construction of that road. It made an oblique bend just in our front, about the fourth part of a circle, and gave the whole firing line "timber to work on." When they got to the proper place there was a roar went out from our lines that would have waked the snakes in February. They

"Reeled, and shook, and fled,"

with Captain Bouldin's company right after them, pouring hot shot into them, and not letting up until the enemy were forced back on their infantry line.

This charge was made without orders, but Captain Bouldin saw the chance to put in some good work at this juncture, and he effectively did so. This put an end to the riding over business by these cavalrymen. How many we killed I don't know, but quite a number, I should say. The killed and wounded on their side we had to leave for their disposal, as we had to move on when the infantry came

up. Several of the Charlotte cavalry were wounded, among them Norman Spraggins, now of South Boston, Va. There were two men buried in a fence-corner by the road, and their bodies remained there until after the close of the war, when they were disinterred and taken away.

HANGED FOR KILLING MARAUDER.

The invaders camped that night near Brownsburg, twelve miles from Lexington, where one of the most indefensible acts of the war was committed—the hanging of David Creigh, of Greenbrier, an excellent and honorable man, and one of the most prominent and devoted members of the Presbyterian church of Lewisburg, of which the Rev. Dr. McElhenny was so long the pastor. Mr. Creigh had held several positions of trust and responsibility.

The story of Hunter's crime is brief. Mr. Creigh, being beyond the age for service in the army, was residing on his farm at the time of arrest. A short time before, a camp-follower of the Federal army came to his house, intent on plunder, and after forcibly entering several rooms, was about to continue his search, when he was forbidden to open the door. Regardless of protestation, he persisted in making his way further, when Mr. Creigh stopped him. A desperate struggle ensued. Mr. Creigh was unarmed when they grappled, but he saved his life by taking that of the ruffian with an axe that was handed him by "Old Aunt Sally," a family servant. The hostility between the Southern people and the Federal soldiery being bitter at the time, it was deemed best to hide the deed. It is said that a white man, who had learned the fact, communicated it to a negro, who some time afterwards ran away to the Federal army and disclosed the secret. When the army passed through Greenbrier the next time, Mr. Creigh was arrested and brought along to Rockbridge county. He was given no opportunity for defence, but was hanged simply by Hunter's order. That Creigh had slain the invader of his home and the assailant of his own life was not a sufficient plea. Thus was this good man made the victim of unmilitary brutality by this Weyler of the Federal army. His body was taken to Lewisburg and interred in the Presbyterian burying-ground, and at the head of his grave stands a tombstone on which are inscribed these words: "Sacred to the memory of David S. Creigh, who died as a martyr in defence of his rights and in the performance of his duty as husband and father. Born May 1, 1809, and yielded to his unjust fate June 11, 1864, near Brownsburg, Va." I have often

seen the tree upon which this good man was hanged in the meadow of the Rev. James Morrison, and an uncontrollable desire seizes me to see his judge dangling at the end of a rope from one of its limbs. But Hunter has gone to his reward, having died in March, 1886.

It is said as the Federal army under Hunter, shattered and starving, was passing through Lewisburg on its disastrous retreat from Lynchburg, the Rev. Mr. Osborne, a Federal chaplain, called at the residence of Rev. Dr. McElhenny, pastor of the Presbyterian church in that place, and related the circumstances attending the murder of Mr. Creigh. Dinner coming on, he was pressed by the Doctor to join in a family meal. The chaplain declined, declaring that since that atrocious murder he could not "consent to break bread under a Southern roof."

TOLD IN VERSE.

This incident has been so beautifully and fully told in verse by the wife of General F. H. Smith that this story would be incomplete without its reproduction:

"He lived the life of an upright man,
And the people loved him well;
Many a wayfarer came to his door,
His sorrow or need to tell,
A pitying heart and an open hand,
Gave succor ready and free;
For kind and true to his fellow-man
And a Christian was David Creigh.

"But o'er his threshold a shadow passed,
With the step of a ruffian foe;
While in silent words and brutal threats
A purpose of darkness show;
And a daughter's wild, imploring cry
Called the father to her side—
His hand was nerved by the burning wrong,
And there the offender died.

"The glory of autumn had gone from earth,
The winter had passed away,
And the glad spring-time was merging fast,
Into summer's ardent ray,
When a good man from his home was torn—
Days of toilsome travel to see—
And far from his loved a crown was worn,
And the martyr was David Creigh.

* * * * * * *

"The tramp of your men is at our door,
On an evil errand come;
But for love of them whose garb you wear,
I invite you to my home."
So spoke the Southron! the Chaplain thus:
"Though sick and weary I be,
I can't break bread 'neath a southern roof,
Since the murder of David Creigh!

"Here where he lived, let the end be told,
Of a told of bitter wrong;
Here let our famishing thousands learn,
To whom vengeance doth belong.
Short grace was given the dying man;
E're led to the fatal tree,
And share the grace to our starving hosts,
Since the murder of David Creigh!"

Our hosts were stayed in their onward cry,
Exulting in power and pride,
By an unseen hand—defeat and unrest,
Our banners march beside;
And a heavier burden no heart hath borne,
Than the one that came to me,
With the dying words and the latest sigh
Of the martyr David Creigh.

The beast of the desert shields its young,
With an instinct fierce and wild,
And lives there a man with the heart of a man,
Who would not defend his child?
So woe to those who call evil good—
That woe shall not come to me—
War hath no record of fouler deed,
Than the murder of David Creigh.

CAPTURE OF LEXINGTON.

On the approach of the Yankees to Lexington General McCausland had the bridge which spans Norih river burned in order to cause delay. While the Yankees were making pontoons, a section of their artillery amused themselves by shelling the Virginia Military Institute, Washington College, and other portions of the town. The residence of the Misses Baxter, Professor John L. Campbell, and others were struck, and two shells pierced the walls of the county jail, but, fortunately, there was no loss of life. On the 13th the enemy entered Lexington, and their whole force camped immediately around the

town. The house occupied by the Superintendent, General F. H. Smith, of the Virginia Military Institute, was used as General Hunter's headquarters, while the Presbyterian parsonage was put to a similar purpose by General Averill.

It was sad to me to leave Lexington, the scene of my boyhood, and have it turned over to pillage and plunder. In its confines were the most hospitable and cultured people the sun ever shone on, and now I had to turn my back upon them when they were in despair. In this town was then, and is now, located the Virginia Military Institute, which had sent many gallant men to the armies of the Confederacy, and probably the greatest American soldier that ever trod its soil—Thomas J. Jackson. This school, "the West Point of the Confederacy," was an object of intense hatred, and to destroy it would be the acme of all good.

Hunter came with fire and sword, and most effectually did he accomplish his purpose. The barracks, mess-hall, officers' quarters, a library containing 10,000 volumes, and all the appartus and instruments of the various departments of the school were quickly reduced to ashes. From providential causes the home of Superintendent Smith escaped destruction, and was the only building left standing upon the grounds. The statue of General Washington, which stood in front of the institute, erected by resolution of the General Assembly, was taken down and hauled away. Some ancient cannons, of no use whatever, except as ornaments, taken from a stranded French man-of-war more than one hundred years ago, were also hauled away. The statue and cannons were recovered after the war, and to-day stand where they formerly stood.

For some reason the enemy did not burn Washington College. At the first alarm of war a company had been raised here, largely from among the students of the college, and known as the Liberty Hall volunteers, the germ of the college having been old Liberty Hall Academy. This company was a part of the Stonewall brigade. The enemy was content with destroying the chemical apparatus of the institution and a number of valuable books, principally scientific works, but which would be of little value now, except as relics, as science has left them in the rear. The Federals used the lecture-rooms of the college as stables for their horses and in many ways defaced the antiquated buildings. Through the efforts of Hon. John Randolph Tucker, after the war a claim for $17,000 damages was allowed and paid. The home of Virginia's war Governor, John Letcher, was burned to the ground, the family not being allowed to

take anything out of the building, and barely escaping with their lives. This ended the burning in Lexington.

MURDER OF CAPTAIN WHITE.

An incident occurred here during Hunter's occupancy of the town that stirred it from centre to circumference. It was the deliberate murder of Captain Matthew X. White. It was so atrocious and unwarranted that many generations will not forgive or forget Hunter. Captain White belonged to one of the most highly-respected families of the town, and was a man of wealth and social influence. Before the war he was captain of the local cavalry company here, and his company was the first to leave the county when it was known that actual hostilities could not be avoided, being mustered into service at Harper's Ferry, April 25, 1861. His was made Company C, 1st Virginia cavalry. During the summer of 1861 he resigned, and returned home and joined a company from this county in my regiment as a private—Company H, 14th Virginia cavalry. For several days previous to the coming of Hunter he was at home.

For two weeks previous to the raid and invasion two men were boarding at the Lexington House, claiming to be from the far South, and ostensibly enjoying a furlough. The sequel shows they were Yankee spies. On the day Hunter came to the suburbs of the town, Captain White had scouted about four miles out, and until he met an armed man dressed in citizen's clothing. I do not know whether Captain White knew him or not, but it was John Thorn, who was thought to have led the Yankees through the lower end of the county and on towards Lexington up to the time he met his death. Thorn was a man well known by people of that time, and a citizen of Rockbridge, a farm laborer by occupation. From the statement made by the toll-gate keeper, in front of whose house the tragedy occurred, and from a description the woman gave of the man and the little white mare he rode, it was evidently Captain White who killed Thorn. When Captain White returned from his scout he met at the hotel his supposed friends, and, enjoying together a glass of whiskey he incidentally mentioned to them that he had been scouting and had shot a man at the toll-gate. Captain White went to his farm, three miles west of the town, that night, and next day the Yankees entered the town. It was a surprise to the people of Lexington to see these two men who had been at the hotel for several weeks riding at the head of the column, having left the night before and joined the

Yankee forces. Next morning Captain White was arrested at his farm, and taken through the town, and three miles beyond, near to the place where Thorn was killed, and there murdered.

It was said that he was first hung and then shot, but the testimony of the two men who prepared his body for burial—Major John W. Houghawout and Alexander McCown—who are living to-day, is that he was shot in the back, the large ball going entirely through his body. He was told to walk in front of the two men, who were his guards, and they evidently shot him when he was not aware of their intentions.

These two men returned to Lexington and informed Captain White's mother that her son was safe and would not be harmed, and after having, not an hour before, assassinated him. His body was left where it fell, and but for an accident would not have been found. An Irishman named O'Brien, who lived near by, having never been naturalized, and claiming to be a British subject, kept his horses at home; but the old man having two sons in the Confederate service, the Yankees paid no regard to his protestations and the British lion, and took his stock. The bridge that spanned the river between him and town had been burned, and he went down through an unfrequented wood to where he knew there was a canoe, which he intended using to get to Lexington and see Hunter and get his horses back. He, however, never got them, as Hunter's and Averill's uppermost idea was to denude the country of stock. On his way down through this dense forest he came upon the body of Captain White, and went back and informed the Misses Cameron, on whose land and near whose home this murder had been committed. The Yankees had left the place and gone towards Lynchburg the same day. A messenger was dispatched to Lexington, informing Captain White's aged mother and father of the murder of their son, and Dr. James McCleery, with the assistance of several colored men, brought the body to town and interred it in the Lexington cemetery.

Poor Mat, friend of my youth and boyhood days, you deserved a better fate. When he passed through Lexington he seemed to be aware of his fate, for as he went by the residence of his old friend, Houghawout, he said to him, "Good-by, Huck, I am gone up," and marched on to the place of his assassination with the firmness and fortitude of a stoic. He had no trial, and it is presumed that he was shot by the order of David Hunter.

THE FIGHT AT LYNCHBURG.

After remaining in Lexington three days, the Yankees departed, with Lynchburg as their objective point. We annoyed and harassed them, and made their march as tedious as possible. When we got to Buchanan we burned the bridge across James river, which did not delay them as much as we expected. They found a ford a mile above, and crossed by wading. Here we turned to the left and crossed the mountain by the Peaks of Otter, and camped that night at Fancy Farm, about eight miles north of Liberty. Next day we pursued our journey through Liberty, and on the high hill south of the town we gave the Yankees much trouble with our four six-pounders, with which we shelled them and made further progress impossible for a time. About night they struck both our flanks, and we had to give back. While in the vicinity of Liberty they burned the residence of Colonel Leftwich, a Confederate soldier, and prominent citizen of Bedford county in ante-bellum times.

The next stopping place was in full view of Lynchburg, where we determined that if any Yankees got into Lynchburg somebody would certainly be hurt. The Yankee infantry marched slowly, as it was very hot weather, and we realized the difficulty of 1,000 Confederates resisting 5,000 cavalry. But we stopped them and held our line until their 20,000 infantry came up; and as yet General Early had not put in an appearance, but was expected every moment. Hope had given way to despair, when we heard the whistle of locomotives in the distance. We knew who it was. Well do I recollect standing on a high hill overlooking the city and seeing the black columns of smoke rising from the engines, away down on the South-side railroad. Engines those days used pine wood to make steam, and a locomotive, if constantly fed with seasoned wood, could get a hustle on it. I had seen men go into battle before, but never had the opportunity of viewing the sight from a distance as I had now. Heretofore I was one of the soldiers, and now, safe from molestation and harm, I could view a battle not circumscribed by what was in my immediate front. I could see both the offensive and defensive armies.

The trains came in full view, plastered over sides and tops with men. A halt was made, and out swarmed men like blackbirds, piling their knapsacks into huge piles. Quickly forming, a "double-quick" was made towards the firing line. Up hill and down they rushed,

eager to get there. I do not know how many there were of them, but several thousand. They cheered all the time, especially loudly when they neared our cavalry line and could hear the whistle of the bullets. On they came, and took the places of our dismounted cavalry, which withdrew and remounted. The reinforcements were about seven or eight hundred yards from the Yankee infantry, but they kept moving closer. The Yankees outnumbered our men and were constantly trying to flank, but every effort was repulsed. The enemy, too, was very stubborn, and held their ground well, but in an hour or more they had been driven from the first position back several hundred yards.

At this juncture, about 4 o'clock in the evening, our brigade galloped off to the right of the infantry, and went towards Forest Depot, where we vigorously attacked their wagon train, guarded by a brigade of infantry.

I thought we had secured this train, but our men got disorganized from some cause, probably from a disposition to see what was in these wagons, and those who were in front were driven back upon those behind them, confusion ensued, and we had to abandon all we had already taken except a few prisoners and a small number of wagons and horses.

We lost a few men, probably eight or ten, among them Captain Smith, of the Seventeenth cavalry, whom we brought out, and the last I ever saw of him was a citizen of the community carrying water from a near-by well bathing his face, when he was practically dead.

We could still hear the rattle of musketry towards Lynchburg, which did not cease until the stars were visible, and then it stopped.

Napoleon never looked upon his "Old Guard," or Cæsar his "Tenth Legion," with more pride than I did that evening upon the advance of Early's men through those fields of golden grain. I once had been a part of it, serving one year in the 27th Virginia infantry, "Stonewall Brigade." Among these men were the comrades of my boyhood, and I could not help, even if I wished otherwise, but feel proud of such heroism. Verily, I believe, if old Leonidas and his Spartans were allowed to come back to earth, they would raise their hats in deference to the survivors of Early's division. I had seen a great deal of fighting, but had never seen such bulldog tenacity. They seemed to say: "If you don't go, I'll make you." And, as the sequel shows, they "made them."

During the night, in company with a portion of my regiment, we stood guard at a bridge near Forest Depot, and about 10 o'clock

there was great commotion in the Yankee camp. We could tell this from the rumbling wagons and the peculiar jolting of artillery over rough roads. Headquarters was informed of this incident, and about 11 o'clock an order was sent our brigade. What it was or where we were going, we knew not, but in a short time we were plunging through forests, across rivers and creeks, and when daylight came, we were near Buchanan, from which place we went in a trot to a point close to Salem, where we cut Hunter's retreating army in two for a short time, capturing seven pieces of artillery and destroying a portion of his wagon train. The Yankees were almost famished. One consumptive looking fellow whom I captured, looked so pitiful when he told me that for some time he had nothing to eat but sassafras leaves and birch bark, that I handed him a couple of crackers and a slice of raw meat from my haversack, which he devoured very greedily. I told him if he wished he might go on with his companions, as he was not armed. General Early was pressing them in the rear, and picked up a large number of men nearly starved to death. We followed them to the top of Sweet Spring Mountain, where we left them, and McCausland came back down the Valley through Lexington, Staunton, Harrisonburg, and Winchester, and crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown on our way to fight General Lew Wallace at Monocacy.

This was a disastrous raid for the Yankees. I had it from one of them that of those who reached Charleston, West Virginia, escaping the perils of starvation and capture, many died from overeating when plenty of food could be had.

This is the story of this raid as I saw it, and is drawn entirely from personal recollection. Others may have seen it differently, but what I have stated, I regard as "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

J. Scott Moore,
14th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A.

Lexington, Va.

GETTYSBURG.

The Courageous Part Taken in the Desperate Conflict June 2–3, 1863,

By the Florida Brigade (General E. A. Perry), there Commanded by Colonel David Lang, with the Serious Casualties Sustained.

[The following account is taken from the worthy tribute to a noble brother—"The Memoir of Captain Charles Seton Fleming, of the Second Florida Infantry, C. S. A., by Francis P. Fleming (ex-Governor of Florida), Jacksonville, 1881," in which it forms Chapter VI, pp. 79–88, and Appendix G, pp. 121–4.

Charles Seton Fleming, the son of Colonel Lewis Fleming, a planter of Florida, of gentle Irish descent, was born near Jacksonville, February 9, 1839; educated in local private school, and in youth found employment in a mercantile house in Chicago, Ill. He evinced at an early age a preference for the profession of arms, and early in the year 1858, entered as a cadet "King's Mountain Military School" at Yorkville, South Carolina, the principal of which institution was Major Micah Jenkins, who afterward served with distinction as a General in the C. S. Army, "and fell a martyr to the 'Lost Cause' on the bloody field of the 'Wilderness' on the 5th of May, 1864."

Young Fleming attended this school until June, 1859. After serving for a time as the purser on a river steamer, he entered, in July, 1860, upon the study of law, in the office of his brother, Louis J. Fleming, in Jacksonville, Florida. In consonance with his instincts he was also a member of a local military company—the "Minute Men." In April, 1861, in the "momentous call of the period," he assisted in raising a company to form a part of the Second Florida infantry, designed as a representative regiment of his State, for service in Virginia. It was organized at Pulatka, early in May, with John W. Starke as captain, C. Seton Fleming, first lieutenant, Alexander Mosely (son of ex-Governor Mosely), senior second lieutenant and John E. Caine, a native of South Carolina, as junior second lieutenant. The Second Florida infantry entered the field by going into encampment at Yorktown, Va., on the 17th September, 1861.

In the sight of Yorktown, in the spring of 1862, the Second Florida,

received its "baptism of fire" in a sortie in conjunction with the Second Mississippi battalion, made to dislodge a detachment of the enemy's sharpshooters near Fort Magruder; and in which they were successful.

As acting-adjutant of the Second Florida, in the engagement at Williamsburg, May, 1862, Lieutenant Fleming was severely wounded through the hip and was left in Williamsburg.

Upon the entrance of the enemy he fell into their hands, and in the latter part of July, was placed with other prisoners on the "Rip Raps" in Hampton Roads.

Having been exchanged, Fleming returned to his regiment to find himself without rank, the reorganization having taken place whilst he was a prisoner, and it was thought that he would not recover from his wound. He therefore took his place in the ranks of his old company, but soon after the second battle of Manassas, he was appointed Captain of company G, of the Second Florida, and participated in the investment of Harper's Ferry and the battle of Sharpsburg. Upon the return of Lee's army to Virginia the Florida regiments, the 2d, 5th and 8th were formed into a brigade and placed under the command of General Edward A. Perry. The brigade did gallant service at the battles of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862; Chancellorsville, May 3–4, 1863; at Gettysburg, as detailed; at Bristow's Station, October 14, 1863, and in other engagements—Captain Fleming constantly participating. He sealed his devotion to the cause he loved so well, being killed while leading the Second Florida, in the engagement near Gaines' Farm, Virginia, June 3, 1864. He was buried in the woods on McGehee's farm, but on June 3, 1893, his brother, ex-Governor Fleming, having found the grave, had the remains disinterred and placed in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond, where they now rest.]

At Gettysburg the Florida brigade, participating in the desperate charges of the Confederate centre, under A. P. Hill, on the 2d and 3d of July, sustained fearful losses in killed and wounded, being proportionately greater than that of any other brigade engaged. And it is not too much to say that the charges of Perry's, Wilcox's and Wright's brigades, of Anderson's division, on the 2d, and of Perry's and Wilcox's on the 3d, were in every sense as brilliant and heroic as that of Pickett's division, which has been immortalized by Virginia historians.

The loss of officers on July 2d placed Captain Fleming in command of his regiment, which he led in the charge of the 3d immediately after the repulse of Pickett. Speaking of it afterward to the author, he said that, in leading the 2d Florida in this charge, he experienced the happiest moments of his life.

After making the charge on the 3d, being compelled by overwhelming numbers and want of support to retreat and give up the position gained at such fearful cost, Captain Fleming and Captain William E. McCaslan, of the 2d Florida (the latter Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade), were leisurely and gloomily retiring side by side to the former position of the Confederate lines, discussing the terrible ordeal of battle through which they had passed during the last two days; McCaslan remarked that, no matter how one escaped the dangers of any particular battle, he was exposed to the same in the next, and it seemed impossible to pass in safety through them all. The words were scarcely uttered when a shell from one of the enemy's batteries struck him on the head, and he fell dead.

Thus terminated the career of a gallant soldier and courteous gentleman, admired and respected, and his loss deeply lamented by the whole brigade.

The following is the report of the part taken by the Florida brigade in the battle of Gettysburg in a letter from Colonel Lang, of the 8th Florida (who was temporarily in command), to General Perry, who, at the time of the battle, was ill with typhoid fever:

"BUNKER HILL, VA., July 19, 1863.

"*General Perry:*

"DEAR SIR,—I avail myself of this favorable opportunity of giving you an account of the part taken by the brigade in the Gettysburg fight of 2d and 3d of July.

"On the morning of the 1st, while marching from Fayetteville to Gettysburg (our brigade being the rear guard of Anderson's division), heavy firing was heard in front, and I received orders to pass beyond the wagons and close up on the troops in front. After this, the division was posted in the following order, two miles in rear of Gettysburg, viz: Wilcox on the right; then Perry, Wright, Posey and Mahone. We remained in this position until Longstreet's corps arrived on the following morning. Pender and Heth had the day before (*i. e.*, the 1st) driven the enemy to his stronghold on the heights back of town, with considerable loss on both sides, our loss

being confined chiefly to Archer's brigade. When Longstreet arrived, we were advanced to the front and posted on the right of town, in full view of the enemy's batteries, strongly posted beyond an open field, one mile in our front. While taking this position, Wilcox engaged three or four regiments of the enemy posted in a wood on our right, but after a fight of ten or fifteen minutes, the 9th Alabama drove them back, and we received orders to hold our position, without pressing the enemy, until Longstreet could come into position on our right. He came into position and engaged the enemy about 3 P. M., our line being similar to the one formed in the rear of Fredericksburg after the Chancellorsville fight—that is, Longstreet on the right, and Ewell on the left, almost confronting each other, and forming nearly a right angle, with Hill in the centre; we received orders to conform our lines to Longstreet's movements and advance with him. About 4:30 P. M., Longstreet having advanced to Wilcox, he swung his right forward and advanced. As soon as his left reached my right, I conformed to the movement, and advanced at double-quick upon the strongly fortified position in front, exposed to artillery and musketry fire from the start. Our men suffered terribly, but advanced nobly to the charge. About half-way across the field the enemy had a line of batteries strongly supported by infantry. We swept over these, without once halting, capturing most of the guns and putting the infantry to rout with great loss. Indeed, I do not remember having seen anywhere before, the dead lying thicker than where the Yankee infantry attempted to make a stand in our front.

"Pressing rapidly on after the flying Yankees, we arrived behind a small growth of timber, at the foot of the heights. Here I called a halt, in order to allow the men to catch breath and re-form our line, before charging a battery and infantry in our front, and below the heights. While reforming my line, a heavy column was thrown against Wilcox, forcing him back. I held my ground until the enemy had advanced more than one hundred yards to my rear, and were about to cut off my retreat, when I gave the order to fall back. Unfortunately, there was no ground which afforded any protection, short as the place from which we had advanced; and we were compelled to give up all the ground we had gained. This, however, was never afterward occupied by the enemy in force, although his pickets reoccupied most of it that night. In this charge Major Moore and Captain Ballantine were wounded, and left upon the field; the former seriously, the latter not so badly. Captain Gardner also lost an arm,

but got off the field. Our loss in line officers and enlisted men was very severe. Lieutenant Peeler, acting Aid-de-Camp, acted very gallantly, and was wounded in this day's fight. This charge ended the fighting for the day, the enemy seemingly, in no humor for following up his advantage.

"On the 3d, General Longstreet bringing sixty pieces of artillery up, and General Hill having fifty more in position, about 3 P. M., they opened a most terrific fire upon the enemy's strong-hold, with the intention of shelling them out. The enemy soon replied, and, for nearly three hours the most terrific cannonading I ever witnessed was kept up from both sides, until our ammunition was almost exhausted, when the fire slackened. Pickett's division renewed the assault made by us the previous evening. They advanced in beautiful order in three lines; but before they had gone far, the wounded and the frightened came running back in large numbers, and it was impossible to tell when the main body came back. During this, Wilcox's and our brigade had been lying under cover, supporting the batteries which were shelling the enemy's works. I had orders to connect with Wilcox's left, and move with him. As soon as Pickett's division had retired, we were thrown forward (as a forlorn hope, I suppose), notwithstanding the repulse of the day before, and the repulse of Pickett's whole division, not twenty minutes before. Our two brigades of about 1,400 men, advanced to the charge nobly. As we neared the point from which we had been repulsed the day before, heavy colums advanced upon both flanks, and our artillery, having exhausted their ammunition, did not fire a shot at them. Being unsupported by an advance upon any other part of the line, and having but one line, the enemy paid his undivided attention to us; and our only safety from utter annihilation was in retreat. The 2d Florida being on our left, and their color-bearer wounded, they lost their colors and the greater part of their men. In the retreat the day before, the color-bearer and the entire color-guard of the 8th were killed and wounded, and their colors were left on the field. Owing to the fact that several colors of other brigades fell back with us, the 8th did not miss their colors until after it was too late to secure them.

"In the last charge, and when almost off the field, Captain McCaslan was killed. He was a noble and gallant man, and rendered me invaluable assistance in the battles.

"Since the battles, I have had no staff at all, except David Wilson. The adjutant of the 8th has been acting adjutant-general for

me. There are now but twenty-two line officers, and two hundred and thirty-three enlisted men, for duty in the brigade.

"Our loss has been four hundred and fifty-five, aggregate, killed, wounded and missing. I think a large number of the missing are men who have been captured unhurt, as there were a large number of men exhausted by the rapidity with which the first charge was made, who were unable to keep up on the retreat.

"We held our position until the night of the 4th, when we withdrew and marched all night in the rain, and over the worst roads I have yet seen. On the 5th, we crossed South Mountain and continued our march toward Hagerstown, where we arrived on the morning of the 7th.

"Here we remained until the 10th, when we again moved on, and on the 11th formed line of battle on Salisbury Ridge, along Antietam creek, between Frankstown and Williamsport. Here we awaited the enemy's assault until the morning of the 14th, when we withdrew, and recrossed the Potomac early next morning. After crossing, we rested here until the morning of the 16th, when we moved to this point, where we have been in camp ever since. Where we will go next, I can't venture to predict. Rumors are rife of another crossing into Maryland, but I hardly think it probable.

"We are all looking anxiously for your return, and hope that your health may soon permit you to return to us again.

"Hoping soon to see you fully restored to health, and with us again, I am, General,

"Yours respectfully,

"DAVID LANG."

Colonel Lang soon after this wrote a letter to the editors of the Richmond *Enquirer*, which was published in that paper, to correct an erroneous statement of "P. W. A.," the army correspondent of the Savannah *Republican*, in his report of the battle of Gettysburg. Colonel Lang's letter was as follows:

"CAMP NEAR CULPEPER C. H., VA., July 26, 1863.

"*To the Editors of the Richmond Enquirer:*

"GENTLEMEN—Having just received and read the *Enquirer* of the 25th inst., I am surprised to see through your columns, that so reliable a correspondent as 'P. W. A.,' of the Savannah *Republican*, has (unintentionally of course), glaringly misrepresented the part

taken by Perry's brigade, of Anderson's division, in the battles of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; and in justice to myself, and the brave men I have the honor to command in the absence of General Perry, I ask that you give the following statement, in correction of a misstatement of the part taken by Perry's brigade in that battle.

"'P. W. A.' says: 'Anderson's division was posted for example, in the following order: Wilcox on the right, Mahone on the left, Wright in the centre, Perry in the right centre, and Posey in the left centre. Wilcox was to advance first, to be followed by the other brigades, in their order to the left. Wilcox and his unconquerable Alabamians moved out at the proper time, and fought long and desperately. Perry's brigade (Perry was not present himself), advanced a short distance, but did not become fully engaged.' His statement as to the disposition of, and orders given to the brigades is true; but when he says: 'Perry's brigade advanced a short distance, but did not become fully engaged,' he publishes to the world a misstatement of facts, which I cannot pass over in silence. Perry's brigade did advance at the appointed time, as ordered, with Wilcox's brigade; it advanced as far as either Wilcox's or Wright's or any other brigade that advanced at the same time, and fought bravely and well until ordered by me to retire, after Wilcox had been forced back by overwhelming numbers, and the enemy had advanced, in strong force, more than one hundred yards beyond the line I was holding, almost cutting off my retreat. The loss of more than half the men carried into this charge would appear to unprejudiced eyes, that the brigade did 'become fully engaged.'

"Again, in his account of the battle of the 3d of July, in speaking of the charge of Pickett's division, 'P. W. A.' omits to mention that Perry's brigade was engaged, although he mentions the part taken by Wilcox's brigade; and yet Perry's brigade moved side by side with Wilcox's during that entire day, losing nearly two-thirds of the entire number taken into action. The men I have the honor to command, are staid, sober men, most of them having families, who, knowing the perilous condition of the country, entered the service to do all in their power to avert the impending danger; they fight, not for vain dreams of glory, nor yet for newspaper fame, or notoriety; but they are unwilling to stand by in silence and see their deeds so misrepresented to posterity, as to cause their children to blush for shame when they read of them in days to come. All we

ask of those who record history, while we make it, is simply justice. Give us this, and we ask no more.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"DAVID LANG,

"*Colonel Commanding Perry's Brigade.*"

P. W. A., in a letter to the *Enquirer*, written soon after, corrected the error into which he had fallen, using the following language:

"The mistake into which I was led, and into which it seems your own correspondent also fell, was a very natural one. Information reached me from so many different sources, as to leave no doubt of its correctness, that General Anderson's orders to his division were to advance and assault the enemy, the brigade on the right (Wilcox's) leading off, and the others following in their order to the left. (Such too, was the general order of battle.) Three of his brigades —Wilcox's, Perry's and Wright's—did advance, were hotly engaged, were flanked for want of timely support, and suffered heavily; while the two other brigades did not advance—their movements, we are permitted to infer from the tenor of General Andersons card, having been arrested by their military superiors."

Another army correspondent, signing himself "S," had fallen into a similar error, which he subsequently corrected in a letter to the *Advertiser and Register*, paying a handsome tribute to the Florida troops, from which we make the following extract:

"No man, capable of performing his duty, can shun the field in this hour of supreme trial, without disgracing himself and his posterity, and endangering the cause so dear to every lover of liberty.

"Instead of abusing the furloughs which have been given them, or taking shelter in nitre bureaus, and behind frivolous and unmanly excuses for exemption, every able-bodied man who cannot better serve the cause at home than in the army, should esteem it a privilege to come at once to the field, without waiting to be called, and thus emulate the example of the brave Floridians, who have sent more men to the war than the number of voters in the whole State.

"And this reminds me that in my account of the great battle of Gettysburg, full justice was not done to Perry's Florida brigade. Its performance was not only creditable, but gallant, as is shown by its heavy loss, which, in proportion to the number engaged, exceeds that sustained by any other brigade on the field."

The brigade belongs to Anderson's division, Hill's corps; Wilcox held the right of the division, Mahone the left, Wright the centre, Perry (Colonel Lang in command), the right centre, and Perry the left centre.

Wilcox was to advance first, to be followed by the other brigades in their order to the left. It appears, for reasons given in a former communication, that only three brigades became fully engaged—Wilcox's, Perry's and Wright's. Colonel Jayne's 48th Mississippi, of Perry's brigade, which had been thrown forward as skirmishers and lost heavily, supposing that the brigade proper would follow on in support; but for some reason it did not, nor did Mahone's on the left. While marching through a piece of woods to his proper place, on the 2d, Wilcox became engaged with the enemy, and soon repulsed him. About 6 P. M. (too late to co-operate with McLaws and Hood, though no blame can attach to the brigadiers), the several brigades in the division were ordered to advance to the attack, in the order given above. Wilcox moved forward promptly, followed by Lang, who, in his turn, was followed by Wright. Each fought bravely and desperately, drove the enemy back to its front, and ran over several batteries and heaps of slain; but each, in its turn, was compelled, after almost unparalleled losses, to abandon the enterprise of carrying the impregnable position of the enemy, and retrace its steps to the point from whence it had started. Had the attack been made simultaneously along the whole line at the time Longstreet engaged the enemy, or, even, when the three brigades went in, the historian might have been called on to record a different result.

"On the 3d, Wright was not engaged, but Wilcox and Lang were ordered to co-operate with Pickett and Pettigrew in the assault on Cemetery Hill. The Floridians and Alabamians fought with distinguished courage, as on the previous day, and again forced the enemy to yield to their desperate charges; but, for the second time, the assault was not made simultaneously, and when position after position had been carried, it was found that three others still, which, with their weary and wasted forces, it was impossible to storm. First, Pickett retired, and then Wilcox and Lang—each having suffered frightful losses, and leaving their dead and wounded in the hands of the foe.

"The second Florida was commanded on the first day by Major Moore, who was wounded and left on the field, as was Captain Ballantine, second in command. On the third day Captain Fleming

assumed command, Lieutenant Todd being second in rank. The Fifth Florida was commanded by Captain Gardner, who lost an arm on the second day, when the command devolved on Captain Bryan, and next upon Captain Hollyman. The Eighth was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Baya. These three regiments made up the brigade which was under Colonel Lang, of the Eighth, who handled it skilfully and bravely, in the absence of General Perry, who is detained from duty by severe illness."

To the foregoing testimonials of the valor of Perry's brigade at Gettysburg should be added the following tribute from their gallant division commander. Emanating from the high source that it does, it should be preserved a front page in the history of Florida's soldiers :

"HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON'S DIVISION,
"THIRD ARMY CORPS, August 6, 1863.

"*To the Editors of the Enquirer :*

"GENTLEMEN,—In the letter which I addressed to you a few days ago, correcting the statements of 'P. W. A.' the correspondent of the Savannah *Republican*, I omitted to take notice of the following sentence : 'Perry's brigade advanced a short distance, but did not become fully engaged.' This is quite as incorrect as the other statements which I have contradicted. Perry's brigade, under the command of Colonel David Lang, advanced as bravely, as perseveringly, and as far as any troops could have done in the same situation.

"They were hotly engaged—suffered heavier in loss in killed and wounded, in proportion to their numbers, than any brigade in the army, and did not retire until compelled, like all the others, to do so by the superior force of the enemy, and the great strength of his position.

"By giving this communication a place in your columns you will render an act of justice to brave men, whose honor and reputation so take pleasure in defending against the incorrectness of the statement, and the inferences which might be drawn from any omission to notice it.

"I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"R. H. ANDERSON, *Major-General.*"

Soon after the return of the army to Virginia, the author having received and accepted the appointment of 1st lieutenant of Company "D," of the 1st Florida cavalry, doing duty with the Army of the

Tennessee, severed his connection with the Army of Northern Virginia, and parted, for the last time, from his brother—the subject of this memoir—the companion of his boyhood, youth and early manhood, and with whom, up to that time, he had served as a soldier since the commencement of the war.

APPENDIX G—Pp. 121–4.

Casualties of Perry's Brigade at the Battle of Gettysburg, July 2–3, 1863.

Killed—Second Florida.

Company A—Lieutenant H. F. Riley, Privates D. Knight, Thos. Flowers, W. Bond.
Company B—Lieutenant R. S. Jenkins.
Company C—Lieutenant P. Shealy.
Company D—Sergeant C. W. Johnson.
Company E—Captain W. E. McCaslan.
Company F—Lieutenant George Pooser, Private S. D. Phretchard.
Company I—Sergeant William W. McLeod.
Company K—Corporal G. Reddick.
Company M—Lieutenant E. L. Hampton, Sergeant A. Williams.

Fifth Florida.

Company A—Private D. W. Scott.
Company B—Private R. R. Barnes.
Company C—Privates S. H. White, Arvin Oliver, Elias Barimna.
Company D—Private James Burney.
Company E—Lieutenant J. A. Jenkins, Privates S. H. Calhoun, R. C. Cash, R. Hudson, B. Sincoe, H. Linton.
Company F—Captain John Frink.
Company G—Private John Baugh.
Company I—Private J. C. Cox.
Company K—Lieutenant J. C. Blake, Private Thomas Mumford.

Eighth Florida.

Company C—Privates William Slaughter, C. B. Griffin.
Company F—Private John Rowe.
Company G—Private Thomas Galloway.
Company I—Private S. Crews.

Wounded—Second Florida.

Major W. R. Moore.

Company A—Captain W. D. Ballantine, Corporals J. T. Luckie, W. D. Keenedy, Privates W. H. Phillips, W. C. Bryan, A. W. Keyser, A. Villar, W. T. Sills, G. Flournoy.

Company B—Sergeant S. J. Sanchez, Corporal J. H. Boyt, Privates T. J. Finley, W. E. Stroble, J. F. Bleach, B. Jones.

Company C—Privates J. T. Suggs, A. H. Bateman, J. S. Jones.

Company D—Privates J. Talbott, R. Wolf, George Footman, D. Jordan.

Company E—Lieutenants P. P. L. Todd, J. H. Johnson, Privates B. Tate, T. Albrittam, D. Bryant, A. J. Hogan.

Company F—Privates W. J. Thompson, J. Neil, R. Cobb, D. Tillis.

Company G—Sergeant W. E. Livingston, Privates John Revels, H. Harris, H. V. Long, H. McClellan, G. R. Brooman.

Company H—Privates E. Hall, F. Medicis, M. Sanchez, J. J. Vinzant.

Company I—Lieutenaut J. W. Hall, Privates W. Belote, E. H. Tomblin, William Stringheard.

Company K—Privates H. C. Grosventine, L. F. Walker, R. N. Batten, W. Hodge.

Company L—Privates T. H. Sutton, E. Dampier.

Company M—Lieutenant J. D. Perkins, Sergeant J. Betton, Privates Herndons B. M. Hora, S. Dimmock, R. W. Sirles, H. C. Billingsby, W. W. Shuman, N. A. Armstrong, P. Conniff.

Fifth Florida.

Company A—Lieutenant G. L. Odum, Privates R. H. McClelland, D. M. Claytor, M. D. Pratton, B. H. Lee, Robert Potts, John F. Cooper.

Company B—Privates J. R. Richard, J. Niblack, P. Morgan, John Field, T. S. Geer, M. Coon.

Company C—Privates Wiley Atkinson, D. C. Isler, J. R. Sutton, W. D. Smith, H. Norris, J. W. French, J. W. Howell, H. Stanford, C. Allegood, M. Dudley.

Company D—Lieutenant J. A. Shaw, Privates G. F. Devane, A. D. Dutton, J. R. Robertson, J. M. Hindley, J. N. Morgan.

Company E—Privates W. Carson, J. W. Johnson, Isaiah Jones, B. W. Moseley, E. Hudson, D. E. Wethington, P. Bowers.

Company F—Privates R. W. Hillhouse, A. Rawles, E. W. Dempsey, J. G. Ash.

Company G—Captain Wm. Bailey, Privates L. Long, Geo. Dice, G. W. Cole, S. M. Johnson, James Milton, J. P. Strickland, K. Ward.

Company H—Private B. F. Wood.

Company I—Private M. B. Swearinger.

Company K—Captain R. M. Gardner, Privates L. W. Shine, W. H. Arnell, M. W. Baggett, A. F. Berry, W. B. Barney, J. C. Folkel, J. M. Grambling, T. J. Isler, J. W. Nash, A. H. Wheeler.

Company L—Privates R. Faircloth, R. W. Ashmore, J. F. Herring, J. Jenkins, S. C. Revell.

The following of the 5th Florida were reported wounded and left on the field:

S. M. Sutton, J. M. Merritt, A. J. White, J. D. Russell, ——— Wentworth, Lieutenant George Walker, J. S. Ayres, M. C. McFall, B. Hinman, J. Bryant.

Eighth Florida.

Company A—Lieutenant H. Bruce, Privates W. H. Newman, W. Barnier, S. Barinton, J. M. Laughton, J. Chasin, P. Hall, William Campbell, B. Gibson, H. Love, W. Andrews, F. M. Bryant.

Company B—Captain T. R. Love, Lieutenants E. R. Dismukes, John Malone, Privates H. S. Stone, W. W. Johnson, G. F. Cox, M. Lambert, J. Russell.

Company C—Privates H. Sutar, —— —— McQueen, P. Hatch.

Company D—Privates A. Dial, M. L. Baker, John Irving, C. Othello, T. Harper, E. Paget, C. Harper, A. Gonzales, J. Prior.

Company E—Lieutenant W. W. Wilson, Corporal A. G. Kilgore, Privates James Wilkerson, John Welsh, F. E. Savage, E. D. Tucker, R. Kidd, J. Croome.

Company F—Privates E. Williams, W. Crews.

Company G—Captain J. Mizell, Privates G. F. Simon, W. G. Cox, E. W. Wiggins.

Company H—Captain T. B. Livington, Private H. Dice.

Company I—Privates R. Osteen, B. Hicks, H. Bryant, H. Parish.

The following wounded, whose companies are not known, were left on the field:

F. Walker, A. Cumba, ——— Winegall, S. R. Jenkins, G. Bucran, F. C. Burrows, R. Brown, G. Garrison, E. W. Wiggins.

Killed, 2d Florida, 14; 5th Florida, 17; 8th Florida, 5; Total killed, 36.

Wounded, 2d Florida, 62; 5th Florida, 76; 8th Florida 65; Total wounded, 203.

Total casualties, 239.

COLONEL JOHN BOWIE MAGRUDER.

Historical Sketch of His Life.

By Col. WM. H. STEWART, Portsmouth, Va.

John Bowie Magruder was born on the 24th day of November, 1839, at Scottsville, in Albemarle county, Virginia. He was the oldest son of Benjamin H. Magruder and Maria Minor, daughter of Dr. James Minor, and great-grandson of Garrett Minor, of "Sunning Hill," who was a member of the Committee of Safety in 1775 for Louisa county, and represented it in the Legislature in 1793. The family removed to "Glenmore," about seven miles from Charlottesville, Va., when John was five years old. He first attended private schools in the neighborhood; went to Colonel John Bowie Strange's "Albemarle Military Academy," at Charlottesville, one session, then matriculated at the University of Virginia in 1856, and took the degree of Master of Arts in June, 1860. He was a teacher in Nelson's Academy, in Culpeper county, at the outbreak of the Confederate war, which position he at once relinquished and went to the Virginia Military Institute to take a two months' course in military tactics.

On his return home, he organized a military company, called the "Rivanna Guards;" was elected and commissioned captain July 22, 1861. The gray cloth for their uniforms was furnished by the county, and the ladies of the three families at "Glenmore," "Edge Hill," and "Gale Hill" made them.

The "Rivanna Guards," under Special Order No. 276, Adjutant and Inspector-General's Office, Richmond, Va., dated September 12, 1861, was assigned to the 32d Virginia regiment infantry, Colonel B. Stoddert Ewell, commanding; and on the 23d day of September, 1861, it was transferred to the 57th Virginia regiment, constituted by Special Order No. 285, under command of Major E. F. Keen,

and designated as Company "H." Colonel Lewis A. Armistead was subsequently assigned to its command, and on February 14, 1862, ordered to report to General Huger at Suffolk, Va. Colonel Armistead continued in command of the 57th Virginia regiment until April, 1862, when he was promoted to brigadier-general.

On the 20th of February, 1862, Brigadier-General A. G. Blanchard, commanding at Portsmouth, Va., moved Colonel Armistead's 57th Virginia regiment, and one section of Girardy's battery to defend the Blackwater river and cause its blockade. This force garrisoned Fort Dillard at the confluence of the Blackwater and Nottoway rivers, in North Carolina, until May 12th, when it was evacuated. Captain Magruder was directed to embark his company on an old steamboat and proceed up the river to Franklin. It had in tow a large schooner, which Captain Magruder was ordered to sink in the channel about seven miles below Franklin, to prevent pursuit by the enemy's gunboats, which might attempt to come up the river from Edenton. This work, after considerable trouble with the leaking steamboat, was successfully accomplished, and Captain Magruder's command disembarked at Franklin about 1 o'clock P. M., and rejoined the rest of the regiment, which, by a forced march, reached there about the same time. The artillery, ammunition, etc., were shipped to Raleigh, N. C., by the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad. After burning the county road bridge and railroad bridge over the Blackwater, they moved on and bivouacked for the night within two miles of Jerusalem. As the soldiers marched into the village next morning, the whole population turned out and treated them in the most hospitable manner.

John Tyler, Jr., son of ex-President John Tyler, was remarkably kind to Captain Magruder's company. He had a cart hitched up, loaded it with the knapsacks of the men, and directed the driver to go along with the company until encamped for the night and then return. Only those who have borne the burden of a knapsack strapped to the back on a hot day can fully appreciate such a kindness. Besides, Mr. Tyler had every man's haversack filled with deliciously cooked corn bread, which must have required fully six bushels of meal.

The camp for the night of the 13th was in a woods near Mr. Urquhart's farm, and about 11 o'clock A. M. of the 14th of May, the command arrived at Littletown where it rejoined the brigade which came up from Suffolk, and all moved to a point about two and a half miles north and east of Petersburg, where they encamped.

On the 28th of May, Armistead's brigade was engaged in obstructing the Appomattox river at Point of Rocks, and soon after this date was ordered to the north side of James river. On the 25th of June, it was posted about five miles from Richmond, between the York River Railroad and the Williamsburg road, occupying rifle pits in the margin of a woods from the railroad to the Williamsburg road. There was constant skirmishing along the line. On 29th it moved to the Charles City road; on 30th moved down the road and engaged the enemy, losing one man killed and one wounded. On July 1st, in the celebrated charge on Malvern Hill, Captain Magruder's company lost twenty-seven men, killed and wounded, in about forty minutes—one-half of the company present.

On July 3rd, Armistead's brigade reported to General Longstreet, near Temperance Hall, about three miles from "Shirley," nearly opposite the mouth of the Appomattox, and was put under the command of General A. P. Hill until the 11th of July. Captain Magruder was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, July 31st, 1862.

On the 23d of July, Armistead's brigade was assigned to General R. H. Anderson's division, and on August 16, 1862, proceeded to Louisa, and from thence on the first Maryland campaign. Armistead's brigade was in reserve at the second battle of Manassas, and at the capture of Harper's Ferry from Maryland Heights; but it was engaged in the battle of Sharpsburg.

At Martinsburg, in September, 1862, it was transferred from Anderson's to Pickett's division, which was at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 11–15, but not actively engaged. It remained with the army on the Rappahannock until early in February, 1863, when it marched to Richmond, thence to Petersburg, thence by the line of the railroad towards Suffolk on a foraging expedition.

Lieutenant-Colonel Magruder was promoted to Colonel, January 12, 1863, and soon after Lieutenant John D. Watson, was appointed adjutant of the 57th Virginia regiment. Colonel John B. Magruder was assigned to an independent command and posted on the White Marsh road leading from Edenton, N. C., to Suffolk, Va., about four miles from the latter place. General Pickett with the remainder of the division was on the Sumerton road. Colonel Magruder's force was made up of the 11th, 17th and 57th Virginia infantry regiments and Macon's battery of four pieces.

Skirmishes were of frequent occurrence for three weeks. The enemy made an attack on the 21st of March, with force about equal to ours, and were summarily repulsed by Colonel Magruder, with

little loss to his command; but, on the 24th, an expedition in overwhelming numbers made an assault upon Colonel Magruder's command, and again retired ingloriously. At the same time another force attacked General Pickett on the Sumerton road. The force sent against Colonel Magruder was under command of General Michael Corcoran, of the noted Irish brigade. The Federal reports say it consisted of about 5,000 infantry commanded by Colonel R. S. Foster, under whom were Colonel J. C. Drake, Colonel Francis Beal, Colonel Clarance Buel and Colonel Mathew Murphey, commanding the Irish brigade, with 500 cavalry under command of Colonel Samuel P. Spier, and ten pieces of artillery under Captain John G. Simpson. Colonel Buel, of the 169th New York infantry was severely wounded, and his lieutenant-colonel reported that his regiment was placed far in advance of all others in support of battery D, 4th U. S. artillery, commanded by Captain Follet, and unflinchingly faced a continuous and unabating shower of shell, grape and cannister, from the well directed fire of the enemy until orders were received to retire. This is a high compliment to Colonel Magruder from the enemy, whose loss in men and equipment was greater than they were willing to admit. It did not take long to find out that Colonel Magruder was terribly in earnest with all work assigned to him, and it was known throughout the whole division that he was a man of fine courage and ability, and he was held in high esteem by his superiors, as well as those under him. The splendid management of Colonel Magruder and the gallant conduct of his troops were duly appreciated and acknowledged in order from headquarters, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS PICKETT'S DIVISION,
April 25th, 1863.

COL.,—The Maj.-Gen'l commanding directs me to say that it affords him great pleasure to acknowledge the important services of yourself and command during the time that you held the important position on the White Marsh Road. All of the dispositions you made to receive the enemy, and especially the manner in which you received them, and notwithstanding their greatly superior numbers, repulsed them, meets with special approval. He desires you to express his approval in orders to Macon's battery, the 11th Virginia infantry, Kemper's brigade. The 17th Virginia infantry, Corse's brigade, and your own gallant regiment, the 57th.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

RO. JOHNSON, A. A. A. G.

To Col. J. B. Magruder, 57th Virginia regiment,
Commanding, White Marsh Road.

Thereupon the colonel commanding issued congratulatory orders to his troops. General Longstreet ordered his troops to withdraw from the siege of Suffolk on the night of the 4th of May, and Colonel Magruder's regiment marched from thence to Richmond, where it remained about a week; thence it moved to encamp within two miles of Hanover Junction, where preparations were made for the advance into Pennsylvania.

On June 24th, Pickett's division crossed the Potomac at Williamsport and bivouacked on the Maryland shore. It entered Chambersburg on the 27th of June, marched directly through the town, and encamped on the York road about four miles out. The division was detained here three or four days, destroying railroad depots, workshops and public machinery. On the morning of the 2d day of July, 1863, at 2 o'clock, it took up the march to Gettysburg, marching 23 miles, and within three miles of that place, before it was halted to rest. Early next morning it moved towards the line of battle, and in the afternoon made the great charge which shattered and immortalized Pickett's splendid division. Colonel John Bowie Magruder fell mortally wounded within twenty steps of the enemy's cannon, shouting: "They are ours." He was struck by two shots—one in the left breast and the other under the right arm, which crossed the wound in his breast.

On the spot where he thus gloriously fell mortally wounded, Colonel Magruder was made prisoner and carried to the hospital in Gettysburg. Here he languished until July 5th, 1863, when his spirit took its flight. He was a member of the "Epsilon Alpha Fraternity," and a frater caused his remains to be encased in a metallic coffin, and, with all his personal effects, sent to his father by flag of truce to Richmond, in October, 1863. He was buried at "Glenmore," in Albemarle county.

His cousin, James Watson Magruder, himself afterward killed on the battlefield at Meadow Bridge, May 11th, 1864, writing from camp near Fredericksburg, August 8, 1863, said: "From last information, John now sleeps among those gallant spirits who that day bore our banner so nobly against the ramparts of the enemy on the battlefield in a foreign land. If so, he died with his laurels thick around him. I saw him in Loudoun [county] a short while before the army left Virginia, looking better and in better spirits than I

ever knew him. It almost disposes me to quarrel with the decrees of heaven when he, the noblest of us all, in the flower of his youth, is thus untimely cut off. Why could not other men, who might be better spared, be taken in his stead? But our country demands the noblest for her altars. Our grief is increased by the fact that our country cannot afford to lose such men."

The spirit of this letter exhibits in every line the unselfish patriotism of the Southern youth. Their sacrifices made glorious the history of the Confederate States. The proud record is so close to us that we should see it at every mental glance, feel it at every move, and touch it at every step. It is a fadeless essence, beautiful and brilliant. Its stars, like diamonds in the tomb of royalty, will rest undimmed by the dust and lapse of ages.

John Bowie Magruder, in the flower of his manhood, in the 24th year of his age, fell for the glory of his country in the great battle which turned the destiny of the South. His name is enrolled amongst the heroes of his Alma Mater, the University of Virginia, and listed with the dead on the field of battle, whose courage and chivalry made the fame of the Army of Northern Virginia.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, May 28, 1899.]

SHARPSBURG.

Graphic Description of the Battle and Its Results.

The Courage and Self-Sacrifice of the Confederates During the Campaign.

Some months since an article on the battle of Sharpsburg, which appeared in the Confederate column of the *Richmond Dispatch*, stated that the writer for the first time had cause to be ashamed of the Confederate soldier. Ever since I have waited for some one to notice this criticism—some one whose knowledge of the facts was greater than mine, and who could defend the reputation of men who never had cause to be ashamed of their actions—their deeds then and forever will speak for themselves. From Bethel to Appomattox their grand leader and their country was proud of them, and they never had cause to blush with shame themselves.

It is true that there were many stragglers (not deserters), or General McClellan would have found out before the second day after the battle that he could claim a victory. These men, please bear in mind, had in about eight weeks marched from Richmond to Frederick, Md.; had fought and won the battles of Cedar Creek, Second Manassas, Chantilly, Harper's Ferry, South Mountain—though not successful in holding the passes of the latter, they had crossed the Potomac, and then retraced their route to Sharpsburg, and with a record that never before has been claimed of any army in an enemy's country. When hungry, tired soldiers marched through a land of plenty and took no man's goods, not even apples in the orchards; when forced marches on empty stomach had broken down and worn out the men, of course the older, sick and weak men dropped out of the column and straggled from necessity.

Governor Curtin and General Wool both testify that these men—ragged, shoeless, half-fed—passed through the country without making depredations or taking anything without offering to pay for what they took, even if it were in Confederate scrip. General Lee's order had been issued to that effect, and though hungry, the men observed his request. It is for the future historian to compare such an order and the character of the man who issued it and the men who observed it, with the vandalism of Butler, Sherman, and Sheridan and their men. These were not men to be ashamed of, even if some of them did straggle, and when those who were on hand when General Lee marshalled his forces on that 17th day of September, with an army, variously estimated at from 35,000 to 40,000 men, to cope with General McClellan, with about 90,000 to 120,000 men (see his report in Vol. XIX, War of "Rebellion," dated September 20, 1862; also Long's Memoirs of Robert E. Lee, page 220), every man who answered roll-call knew that a terrible and bloody battle was before him, and when the day was over they had nothing then to be ashamed of, nor had the stragglers, who, weak from hunger, with bare feet, leaving bloody tracks where each step was made, crossed the river all day and joined in the battle wherever the fighting line might be. The men who fought at Sharpsburg have a record as proud and free from shame as those who fought in any other battle of the war, Gettysburg not excepted.

AS TO THE VICTORY.

It was not my intention when I began, to write so long a preface but only to recite an incident that occurred after Sharpsburg.

A short time since, I was talking with Colonel William H. Palmer, afterwards A. A. G. to General A. P. Hill, and asked if General Hill had ever made a report of the engagement at the ford below Sheppardstown; how many men were there, and what General Hill's version of the fight had been. It seems that Hill had never been fond of writing reports and seldom made one, and they are all too brief. Colonel Palmer stated that he had often talked with General Hill about the attack and defeat of the Yankees, though he had never before met one who had participated in the affair, and as General Hill had fought the battle, and by driving the Yankees back, was the man who changed the whole plan of the campaign for that year, he would be glad if I would try to remember all that occurred, as the whole honor and glory belonged to General Hill.

The battle of Sharpsburg is claimed as a Federal victory. Why, I do not know, except that in that case we failed to drive the enemy entirely off the field, as we had done before, but all the 18th, the next day after the battle, we lay waiting for "Little Mac" to come out of his hole and try another tussle. As he refused to do this, General Lee retired on the night of that day, and then, for the first time, McClellan claimed his victory.

Our battery, being on the extreme right of our line, was drawn off first and reached the ford shortly after dark. This ford was an exceedingly difficult one, especially for an army with a "victorious" enemy in its rear. The road crossed the C. & O. canal, then down the steep berm bank to the river, which at that time was waist deep. On the southern side of the bank was again steep, and the road ran for some distance along the foot of the bluff, then crossed a deep ravine by means of a narrow bridge, and then into a gorge, so that a long time was necessary to cross an army with all its artillery, wagons, etc. As soon as we had crossed, an aide directed us to place our guns on the bluff and wait for orders. My captain directed me to wait at the ford until General Gregg (of A. P. Hill's division) crossed and to report to him (General A. P. Hill's light division being the rear guard of the army).

All night long I sat on my horse waiting for General Gregg, but it was not until morning, just after daybreak, that his brigade reached the ford. I delivered my message and found my way to the battery. Just here I wish to call attention to the difference between the Confederate and the enemy. General McClellan, for more than a month after the battle remained near Sharpsburg, trying to reorganize his army, calling for reinforcements, stating in one of his reports that a

division with 18,000 on its roll had only 7,000 for duty, the rest having returned to their homes, and, finally, provost marshals were appointed all over the States (I should say the Union States) to bring these deserters back, and during all that time the utmost efforts were made to recruit his army and outfit it in clothing, tents, ammunition, etc., while the "beaten and routed" Confederates fell into line as naturally as water seeks its level.

As I stood at the ford that night the men, as they passed, would call out the number of their regiment, or the name of their battery, soon finding their own places, and when General Lee, two days afterwards, settled on the hills around Bunker Hill, the men had reorganized themselves and were ready to fight again. As stated before, after seeing the entire army cross the river, I found my way to our battery—tired, hungry, and anxious to find something to eat. It happened that a stray chicken got in my way and found its way into the frying pan in a very short time. Up to that time, so far as I know, no orders had been issued to those five batteries; we were left there with about 175 infantry, under General Roger A. Pryor, as a shadow of support for the guns. Just about sunrise General Longstreet rode up and ordered me to take two guns to shell a point of woods on the other side of the river, where he said the enemy were massing. Like the poor innocent that I was, I took the guns and left the chicken, and when my duty with the guns was over I returned to find both General Longstreet and my chicken gone. He left orders, however, that we were to remain on the bluff as long as possible, and when driven away by larger and longer range guns to retire as quickly as possible upon the rear of the army. With the exception of the odor of fried chicken and two peaches that I had found on a tree near the battery, I had nothing to eat all that day.

During the morning we had some little firing, but were exceedingly annoyed by the infantry lying in the bed of the canal and concealed in a house and barn opposite our battery. Finding this picket fire was coming too fast and close, I determined to burn the barn with shrapnel, if possible, and I think that by one shot during this fire I gave General Lee at least four good hours in which to make his way back to Bunker Hill—the position that he had selected to meet McClellan, if that general chose to follow him. I observed an officer and an orderly riding down the hill towards the barn and house alluded to above, and, having cut the fuse and being just about to give the order to fire, I concluded to try a shot at these

men instead of at the barn. So moving the trail slightly to the left and giving the gun a very slight elevation, I was delighted to see, upon the explosion of the shrapnel, that both men had been knocked from their horses to the ground. One of them was evidently killed, the other badly wounded; but after about half an hour he succeeded in getting on his horse, with the assistance of the rail fence, and rode to the rear.

From what occurred afterwards, I am satisfied that these men came with orders for the men hidden in the barn, house and bed of the canal to charge across the river at a given signal; because just about that time a battery of 20-pound Parrotts, which we had observed for an hour or two on the extreme left of the enemy's line, commenced firing; and though the distance was estimated to be about two miles and a half, their shots fell within a few feet of our guns, though none of them exploded where they struck, but ricochetted over our heads to where General Pryor's infantry was lying in the woods. Our guns, being smooth bore, could not, of course, fight a battery of 20-pound Parrotts, so we withdrew just below the brow of the hill and awaited further orders.

Upon the withdrawal of our guns the firing of this battery ceased, and, being very tired, to say nothing about being sleepy and hungry, I stretched myself on the ground and went to sleep. How long I slept I have no idea, but was awakened by a most tremendous fire of artillery all along the line of the hill on the north bank of the river, and noticed particularly that our friends of the 20-pound Parrotts had the range of the top of our hill in a most uncomfortable manner. As I rose to my feet I found the whole woods on the other side ablaze with the fire of heavy guns, ranging from 3-inch rifles to 24-pound Howitzers—probably some twenty-five guns altogether. How many infantry were in the bed of the river and crossing the canal it would be hard to tell, but, from my frightened condition, I thought there were a million of them. The river was full of men over half way across, cheering and firing as they came on.

The men of our battery, together with those belonging to other batteries on the bluff, were mixed in helter-skelter race for the road, the whole field and road being crowded with men, guns, horses, limber chests without the guns, caissons, officers on horseback and on foot, all in a confused mass and all making the best time possible to where they expected to find the rear of General Lee's army. I had been so sound asleep that I was somewhat dazed by the noise of the guns and the rattling of muskets, the bursting of shells, and the

general confusion around me. For the moment I did not notice that the gun of which I had charge was still standing unlimbered on the edge of the hill, but calling two men, one named Solomon, and the other named Manoni, both of whom promptly returned, we succeeded in limbering the gun, the men mounted the horses, and we were quickly following the procession. For probably a mile the Yankee guns commanded the gorge up which this road ran, and every step of it I took at a gait that would have done credit to John Gilpin on his famous ride.

It is no use denying the fact, I ran as fast as my horse could carry me, through the crowded road or through fields, where possible, and the men of my gun followed me. At the first turn, which was the road running towards Shepherdstown, we turned from the column, intending to go there and find where the rear of the army was. Just after turning into this road, I came across my old comrades, the 2d and 3d Howitzers, with their horses unhitched, guns parked, both men and horses endeavoring to get supper of some kind, utterly unconscious that the Yankees had crossed the river. They had evidently been forgotten. It was only a few minutes before the battalion was hitched up and on their way also to the rear, as fast as possible.

How late that night we pushed onward, or where we struck General Hill, I have not the slightest recollection. It seemed to me, however, that the night was interminable, and that we must be many miles beyond the river. At last, however, we did strike General Hill, and our story was communicated to his headquarters. A fighter like General Hill needed no orders when his rear was pressed, and by daylight next morning the tramp of that tireless infantry that had already marched and fought until any other less hardened soldiers or men of such spirit would have given out and broken down, was heard marching back to the river, the clatter of their canteens, the occasional clanking of a musket butt against a bayonet, and the rumbling of the artillery carriages being the only sounds, but plainly showing that General Hill did not intend to allow General McClellan to push General Lee, but to give him a tussle for the advance.

How far we marched that morning I do not know, but when the infantry struck the Yankees that were encamped on the south side of the river preparing their breakfast, the tired stride that had carried these veterans over so many miles was forgotten, as, with an old-fashioned rebel yell, they opened fire, and in a short time charged, and though the Yankees fought, and fought well, they could not stand the rush of Hill's troops. I am under the impression that we did

not fire a gun on that morning. The fight lasted probably an hour, though, as Bob Stiles says, "No man knows in a fight whether he has been there five minutes or a whole day."

But as the Yankees began to give way and to rush down the sides of the ravine into the road and thence into the river, the fire of Hill's infantry became steadier and their aim truer, and how many were killed no one knows—the ravine was narrow and full of men, every man for himself in a mad effort to cross the river before the rebels could overtake them. I remember seeing the river full of men, as I recall now, not firing a single gun, while our men lay on the top of the bluff and poured volley after volley into the enemy, every man who was shot going down to his death in the river either by the shot or by drowning. It was one of the horrible sights of war, but a necessary and effectual check to McClellan.

I have been unable to find in the short time I have spent in look-over the volumes of the "War of the Rebellion" how many men Hill had and how many Federal troops there were, my impression being, however, that we carried between 3,500 and 4,000 men. Five of our guns had been left on the bluff, and were found just as we left them. The one belonging to our battery was quickly taken charge of by our men, and the march to the rear again resumed.

This time General McClellan was convinced that it would be prudent for him to allow General Lee to choose his own place for meeting him, and we were not pushed nor followed, not even a gun was fired from the other side of the river as we withdrew.

This action of General Hill's proved to be one of the turning points in the campaign of '62. McClellan certainly had had an experience that made him cautious.

On the 22d of September, with nearly three times as many men as General Lee had, McClellan again reports from the north side of the Potomac that he "did not feel authorized to cross the river in pursuit of the retiring enemy," and in the same report (which is the only reference I have found as to the instance related above) says: "The enemy still continues to show their pickets along the river, and with a large force drove back the last reconnoissance that was attempted on the other side." This hardly sustains the boastful claim of a victory at Sharpsburg.

A perusal of the "War of the Rebellion," to the men who participated in these scenes, is exceedingly interesting, and especially when a victorious army, after one of the bloodiest battles of the war, remains on its own side of the river for at least six weeks looking for

General Lee with his defeated columns up and down the river, when they could easily have found him at Bunker Hill, not twenty miles from the Potomac, waiting to give McClellan a chance for another "glorious victory." McClellan in the meantime was continually calling on Washinton for troops, asking that this general be sent to his army, and that general—it may be, to repair the bridges at Harper's Ferry and other places, and it was not until late in the fall that the Army of the Potomac attempted to cross at Harper's Ferry, and advanced upon Culpeper and along the Rappahannock river. The probabilities are, therefore, that our little stand at the ford below Sheppardstown, where twenty guns and 175 infantry held McClellan's "victorious" army for a whole day, and again on the next day, when General Hill drove his "reconnoissance in force" back with such loss, impressed the enemy with such profound respect for the shooting qualities of the "ragged rebels" that the whole Federal army had to be recruited "almost anew" and outfitted, as is shown by the official reports filed, before willing again to challenge General Lee to a battle. Before General McClellan, however, who was a good soldier and a gallent man, could get himself ready, some one else was put in charge of his army, with instructions to take Richmond whether or no.

The late Cuban war has taken up the attention of the people of the present generation, so that we "old fogies" of '61 to '65 are relegated to the rear, and when we begin to talk about war, fighting, suffering, sleepless nights and dreary days, without clothes, without shoes, with nothing but the unconquerable spirit which made the Army of Northern Virginia the grandest army the world ever saw, when Jackson's "Foot Cavalry," Longstreet's "Heavies," and Hill's "Light Infantry," would march twenty or thirty miles from dawn of one day to the beginning of a second, then fight all day and possibly two, the boys of the present day are inclined to laugh and say, "Old man, you are a back number," and so we are. Year by year the men who held the Southern Cross for four long, weary years against overwhelming odds, and whipped and killed more men than they at any time had in the army, are fast passing away, and it will be but a few years before all of them shall have "passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees."

I say "whipped," and say so deliberately; they never whipped us, but wore us out; and on April 8th and 9th of 1865, there was as much fight in the eight or ten thousand veterans who had followed General Lee to Appomattox as there had ever been, and some as

gallant stands made by these men then as can be found in the pages of history. We were overwhelmed by numbers in the army and by suffering and starvation at home, where such men as Sheridan and Sherman overran our country and devastated it so that "a crow flying over would have to carry his rations with him." With such a record as that, we old veterans still think we have a right to talk, and if any of the younger generation wish to learn what fighting is, let him attend any "Campfire," and get some of the men around to talk about the old times; old eyes will kindle into flashing fire, old forms, bent with age, straighten up, as first one and then another tells of the charge on such and such a battery, or a stand made behind such a fence, or how such and such a battery—as, for instance, the First Company of Howitzers at Chancellorsville—held the entire right wing of the Union army at bay for a whole day without infantry support, as Rev. William Dame, of Baltimore, will tell him; or get Major Robert Stiles to repeat his lecture on the Second Battle of Cold Harbor, where in eight minutes 13,000 of Grant's splendid army were killed and wounded by the "ragged rebels"; and the youth, if he has any manhood in him, and is not simply a second-class cigarette smoker, will become convinced that the "old man" is not far wrong in claiming a right to talk, and that "there were giants in those days."

Possibly, therefore, he will listen more respectfully and with more interest not only to the tales of the battles, with the rattle of musketry, the deep boom of cannon, the whistle of the conical bullet, the bursting of the shell, the commands of the officers riding here and there with sometimes loud and angry curses and sometimes with the clear, cool words of the man who has thorough control of himself; the noise, dust, confusion and, above all, an excitement that compares with nothing else in the world, the weary marches through rain or choking dust, the dreary camps, the suffering from cold and lack of clothing—but to the cause for which their fathers fought and for which so many of them laid down their lives.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, from the standpoint from which it is viewed, we had no war correspondents in our army who made it their business to laud their officers and to decry the action of those not so popular, and therefore as unwilling as some of us may be to write articles of this character at this late date, we feel it is due that the individual soldier should tell what he saw and what he knew, not only of the privates who stood shoulder to shoulder with him, but of their great and gallant leaders, than whom

no better soldiers ever fought; and we hope that you and the public will accept this view of the case as an apology for so long an article. We are the war correspondents, though our story is nearly thirty-five years old.

J. B. MOORE.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, October 29, 1899.]

CAPTAIN THOMAS JEFFERSON PAGE.

How This Intrepid Officer Defied Superior Numbers.

TWO AGAINST THE STONEWALL.

The Niagara and the Sacramento Feared to Give Her Battle—Captain Craven, U. S. N., Court-Martialed for Cowardice.

Died in Rome, Italy, October 26, 1899, Captain Thomas Jefferson Page, in the 92d Year of His Age.

Captain, or as he was more familiarly known, Commodore Page, was born at "Shelley," Gloucester county, and his boyhood was spent there. In 1827 he was appointed a cadet at the United States Naval Academy by President John Quincy Adams, in recognition of the services of his paternal and maternal grandfathers, Governor John Page and Thomas Nelson, Governor, of Yorktown, he being the son of Mann Page and Betsy Nelson. The United States Naval Academy was then a receiving ship, stationed in the harbor of New York, and young Page was graduated with the honors of a class of forty-five members.

He was then commissioned a midshipman, and made several notable cruises. One of these was on the old *Dolphin* to Asiatic waters. All of the officers and many of the crew were stricken down with fever, until Midshipman Page was the ranking officer. He assumed command and brought the ship to a home port, and was rewarded by Congress raising his rank. Captain Page was but 18 years old at that time, but even at this early age was noted for his valor and cool judgment.

Jefferson Page passed through all grades and was commissioned a commander in 1855. In 1861, however, he left the United States Navy and received a commission as Commodore in the C. S. N. He was also made a colonel of heavy artillery in the C. S. A., and was in command of the station at Gloucester Point, and later at Chaffin's Bluff. He was however, relieved from duty in the army and sent as special agent of the Confederacy to European countries to purchase ships for the navy. After the war he went to London, and later went to South America, where he and his son engaged in cattle raising on an extensive scale. In this connection is an interesting story.

In the early fifties he surveyed the Paraguay and Rio de la Plata rivers. His services were recognized by the Argentine government, which offered to commission him commander-in-chief of the navy of that country. This honor, however, he declined, but on his returning to that country after the war, and being in reduced circumstances, he at once became a popular hero, and financial aid was given him without stint. His son had already settled there, and they engaged in stock raising. He, by this means, amassed a considerable fortune, and then migrated to Florence, Italy. Here his daughter became the Countess of Spinola, but on the death of the Count of Spinola, they removed to Rome, where the home of the venerable couple, Commodore and Mrs. Jefferson Page, became the Mecca of Americans who visited that city. For a score of years Commodore Page was blind, but retained the full possession of his mental faculties.

Besides his service at sea, Commodore Page surveyed and made soundings for the old Fire Island Channel, New York harbor, and for some years was stationed at the Naval Observatory in Washington.

A widow, a daughter (the Countess of Spinola), Professor Frederick Page, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., and Philip Page, of Buenos Ayres, South America, sons, survive him. He also has many relatives who reside in this State. The Page homestead at "Shelley" is now occupied by his grand-nephew, Richard Page.

The death of Captain Page recalls to the minds of those who knew him many thrilling incidents in connection with his life.

As Mr. Virginius Newton was one of the officers of the *Stonewall*, commanded by Captain Thomas Jefferson Page, a representative of *The Times* saw him yesterday evening. Mr. Newton gave the following account of the history of the *Stonewall:*

"In January, 1865, I was serving on board the Confederate frigate *Rappahannock*, lying in the harbor of Calias, France, detained by the French Government under some technicality. In the early part of January I was detached from this command and ordered to proceed to London, where I joined the blockade-runner *City of Richmond*, under command of Captain Hunter Davidson. We sailed for the coast of France and anchored in a nook of Quiberon Bay. I knew nothing of what the general purpose of our movement was or the purposes of the Confederate Naval Department in other quarters. We lay in Quiberon Bay until the evening of the next day, the 24th of January, when a steamer came in sight and hailed us. We found it was the Confederate States steamer *Stonewall*, built in France for Denmark, rejected by Denmark, and sold in Copenhagen by her builders to the Confederate States Government. Captain Thomas Jefferson Page and Lieutenant R. R. Carter, of Shirley, Va., boarded this vessel at Copenhagen and met the *City of Richmond* in Quiberon Bay on the day named—the 24th of January, 1865.

A HEAVY GALE.

"We kept in touch with the *Stonewall* during this day, transferring stores, supplies, and a portion of our crew, until the next day at noon. We then got under way, and in the Bay of Biscay encountered a heavy gale, when the *Stonewall* became short of coal, and orders were given to the blockade-runner, *City of Richmond*, to proceed to the island of Bermuda, and there await the arrival of the *Stonewall*.

"The *Stonewall* then proceeded to the harbor of Ferrol, in Spain, for the purpose of taking on coal. Whilst there, the Federal frigate, *Niagara*, under command of Captain T. T. Craven, and the *Sacramento*, a vessel of war of the United States navy, commanded by Captain Walke, appeared off this port and anchored at Corunna, nine miles distant, from whence they could watch the *Stonewall*. The *Niagara* was one of the fastest ships in the navy of the United States, and carried a battery of ten 150-pound Parrott rifles, while the *Sacramento* mounted two eleven-inch guns, two nine-inch guns, and one 60-pound rifle. The *Stonewall* carried a 300-pound Armstrong rifle in her forward turret, and two 70-pound Armstrongs in her stern turret, that being her entire armament.

"On March 24th, the *Stonewall* steamed out of the harbor in plain sight of the enemy, but, to the surprise of Captain Page, who

had expected an engagement, they declined this challenge. For the the failure on the part of Commodore Craven to accept this gage of battle, he was brought to trial by court-martial, found guilty, and sentenced to two years' suspension; but the Secretary of the Navy annulled the sentence on the ground that it was not sufficiently severe for the offence. On a revision of the proceedings, the court-martial made the same finding, which the Secretary again set aside for the same reason, and Captain Craven was restored to duty.

"After this incident the *Stonewall* crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of raising the blockade at Port Royal and other seaports on the Atlantic coast, but, on entering the harbor of Havana for supplies, there learned of the conclusion of the war and the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox. The vessel was then bonded to the Captain-General of Cuba for the sum of $16,000, with which her officers and crew were paid off and discharged. The *Stonewall* was subsequently surrendered to the United States government, and by that government sold to Japan. She was for some years in the naval service of Japan, and finally sunk in a typhoon.

"After leaving the *Stonewall*, in April, 1865, in the harbor of Havana, I proceeded to Mexico, where I was engaged in engineering on the first line of railway in that country. Returning to this country in the summer of 1866, I visited the Gosport Navy Yard, at Norfolk, and there, to my surprise, found the old *Stonewall* in dock, refitting for her subsequent voyage around Cape Horn and delivery to the Japanese authorities."

Dr. Bennett Wood Green, who was a surgeon on board the *Stonewall*, recalled the career of the Confederate iron-clad ram at his home 504 east Grace street, last evening, and expressed the sadness which Captain Page's death had caused him. He said: "Captain Page, when I knew him on the *Stonewall*, was past three-score years, but he was alive, energetic and brave. His bright eye never faltered, and a more courageous office never trod the deck of a vessel."

Dr. Green himself is no longer a young man, but he talked with great animation on the subject of the *Stonewall*, which he said was quite a formidable vessel in her day. She was a ram, clad with four inches of iron, and armed with three Armstrong guns—one 300-pounder and two 70-pounders. The shipbuilding firm of Messrs. Arman, at Bordeaux, France, undertook the contract to build her for the Confederate government, Emperor Napoleon III, granting permission. Before the vessel was completed, however, the Emperor revoked the permission, and refused to allow the delivery of the ves-

sel to the Confederate States agent. However, the vessel was bought by Denmark, which country was then at war with Austria and Prussia. The Danes emerged from hostilities in a bankrupt condition, and the *Stonewall*, which had never been paid for, was thrown back on the hands of the French firm.

A plan was conceived by the Confederate authorities to obtain possession of the vessel, which lay at Copenhagen. Captain Page and Lieutenant Robert R. Carter, a son of the late Hill Carter, of Shirley, who were in Europe, were directed to proceed to Copenhagen with the agent of the ship-builders, who was sent to take possession of the vessel. Technically the two Confederate officers were passengers when the *Stonewall* sailed from Copenhagen for France.

The plans of the Confederates contemplated the juncture of another vessel, carrying a crew of fighters, with the *Stonewall*, off the west coast of France. The *City of Richmond*, a trading vessel, owned by the Crenshaws, of this city, was then at London. Dr. Green and other officers, together with a crew of 100, boarded the *City of Richmond*, which proceeded to the west coast of France, reaching Quiberon bay. The *Stonewall* arrived a day later, and her crew of Danes were put off on the French coast, their places being taken by the crew shipped on the *City of Richmond*.

Proceeding south, the Confederate vessel, officered, manned and armed, ran into the bay on the coast of Spain, at the head of which was a navy yard at Ferrol, and at the mouth of which the town of Corunna stood guard. While the *Stonewall* was at Ferrol, the Federal war vessels, the *Niagara* and *Sacramento*, under command of Commodore Thomas T. Craven, put into the bay. Leaving ahead of the *Stonewall*, the two Federal boats cruised about the mouth of the bay, off Corunna, until the Confederate vessel came out. Undoubtedly the Federal commander had intended to give battle, but his heart failed him. Captain Page, on the contrary, beat back and forth in front of the silent enemy, challenging combat. There was no response.

Several days later the *Stonewall* went into the harbor of Lisbon, and on emerging found Craven's vessels again. In view of his refusal to fight off Corunna, the presence of Commodore Craven at Lisbon was regarded as purely accidental and unintentional. The enemy's boats were prepared for fight—port holes open and men at quarters. Captain Page ordered his vessel cleared for action, too. He then proceeded leisurely past the two Federal vessels, his three guns keeping silent those of the enemy.

Incidentally, Dr. Green told of the court martialing of Commodore Craven, referred to above by Mr. Newton.

The *Stonewall*, shortly after the incident at Lisbon, started across the Atlantic, intending to touch at Bermuda. High winds, however, carried the vessel out of her course, and she finally anchored at Nassau early in May. Here the officers and crew were plunged into inexpressible sadness, hearing there for the first time that President Davis was in chains, President Lincoln had been assassinated, General Lee had surrendered at Appomattox, and the whole Confederate government had been crushed.

It was with a sad heart that Captain Page headed for Havana, where he hoped to obtain from the Confederate agent at that place money with which to pay off his men. The agent professed to have no funds. In despair Captain Page called on the Spanish Captain-General, to whom he told his story. The Captain-General listened with evident sympathy, and when Captain Page offered to leave his ship and her belongings in the Spanish official's custody as a pledge for $15,000 necessary to pay off the men, the Captain-General said: "Why, I will let you have a hundred thousand dollars." Captain Page refused, however, to take more than the sum he had named. Captain Page abandoned ship on May 20, 1865.

Subsequently the vessel passed into the possession of the United States government, which sold her to the Japanese government. The *Stonewall* made the long journey to the Orient, but shortly afterwards foundered off the coast of Japan in a gale.

Of the officers on the *Stonewall*, three are now living—Dr. Green and Mr. Virginius Newton, of this city, and the master, W. W. Wilkinson, whose home is at Charleston, S. C.

LIEUTENANT DAVIDSON'S ACCOUNT.

The meeting of the *City of Richmond* and the *Stonewall* at Quiberon, is thus told by Lieutenant Hunter Davidson, who had charge of the crew of the *City of Richmond*, in a letter dated February 6, 1865, and printed in "The Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe."

"I left Cherbourg 18th January, and carried out instructions on the way to Quiberon, where we found a snug anchorage on the 20th, and laid quietly, permitting no communication with the shore until the morning of the 24th at 10 o'clock, when the *Stonewall* hove in sight, to the rapturous delight of all who were in the secret."

After explaining the reasons why the *Stonewall* did not receive the quantity of coal intended for her, and which should have been sent out from St. Nazaire, he proceeds thus :

"She" (the *Stonewall*) "was in a filthy condition, and required more labor to clean her than to get the stores on board and towed afterwards. The weather was very bad and wet, too, and prevented us from lying alongside. It was, therefore, hard to work satisfactorily. However, on the 28th January, early, the barometer rising and the weather promising well, the *Stonewall* and this vessel left the bay and soon ran out of sight of land, going nine and ten knots, for San Miguel. It blew a gale at times, with as heavy a sea as I have ever seen. The *Stonewall* would often ship immense seas, they seeming at all times to cover her from knighthead to taffrail, but yet she never seemed to be injuriously affected by them, but would keep her course very steadily. On the morning of the 30th January, after a most uneasy night, we became separated about five miles, this ship having forged ahead, and being afraid to run off in such a heavy sea. About noon, however, it moderated for awhile, and the barometer rising steadily, we kept away and ran down to her, signalling, 'How do you do?' Answer, 'All right.' This was so satisfactory that I signalled, 'Shall I go on?' Answer, 'Am very short of coal, and I must make a port, Ferrol.' Signalled, 'Shall I follow you?' Answer, 'Suit your convenience about following.'"

Davidson then added that the detention of his ship had already caused the loss of one moon for running the blockade, and considering the necessity there was of his getting to Bermuda quickly in order to save the next moon, and considering also that it did not appear necessary to the safety of the enterprise that he should remain any longer in company with the *Stonewall*, he determined to part company, and signalled "Adieu," which was answered with "Many thanks," and then he says : "At 1 : 30 we parted company, and at 3 : 30 lost sight of her, she still heading the sea to the northward and westward, facing the gale under easy steam, no doubt waiting for the weather to moderate before running down on the cost of Spain."

Captain Page also wrote from Isle of d' Houat, near Quiberon, giving a full account of his tedious delays and the disappointment he felt at not getting a full supply of coal, but he did not like to wait for the return of the coal-tender from St. Nazaire. He advised me that he had taken charge of the ram on behalf of the Confederate government, and that M. Arman's agent, who was with him, had complied with all engagements satisfactorily, and was therefore entitled

to receive the stipulated commission for his services. The Danish crew were discharged and sent to St. Nazaire, and the ram was chartered and commissioned in due form as the Confederate ship *Stonewall.*

In the heavy weather after leaving Quiberon Bay, the *Stonewall* made a good deal of water, and it was thought that she must have sprung a leak some where, but owing to the crowded state of the ship, a satisfactory examination could not be made. This apparent defect was an additional reason for making a harbor, and when the gale moderated, Page bore up and ran into Corunna, and the day after arrival there, he took the *Stonewall* across the bay to Farrol, "where all facilities were politely tendered by the officers of the Natal arsenal."

THE STONEWALL AT FERROL.

The first advice of the *Stonewall* from Ferrol was without date, but she arrived there about February 2d, and Page soon began to lighten the ship by discharging some of her heavy weight into "a good dry hulk," which the naval authorities had kindly put at her disposal, with the purpose of finding the leak.

It appears, however, from his correspondence, that the facilities granted him upon his first application were quickly withdrawn. Writing to me, under date of February 7th, he says: "To-day there came off an officer to inform me that in consequence of the protest of the American minister the permission to repair damages had been suspended, and added, however, that the commander told him that his case was under consideration at Madrid, and that he thought that all would be right in a few days. In the end permission was given to make all necessary repairs, but many difficulties were met with, the authorities appearing to be very desirous to hurry the ship off, yet not willing to turn her out of port in an incomplete state."

On the 10th of February, Page wrote that the United States frigate, *Niagara*, Captain Thomas Craven, had arrived, and a few days after the United States ship *Sacramento* joined the *Niagara*, and both vessels anchored at Corunna, about nine miles distance, from whence they could watch the *Stonewall.* Their presence, Page said, gave the Spanish authorities much uneasiness. It was now manifest that the *Stonewall's* movements were known. The two United States ships at Corunna would either attack her when she attempted to leave Ferrol, or they would follow her across the Atlantic.

Besides, this advice of her being at sea would be sent to New York, and preparations would be made by United States naval authorities to give her a warm reception. The leak was discovered to be in consequence of defective construction in the rudder casing, and this, together with other injuries caused by the rough handling the ship had encountered during the tempestuous voyage from Copenhagen, satisfied Page that the repairs would detain her several weeks at Ferrol. He took also into consideration the latest news from America, which appeared to indicate that the South could not resist much longer. Finally he determined to go to Paris for consultation, and he directed Carter meanwhile to push on with the repairs.

While Page was absent, the *Niagara* and the *Sacramento* ran across the bay from Corunna and anchored at Ferrol. In a letter reporting the incident, Carter said: "We, of course, got ready for accidents, and, in lighting fire, sparks flew from the funnel."

In a few minutes a barge from the navy yard, with an officer of rank, came alongside, asking if we meant to attack the *Niagara*. I replied that we had no such intentions, but proposed to defend ourselves from an attempt to repeat the affair at Bahia. He said: "This is not Brazil. The Admiral requests that you will let your fires go out, and warns you against an attempt to break the peace." Two guard boats were also stationed near us, and remained there every night while the *Niagara* was in port. However, we kept steam all night and the chain was unshackled, so as to get the ram pointed fair in case the *Niagara* moved our way.

It was decided, after consultation with the Confederate commissioners, that in spite of the gloomy prospects across the Atlantic, no possible effort that could be made from Europe should be abandoned.

Page, therefore, returned to Ferrol with the purpose to pursue his enterprise, which, I may say, in brief phrase, was to go to Bermuda to get some additional advance stores and a few picked men from the *Florida*, waiting there for him, another attempt to strike a blow at Port Royal, which was then supposed to be the base of General Sherman's advance through South Carolina. Vexatious delays detained the *Stonewall* at Ferrol until March 24, when Page got to sea.

The United States ships *Niagara* and *Sacramento* had manifested every purpose to follow and attack the *Stonewall* when she left Ferrol. The *Niagara* was a large, powerful frigate, mounting ten 150-pounder Parrot rifled guns, and the *Sacramento* was a corvette, very heavily armed for her class, the principal pieces being two 11-inch

and two 9-inch guns. The *Niagara* was also a ship of great speed, and could easily have kept clear of the *Stonewall's* dangerous beak. The *Stonewall* was protected by 4¾-inch armors, and mounted on one 300-pounder and two 70-pounders Armstrong guns, but she was a small ship and low in the water, and the *Niagara's* battery could have commanded her decks. Page, being quite sure that he would be followed out and attacked as soon as he had passed the line of Spanish jurisdiction, cleared for the action before getting under weigh in full sight of the two United States ships. The upper spars, to the lower masts, were struck and stowed on deck, and the boats were detached from the davits.

In this trim the *Stonewall* steamed out of Ferrol on the morning of March 24, 1865, accompanied by a large Spanish steam frigate. At about three miles from the shore the frigate fired a gun and returned to Ferrol. The *Stonewall* then stood off and on all the remainder of the day with her colors flying in plain view of the two United States vessels which remained at anchor. Carter, in his letter, says: "We could see the officers standing in the *Niagara's* top using spy-glasses."

At dark the *Stonewall* stood close on to the entrance of the harbor, and then, being satisfied that the enemy did not intend to come out and fight, Page bore away and steamed down the coast to Lisbon, where he arrived in due course, the *Niagara* arriving about thirty-six hours after him.

CAPTAIN PAGE'S OPINION.

Commenting upon the failure of the *Niagara* and *Sacramento* to follow the *Stonewall* and attack her, Page wrote me from Lisbon as follows: "This will doubtless seem as inexplicable to you as it is to me and all of us. To suppose that these two heavily armed men-of-war were afraid of the *Stonewall* is to me incredible, yet the fact of their conduct was such as I have stated to you Finding that they declined coming out, there was no course for me but to pursue my voyage."

Captain Thomas Craven, who commanded the *Niagara*, was not the officer who is mentioned in another chapter as the commander of the United States ship *Tuscarora*, and who had a correspondence with the Governor of Gibraltar in respect to the Confederate ship *Sumpter*.

Captain Thomas Craven was an elder brother of the latter named officer. His conduct in making so much parade of a purpose stopped

the *Stonewall*, and the subsequent failure to accept her invitation to come out and engage her was a good deal criticised at the time. I have no means of knowing what explanation of his conduct he made to his own government, and I should be sorry to repeat any of the gossip of the period which might cast a slur upon his courage. His reputation in the United States navy, while I held a commission in that service, was such as to place him above any suspicion. He was certainly an able and efficient officer, and I mention the incident with the *Stonewall* as an historical fact, and without the slightest purpose to cast an imputation upon his memory.

At Lisbon, Page was made to feel that he was the representative of the losing cause. He was permitted to get a supply of coal, but it was manifested that the authorities wished him clear of the port.

He got away as soon as possible, proceeding to Santa Cruz, in the Island of Tereriffe, replenished his fuel there, and thence stood down into the northeast trades. On April 25th he hauled up for Bermuda, but encountered northwest winds and heavy head swells immediately after leaving the trade winds, and being in rather short supply of coal, he shaped his course for Nassau, arriving there May 6th. From Nassau he proceeded to Havana.

At the time of Page's arrival at Havana, the war was practically at an end. In a few days he learned of General Lee's surrender, and soon after of the capture of Mr. Davis. Manifestly he could not venture upon offensive operation. The small amount of funds he took from Ferrol was exhausted. Major Helen, the Confederate agent, could do nothing for him in that way. The position was perplexing and quite exceptional. As a last resource, negotiations were opened with the Cuban authorities for the surrender of the ship to them if they would advance money necessary to pay off the crew.

When it was known through a resident merchant that the Captain-General was willing to make the necessary advance and take the ship, Carter was sent to state the requirements and get the money, and his brief report of the interview is as follows:

After five minutes' conversation the Captain-General asked for the sum we required. I said "$16,000." He said, "say $100,000." I replied that my orders were to ask for $16,000. He then turned to an official at a desk and bid him write, continued asking questions, and then the document was handed to him for perusal. He looked at him and said: "Shall we make it $50,000?" But I obeyed orders, and $16,000 was ordered to be paid.

Upon the receipt of the money, Page paid off the crew to May 19, 1865, and delivered the *Stonewall* into the hands of the Captain-General of Cuba. In July, 1865, she was delivered to the government of the United States, and the conditions of the surrender are set out in the annexed correspondence between the Spanish Minister at Washington and Mr. Seward, the United States Secretary of State. She was subsequently sold by the United States to the government of Japan.

TECHNICAL QUESTIONS.

It may be thought by those who are inclined to be severely critical that in the arrangements for despatching the *City of Richmond*, some liberty was taken with the municipal law of England, and that there was some violation of her neutral territory. Scarcely anyone, however, will maintain that the shipment of arms by the steamer was illegal; and the officers and men from Calais were unarmed in plain clothes, were not above an hour from English soil and merely passed across a minute portion of English territory as ordinary travellers. If it is possible to construe those movements as an offence, it cannot be said that Her Majesty's Government was in any degree chargeable with neglect because neither the customs nor the police authorities could have known of the purpose in advance, and could not therefore have made any arrangements to stop it, even if the state of the law would have justified interference.

At Calais, however, the conditions were wholly different. A Confederate man-of-war was lying at that port. She was in a dock near the railway station, and could be seen by every passenger en route from London to Paris in the daily mail trains. Officers in the Confederate uniform walked her quarter deck, the Confederate flag was hoisted and struck morning and evening, and all the routine and etiquette was preserved on board of her that is commonly practiced in national ships lying in the dockyards of their own countries. Her presence was permitted by the French authorities, and she was openly used as a depot ship, because no disguise was possible. Men were collected on board of her and afterwards distributed to the *Florida* and other vessels, as on previous occasions, and she was used in the same manner to supply the wants of the *Stonewall*. If there was any violation of French neutrality, it was done with the tacit consent of the Imperial authorities, and without greater concealment than is practiced in all well regulated business transactions. No information was asked, and none was offered.

The United States urgently pressed at Geneva the charge that Great Britain had been both lax in her neutral duties and partial towards the Confederate States, and commended the rigid exactness of France. The foregoing are some of the facts which may serve to illustrate the true attitude of those two neutral powers, and may help those who are still interested in the subject to determine the foundation upon which the "Alabama Claims" were based.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, November 26, 1899.]

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

Details of the Mighty Conflict.

INTERESTING PAPER BY HON. JOHN LAMB READ BEFORE THE SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Scouting in the Enemy's Lines—Underground Mail Route Described.

A valuable paper on the battle of Fredericksburg was read by the Honorable John Lamb at a recent meeting of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Sons of Confederate Veterans, in pursuance of a custom now in vogue in the camp of having some battle of the war between the States discussed by one or more of its members each Monday night. The paper elicited much praise from those present, among whom were several of the delegates to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Mr. Lamb was, by a unanimous vote, requested to present the MS. to the camp, and allow it to be published. The text of Mr. Lamb's discussion of this famous battle was as follows:

DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE.

The battle of Sharpsburg of the 16th and 17th of September, 1862, was over; the Army of Northern Virginia had recrossed the Potomac, and was camping upon its native soil in the Shenandoah Valley, where the commander-in-chief was trying to recuperate his forces. On the 25th of September, General Lee suggested to President Davis that the best move for his army to make was to advance upon Hagerstown and fall upon McClellan from that direction, saying: "I would not hesitate to make it even with our diminished forces did the army show its former temper and disposition."

Lee had hoped that McClellan would cross the Potomac and offer battle in the lower Shenandoah, but this overcautious commander was unwilling to try a third issue with the bold Confederate leader.

STUART GOT THE HORSES.

In order to engage McClellan's attention and gather a supply of fresh horses from the farmers of Pennsylvania, on the 10th of October Lee dispatched the gallant and raid-loving Stuart, with 1,800 horsemen, across the Potomac into Pennsylvania, and by noon of the 12th of October he again recrossed the Potomac, not only with a fresh supply of much-needed horses, but with full information as to McClellan's movements. This bold and daring ride so irritated and excited the Federal Government that it peremptorily ordered McClellan to choose a line of attack and move against Lee in Virginia. This meant the second cry, "On to Richmond!"

The experiences of the Federal forces in the great Valley, both in Virginia and Maryland, did not give them confidence to undertake a new campaign in that already famous region, and McClellan determined to draw Lee from the Valley by crossing to the east of the Blue Ridge and then following along its eastern foot. Crossing the Potomac on October 23d, McClellan successfully occupied, with detachments, the gaps of the Blue Ridge, and made demonstrations towards the Shenandoah, thus guarding his flanks as his army marched southward.

GENERAL LEE'S PLANS.

Lee at once comprehended this plan, and immediately sent Longstreet with the First corps to check the front of McClellan's advance. Jackson, with the Second corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, was left in the Shenandoah Valley to remain so long as he thought prudent. With his usual boldness, Lee did not hesitate to post the two wings of his army sixty miles apart in a straight line.

McClellan now occupied Pope's former position behind the Rappahannock, with fully 125,000 men —100,000 men holding the defences of Washington and 25,000 watching the Shenandoah in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry. Lee had less than 75,000 in the two corps of the Army of Northern Virginia and in his cavalry corps under Stuart, and, with this disparity of numbers, he was again to meet the great Army of the Potomac.

Not satisfied with the leadership of McClellan, Lincoln placed Burnside in command at Warrenton, and he at once hastened to execute an "on to Richmond," by way of Fredericksburg, thinking that by taking advantage of a shorter route he could reach the capital of the Confederacy without being intercepted by Lee; but when he attempted to force his advance towards Fredericksburg, the ever-watchful Stuart promptly reported his movements to Lee, who ordered Longstreet from Culpeper and placed him at Fredericksburg, across Burnside's track in a strong position on the south bank of the Rappahannock.

JACKSON'S MOVEMENTS.

Jackson, who had been busy in the Valley destroying the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and keeping the Federals in a state of uncertainty as to his whereabouts, with his usual promptness obeyed an order given him by Lee, and followed Longstreet to Fredericksburg. Making demonstrations at Chester and Thornton gaps, he misled those who were watching his movements by marching up the Valley to New Market, thence by Madison Courthouse to the vicinity of Orange Courthouse, and then by road to Fredericksburg.

Both Lee and Jackson would have much preferred to meet the new commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac near Richmond, possibly on the south side of the North Anna, where the topography of the country was more favorable for a complete victory; where Burnside would be further away from his stores, and be compelled to detach large bodies of men to protect his line of communication, but the Confederate authorities were wedded to a line of defensive operations, and were unwilling to permit the Federal army to approach so near to Richmond. Therefore, Lee, always obedient to superior orders, prepared to resist the further encroachment of the Federal forces upon Virginia soil. Wherefore, Lee immediately set to work and selected and hastily fortified a strong line of defence along the wooded terraces that overlooked the broad bottoms of the Rappahannock. Thousands of Lee's army were barefooted and destitute of clothing suitable for the rigors of early winter, and many were even without muskets; yet, Lee said, in a letter written at that time, that his army "was never in better health or better condition for battle than now." Having thus been prevented from carrying out his intentions, Burnside consumed much

time in mustering his 116,000 men and 350 pieces of artillery on the plateau north of the Rappahannock, and known as Stafford Heights, from which he could look down upon the historic town of Fredericksburg, which trembled in expectancy of destruction between these two powerful contending foes.

BURNSIDE WAS CONFIDENT.

While awaiting the development of Burnside's movements and watching the ways by which he might move to Richmond, Lee sent D. H. Hill's division of Jackson's corps to watch the crossing of the Rappahannock at Port Royal. Ewell's division, now commanded by Early, was in camp next to D. H. Hill's division, while the divisions of A. P. Hill and Taliaferro were placed near the railroad leading from Richmond, where they could move either to the aid of D. H. Hill or Longstreet, as the exigences of the occasion might demand. Jackson established himself near Guiney's Station, on a road which led both to A. P. Hill's headquarters and to the headquarters of General R. E. Lee—the latter being established on the old Telegraph road leading to Fredericksburg. Burnside issued twelve days' rations to his army, and confidently expected to make the next issue at Richmond. On the morning of the 11th of December, under the cover of a dense fog, Burnside attempted to throw a pontoon bridge across the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg, in order to permit Franklin's corps to cross the Rappahannock.

CROSSED IN THE NIGHT.

Barksdale's brigade of Mississippians was assigned the duty of defending the crossing of the Rappahannock in front of Fredericksburg. These brave and daring fighters well performed their duty, and shot down many of the Federal pontoon-builders, and frustrated nine successive attempts to lay the bridges. Burnside, becoming irritated and exasperated by the delay, turned loose his heavy guns, and soon the city of Fredericksburg was in flames and one body of infantry crossed the Rappahannock. But Barksdale's division of riflemen had snatched one day of anticipated victory from the overconfident Burnside. Under cover of the darkness of the night of the 11th of December, and assisted by the heavy winter fog of the next morning, about 45,000 infantrymen and 116 guns, under Franklin, crossed the pontoon bridges below Fredericksburg, and were spread a few miles along the line of the railroad towards Richmond,

while Sumner led 31,000 into Fredericksburg by the upper pontoon bridges.

As the fog lifted on the 12th of December and Lee looked out from the high hill in the centre of his position chosen by him for his headquarters, and saw this great host stretched for miles to his front and to his right in "brave battle array," he knew that the Federal commander had chosen the perilous plan of a direct attack. Lee had already made preparations to meet such an assault, and he promptly directed Jackson to concentrate his men on the right of the army and take command of the right wing. Our own gallant and beloved fellow-citizen; that brave soldier and patriot whom we all know and admire; that saintly man of God whom we see among us every day, the Rev. James P. Smith, D. D., of Jackson's staff, late in the evening rode eighteen miles to D. H. Hill's headquarters down the river. That able commander, by marching eighteen miles over the same rugged road that night, placed his men in position on Jackson's right by the dawn of the 13th; and, by doing this, Lee was ready to receive the assault before Burnside was ready to commence it.

THE CONFEDERATES CONCEALED.

Not informed as to the movements of Jackson's men, and supposing from the information he had gathered from the balloons sent up, that the greater portion of Lee's army was down the Rappahannock, Burnside attempted to turn Lee's right and secure the highway to Richmond and defeat him by a flank and rear attack. But a large forest concealed the Confederate right, and the Federal commander was greatly surprised, when he began the execution of his flanking movement with Franklin's Corps, to find Jackson in position at Hamilton's Crossing, and that A. P. Hill's 10,000 veterans were drawn up in double line, with fourteen pieces of field artillery on his right and thirty-three on his left; while Early's and Taliaferro's divisions were in order of battle in A. P. Hill's rear and D. H. Hill's division was in reserve. Stuart's cavalry were in advance of Jackson's right and played havoc on the Federal lines as they advanced.

Marye's Heights were crowded with batteries, while under them, in front, there was a thick fence. Franklin was ordered to begin the attack on the Confederate right. Under cover of a dense fog, he deployed 55,000 men on the plain in front of Jackson, and when the fog lifted, that chill December day, the Federal lines, infantry and artillery, were revealed "in battle's magnificently stern array." In

anticipation of the coming fray, Lee joined Jackson to witness the opening. Meade's division led Franklin's advance with nearly 5,000 men, forcing back Jackson's skirmishers. Stuart, watching Meade's forward movement, gave the onward marching host a raking enfilade with shot and shell from the gallant Pelham's guns. Recovering from this, however, Meade again charged, only to have his line shattered by Jackson's batteries, under Lindsay Walker, and his entire advance driven back before the Confederate infantry could fire a gun.

ATTACKED MARYE'S HEIGHTS.

Sumner, about the same time, had begun his attack with 400 big guns upon the Confederate batteries on Marye's Hill. Simultaneously, Burnside had hastened Hooker with two divisions down the river for the purpose of making an assault on Jackson at 1 o'clock. At the same time, also, he was ordering Sumner's troops to advance from the cover of the streets of Fredericksburg in the vain attempt to capture Marye's Hill. French's division of Sumner's corps led the advance towards Marye's Heights, and the head of these columns came into the Confederate view about 11 o'clock. The cannon from Marye's Hill gashed them in front; those from Stansbury's Hill raked them on their right, while those on Lee's Hill raked them on their left. But the brave Federal soldiers pressed forward towards the foot of Marye's Heights, only to be met by an enfilade of shot and shell from 2,000 riflemen of Georgia and North Carolina, under General Cobb, hidden from view by the stone fence. In this fierce assault 1,200 of these brave men fell dead. Hancock's men again made this assault in gallant style, but were met with a Confederate yell and by a sheet of infantry fire, which was reserved until they were within about 150 yards of the stone fence, when again 2,000 of Hancock's men were shot down. At 1 o'clock Howard's division attempted a third assault. Kershaw was now in command of the stone fence, and another gallant and heroic assault was made by the Federals. "On they came, determination written upon their faces; with double quick step they rushed towards the stone fence, bayonets drawn, ready to do or die;" but that stone wall was impregnable, and when within about 200 yards of the same, a withering sheet of musketry fire from the gallant Georgians and Carolinians caused a halt; they quivered, broke, and 700 more fell dead and dying. Sumner's corps of veteran soldiers had "dared and done all that brave men could do;" but they attempted that which no human

power could have accomplished. Thus, nine Confederate regiments not only unflinchingly held their position, but had piled the very front of it with heaps of Federal dead.

THE GRAND ASSAULT.

At the same hour of 1 in the afternoon, Burnside had ordered a grand assault of 60,000 men upon Jackson's right, thus hoping by a simultaneous right-hand and left-hand assault to break through Lee's right, and gain one of the two highways that led to Richmond. A. P. Hill's first line of battle was broken, but Jackson, promptly informed of this assault, rode headlong to his right, and hurling Early and Taliaferro upon the now forward-rushing Federals, drove back their division in great disorder.

Near the middle of the afternoon a fourth assault was made upon Marye's Heights. This met the same fate as the previous three, and 1,000 were soon added to the dead and dying already covering the foot of these heights.

Stung almost to madness, and chafing under his almost total defeat, Burnside, against the advice of Hooker, ordered a fifth assault upon Marye's Heights, but a fiery sheet of shot, shell, and musketry met them as they approached the stone fence, and another thousand fell in the same undertaking in which their predecessors had so significantly failed. The task imposed upon them was beyond the reach of human accomplishment; but we can only admire the bravery exhibited by these Federal soldiers in their heroic attempt to capture these Heights.

From three different army corps 30,000 men had been hurled against 7,000 Georgians and Carolinians, but had been successfully driven back, and their front strewn with nearly 9,000 dead and wounded, while not a Federal soldier had touched the wall, so bravely held.

FUTURE CONFLICT ABANDONED.

On the 15th, Burnside desired to renew his attack upon Lee's right, but he found all his subordinates bitterly opposed, and he abandoned the future conflict, and at the first opportunity, during a storm on that night, he recrossed the Rappahannock, leaving behind him nearly 13,000 dead and wounded. Lee's loss was about 5,000, mainly on his right, where Jackson had fought outside of his slight breastworks. Fifty thousand Federals had been actively engaged in opposition to 20,000 Confederates.

Lee had expected Burnside to renew the battle on the 14th, but this he did not do, and Jackson secured permission to attack the Federal left on the evening of the 14th. He and Stuart opened a fierce artillery fire on Franklin along the Richmond road, but Franklin's hundred field-cannon and heavy guns compelled an abandonment of the movement. Not satisfied with this, Jackson desired to make an assult with the bayonet after nightfall, but Lee would not permit this to be done. In a letter to President Davis on the 16th of December, Lee declared that he supposed Burnside was just commencing his attack and that he was saving his men for the conflict.

IN WINTER QUARTERS.

The Federal army went into winter quarters along the line of the railway from Fredericksburg to Aquia creek, with a base of supplies at that Potomac landing. Jackson established his headquarters at Moss Neck, near Fredericksburg, and Longstreet's corps occupied the vicinity of Banks's Ford, and the Second corps went into winter quarters in Caroline county.

Thus these two powerful contending armies, with their camp-fires in sight of each other, went into winter quarters and commenced the work of preparing for another trial of strength during the coming year.

Let us examine their respective conditions, opportunities, and advantages, as they lie inactive in their camps. One was fairly rioting in the luxuries of life, with the entire world from which they could gather their stores; with ample means to go into the markets of the world and purchase that which they needed, while the same money could, and did, purchase them new recruits, and caused the other not only to fight against the men of the North, but to meet face to face upon the battle-field an army composed of nearly every nationality under the sun; hunger to them was unknown; privations of any kind to them were rare, and there stood at their back a strong government ready, willing, and able to supply every demand made upon it.

THE OTHER PICTURE.

Examine the other picture. Want, in its most cruel shape, marched through and pervaded every tent upon that bivouac; hunger clustered around nearly every form; unshod, unclothed, and without cover, the Confederate soldiers faced the chilly blasts of that winter, while their only strength lay in their patriotic courage and

devotion to duty, love of country, thought of home, and a sincere belief in the righteousness of their cause—trusting in a Divine Providence, and daily renewing their strength by offering upon the wing of prayer to the throne of God, an humble supplication for the success of the cause and the protection of the dear ones they had left behind.

But the Confederate soldier was ever willing and ready to sacrifice his all for the sake of the land he loved; ever willing to face the dangers of the battlefield, or to suffer the privations of a soldier's life. Whether those dangers and privations appeared upon the lonely picket, or along the batteries' iron rain, or o'er the tiresome march, or across the front of the enemy's withering fire, he faltered not, but accepted them as his humble share and part in that mighty conflict, and faced every danger and bore each hardship with a heroism that can never be excelled, and a devotion to duty which should inspire all mankind.

THEY FEAR TO BE FORGOTTEN.

Such self-sacrifice should never be forgotten; such love of country should live forevermore, and such loyalty to principle should implant in us a deeper love and reverence for the cause said to be "lost," but in the losing of which we gave the world the highest example of true manhood; made heroism more than a name, and added new lustre and meaning to glory. But, my friends, the saddest thought in the life of every soldier, martyr, or patriot, is the fear that some day he shall be forgotten; that some day those who will follow after him will forget his name, and remember not his deeds.

We are told that this fear hastened the death of Napoleon Bonaparte, and caused him more mental anguish and suffering than his incarceration upon the island of St. Helena. The soldier of every army has feared it; the martyr in every noble cause has dreaded it; the Confederate soldier shivers at the thought to-day, and looks appealingly to the Sons of Veterans for aid and comfort.

Sad, indeed, is the thought, "some day I shall be forgotten." Beautiful, yet pathetic, is the description of this given us by the poet, Wilde:

"My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die;

Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see;
But none shall weep a tear for me.

"My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless and soon to pass away.
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

"My life is like prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand—
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
His track will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud mourns the sea,
But none shall ere lament for me."

God forbid that such should ever be true of even one of the soldiers of the Confederate army!

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, April 2, 1899]

SICK AND WOUNDED CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS AT HAGERSTOWN AND WILLIAMSPORT.

OLD RECORD SENT TO GOVERNOR TYLER.

Dr. J. M. Gaines, the Surgeon in Charge, Wishes It Preserved to Posterity—List Contains Nearly Three Hundred Names.

Governor Tyler has received from Dr. J. M. Gaines, of Hagerstown, Md., late surgeon 18th Virginia infantry, Garnett's brigade, Pickett's division, Longstreet's corps, Army of Northern Virginia, a complete list of the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers left at Williamsport, Pa., and Hagerstown, Md., after the battle of Gettysburg, from July 13 to August 12, 1863.

Dr. Gaines made the report of the number of inmates of these hospitals. By order of General Lee, he was left at Williamsport to care for the wounded of the Army of Northern Virginia. After the hospital was established in Hagerstown, Dr. Gaines was sent thither by the Federal authorities to care for his wounded comrades. He remained with the wounded and sick until most of them were sent North, chiefly to Chester, Pa. Dr. Gaines was sent to Chester, and had charge of the ward of the Confederate sick and wounded until they were sent to Point Lookout. Dr. Gaines was sent to Fort Delaware, and finally to Point Lookout, where he was allowed to attend a ward filled with sick and wounded Confederates. About December 12, 1863, he was sent to Washington and Fort Monroe by way of Baltimore, and was exchanged.

The rolls sent the Governor are the original copies, and were recently found by Dr. Gaines in his library at Hagerstown. He is a native of Virginia, having been born at Locust Hill, near Culpeper. He is very anxious that the Governor make such disposition of the rolls as will insure their preservation to posterity.

The list has never been published, and the *Dispatch* presents it below. It will be read with interest, not only by the men who took part in the great struggle at Gettysburg, when what has been termed

the "High-water Mark of the Rebellion" was reached, but by all old soldiers and by their children. The name, rank, regiment, date of wound, and date of death, if fatally ill or wounded, are given:

THE OLD RECORD.

Following is the list:

Private James Leeman, 3d Georgia regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private F. M. Sutton, 2d Mississippi regiment; wounded July 6th; died July 19th.

Sergeant W. M. Jones, 50th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private S. W. Bloodworth, 21st Mississippi regiment.

Private J. E. Turner, 11th Virginia cavalry regiment; wounded July 5th; died July 26th.

Sergeant J. M. Duval, 11th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private Wright Smith, 10th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private P. Shields, 62d Virginia regiment; wounded July 5th.

Private J. T. Bowman, 16th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 4th.

Private J. R. Proctor, 11th North Carolina regiment, wounded July 1st.

Private J. M. Barber, 3d Georgia regiment, wounded July 2d.

Private J. M. Whittington, 50th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Lieutenant J. Walker, 7th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d; died July 8th.

Private L. Foman, 1st South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d; died July 11th.

Private Z. Henry, 5th Texas regiment, wounded July 5th; died July 11th.

Private E. Garnett, 11th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 5th; died July 11th.

Private N. C. Nelms, 21st Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d; died July 19th.

Private M. Harris, Cobb's Legion; wounded July 2d.

Private M. Maddox, 7th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private J. S. Henderson, 7th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private A. L. Thompson, 21st North Carolina regiment; wounded July 5th; died July 24th.

Private E. Zimmerman, 26th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d; died July 25th.

Private E. Simmons, 62d Virginia regiment; wounded July 5th.

Private J. McGehee, 10th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d; died August 12th.

Sergeant T. C. Andrews, 53d Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private F. M. Tiderell, 53d Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Lieutenant B. S. Elliott, 53d Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private J. S. Elliott, 53d Georgia regiment.

Private W. R. Shirley, 48th Georgia regiment, wounded July 2d; died July 18th.

Private W. E. H. Cain, 62d Virginia regiment; wounded July 2d; died July 17th.

Corporal B. J. Catlett, 55th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private J. H. Rowell, 42d Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th; died August 1st.

Sergeant J. M. Harley, 42d Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th.

Sergeant L. A. Moore, 11th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private W. R. Green, 55th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Sergeant John Rice, 55th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private R. J. Little, 13th South Carolina regiment, wounded July 14th.

Corporal S. D. Bennett, 11th Georgia regiment, wounded July 10th.

Private W. T. Blackman, 12th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private G. W. Wilkins, 42d Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private W. Blake, 12th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private J. J. Edwards, 55th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th; died August 9th.

Private R. H. Hale, 47th Virginia regiment; wounded July 14th.

Corporal J. Purcell, 55th Virginia regiment; wounded July 14th.

Sergeant C. B. Grey, 40th Virginia regiment, wounded July 14th.

Lieutenant A. R. Micou, 55th Virginia regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private W. J. Hart, 55th Virginia regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private W. W. Johnson, 42d Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private G. T. W. Finch, 7th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Sergeant S. T. Mabry, 2d Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private C. Caufield, 11th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private W. H. Deazy, 55th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private J. L. Snellgrove, 55th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Sergeant M. H. Jernigan, 55th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private Bowen, 7th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private E. A. Evans, 8th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private W. Colley, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private McGanghey, 9th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th; died August 9th.

Sergeant J. G. Greenwood, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private J. S. Black, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private W. J. Posey, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th; died July 17th.

Private W. J. Shepherd, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private H. C. Gates, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private A. M. Lane, 7th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th; died July 21st.

Private W. A. Faver, 7th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private Sam Morgan, 24th Georgia regiment; wounded July 1st, died July 18th.

Captain J. P. Welsh, 27th Virginia regiment; woulded July 1st; died July 15th.

Private Samuel Gallop, 1st North Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private N. Bowen, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d; died July 18th.

Private J. P. Barnard, 7th Louisiana regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private W. A. Hall, 21st North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private P. R. Albright, 57th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private W. Dunnovan, 6th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private Daniel McDonald, 7th Louisiana regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private James Cahill, 9th Louisiana regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private A. M. Pleasant, 6th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.

Sergeant C. W. Garlic, 4th Virginia regiment; wounded July 3d.

Sergeant J. E. Connell, 50th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Captain W. A. Blankingship, 15th Virginia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Lieutenant W. L. J. Corley, 25th Virginia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Corporal J. M. Amos, 21st North Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d; died July 27th.

Corporal Sidney Turner, 21st Virginia regiment; wounded July 3d.

Private Henry Whitley, 1st North Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d; died July 17th.

Private C. Leister, 31st Georgia regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private William Watson, 61st Georgia regiment; wounded July 11th; died August 3d.

Private J. D. Grey, 37th Virginia regiment; wounded July 3d; died August —.

Sergeant T. J. Graves, 21st Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d, died July 22d.

Sergeant George Hollowell, Alexandria artillery; wounded July 2d; died July 20th.

Lieutenant J. E. Goolsby, 21st North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private Richard Kelly, 6th Louisiana regiment; wounded July 10th; died July 24th.

Private J. Hinnant, 2d North Carolina regiment; wounded July 13th.

Sergeant C. Belcher, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private J. W. Cross, Washington artillery; wounded July 6th.

Private George Waterston, Washington artillery; wounded July 6th; died August 9th.

Private J. Myers, 6th Virginia cavalry; wounded July 6th.

Private W. W. Davis, Washington artillery; wounded July 6th.

Private Robert Bannister, Washington artillery; wounded July 6th.

Private George Humphrey, Washington artillery; wounded July 6th.

Private S. A. Badger, 26th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private James Lyon, 11th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 3d.

Private J. J. Jordan, 5th Alabama regiment; died July 29th.

Sergeant C. Craig, 11th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.

Captain W. C. Coker, 8th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private J. W. Gorvee, 3d Georgia battalion; wounded July 2d.

Private Hugh Currain, 55th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st; died July 29th.

Captain G. M. Harris, 3d South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Sergeant W. A. Crum, 17th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private S. A. D. Smith, 7th Georgia regiment; wounded July 3d.

Corporal G. W. Cummings, 8th Virginia regiment; wounded July 3d.

Private W. F. Latta, 53d Georgia regiment; wounded July 11th.

Lieutenant A. A. King, 3d South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private J. C. Lupton, 57th Virginia regiment; wounded July 13th.

Private W. R. Reeves, 15th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 4th; died July 19th.

Private W. Martin, 53d Georgia regiment; wounded July 3d; died July 16th.

Private Gay, 57th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 3d; died July 17th.

Private Reuben Gardner, 2d Virginia battalion, wound July 14th.

Private H. T Vestal, 26th North Carolina regiment.

Private J. V. Vannoy, 1st Louisiana regiment.

Private J. Cain, 62d Virginia regiment.

Corporal E. J. Jewell, Washington artillery; wounded July 6th; died July 19th.

Private S. Stebbins, 32d North Carolina regiment; died July 17th.

Private Albert Smith, 50th Virginia regiment.

Private A. F. Haddon, 1st South Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private C. McClure, 11th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Sergeant G. W. Gardner, 12th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private L. T. McKee, 42d Mississippi regiment.

Private F. A. Calhoun, 37th North Carolina regiment.

Private W. Dancy, 18th North Carolina regiment.

Private W. H. Crickman, 1st North Carolina regiment.

Corporal W. Wright, 11th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th; died July 17th.

Private A. P. Matthews, 11th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th; died July 17th.

Private F. C. Burney, 11th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th; died July 17th.

Lieutenant J. B. O'Neil, 3d South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private A. P. York, 2d North Carolina cavalry, wounded July 3d.

Private J. W. McGlemmere, 12th Virginia regiment; wounded July 2d; died August 5th.

Private J. H. Williams, 11th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private J. S. South, 26th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 3d.

Private John Jones, 52d North Carolina regiment; wounded July 3d.

Private W. L. Gregory, 11th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private J. M. Yarborough, 5th Alabama regiment; wounded July 11th.

Lieutenant J. J. Lestlie, 53d Georgia regiment; wounded July 11th; died July 22d.

Private D. J. Americk, 15th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 3; died July 22d.

Private H. W. Goforth, 14th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 13th.

Private J. J. McQuithy, 7th Louisiana regiment.

Private Levi Wacaster, 34th North Carolina regiment.

Private Thomas Connaway, 13th Alabama regiment; died August 5th.

Private S. J. Gamble, 3d Alabama regiment.

Private Schuyler Beverley, 31st Virginia regiment.

Private W. H. Gill, 1st Maryland regiment; wounded July 11th.

Sergeant W. A. Burney, 8th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private C. M. Frail, 1st Maryland regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private J. C. Lake, 1st Maryland regiment; wounded July 2d.

Sergeant P. B. Holmes, 8th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private A. B. Newcombe, 13th Virginia cavalry; wounded July 11th; died August 3d.

Private J. W. Wilson, 5th North Carolina cavalry; wounded July 10th; died July 29th.

Private J. J. Mayns, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private Jesse McA. Tie, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private A. L. Syrus, 34th Virginia cavalry; wounded July 6th.

Private S. Welsh, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private J. S. Smith, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private John M. Lewis, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private John M. Wright, Hughes's artillery; wounded July 10th; died July 31st.

Private T. J. White, Moorman's artillery; wounded July 10th.

Private A. Leftwich, Moorman's artillery; wounded July 10th; died July 30th.

Private H. Whittey, 1st North Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d; died August 3d.

Lieutenaut J. Elliott, 1st North Carolina cavalry; wounded July 10th; died July 28th.

Private G. S. King, 10th Virginia cavalry; wounded July 6th; died July 31st.

Lieutenant A. Cook, 1st Maryland cavalry.

Captain S. Thatcher, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Lieutenant F. M. Bledsoe, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private A. S. Wilson, 1st Virginia cavalry troop; wounded July 5th.

Private C. H. Steele, 1st Maryland battalion; wounded July 3d.

Sergeant Thomas Blackistone, 1st Maryland battalion; wounded July 3; died August 1st.

Private W. H. Brannon, Stuart's artillery; wounded August, 1862.

Private W. H. Everett, 56th North Carolina regiment.

Private W. Swaincot, Stuart's artillery.

Private W. Hawley, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private T. J. Bloodsworth, 21st Mississippi regiment.

Private P. P. Crowder, 38th North Carolina regiment.

Private J. T. Swint, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private J. W. Reynolds, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private A. B. Williams, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private Joseph Cain, 59th Georgia regiment.

Private Simeon Willis, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th; died August 1st.

Private D. M. Patterson, 45th North Carolina regiment; wounded June 19th.

Private J. E. Bradderberry, Cam. artillery.

Private M. Lettice, 10th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private J. Vandevender, 62d Virginia; wounded July 5th; died August 2d.

Private L. R. Johnson, 26th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private E. W. Horn, 13th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 9th.

Private D. L. Wood, 24th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private R. Bowen, 40th Virginia regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private D. H. Watts, 40th Virginia regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private W. Edwards, 47th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private W. L. Jackson, 37th Georgia regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private Mahooner, 11th Mississippi regiment, wounded July 3d.

Captain J. F. Mover, 2d South Carolina regiment, wounded July 2d, died July 27th.

Captain J. K. McIver, 8th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private J. Mitchell, 12th Alabama regiment; died July 30th.

Private A Crews, 50th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private J. F. Walters, 10th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th, died July 23d.

Private P. S. Snuggs, 51st Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Major J. M. Bradley, 13th Mississippi Regiment, wounded July 2d, died July 28th.

Captain A. J. Pulliam, 17th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Captain E. J. Zane, 34th Virginia cavalry; wounded July 5th; died July 28th.

Colonel S. P. Lumpkin, 44th Georgia regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private W. F. Logan, 1st Virginia cavalry.

Lieutenant N. C. Hobbs, 1st Virginia cavalry; wounded July 10th.

Captain W. B. Haygood, 44th Georgia regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private C. C. Mims, 5th Alabama regiment.

Private J. H. Bassett, 11th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 3d.

Private W. H. Stiff, 55th Virginia regiment; wounded July 1st.

Major H. D. McDaniel, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Captain Frank Bond, 1st Maryland cavalry; wounded July 6th.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, of September 24th, November 12th, December 3d, and December 24th, 1899.]

THE MONUMENT TO MOSBY'S MEN.

Who Whilst Prisoners of War were Executed September 23, 1864, at Front Royal, Va.

CEREMONIES OF THE UNVEILING OF, SEPTEMBER 23, 1899,

With the Addresses by Honorable A. E Richards, ex-Major Mosby's Battalion, and by Honorable R. H. Downing—With Further Statements by Colonel John S. Mosby and by Major Richards as to the Responsibility for the Atrocity.

The reunion of Mosby's men at Front Royal, September 23, 1899, was in every respect one of the most satisfactory events of the kind that ever occurred. The special event to be celebrated was the unveiling of a monument to six of Mosby's men, who, while prisoners of war, had been shot or hung in the streets of Front Royal by the Federal troops on the 23d September, 1864, and to another Mosby man, A. C. Willis, who was soon after hung by Colonel Powell, U. S. A., in Rappahannock county, Va. A goodly number of old Confederates came in last night and this morning early by railroad

and country vehicles, and old soldiers and people poured into the town. The occasion was one which touched the heart of the people and all showed it.

At noon there was a meeting of Mosby's men and the number registered and present were about one hundred and fifty. At one o'clock a dinner prepared by the Ladies' Warren Memorial Association and the William Richardson Camp was spread before the Veterans under the shade of spreading trees, and a profuse and elegant repast it was.

LINE OF MARCH.

At two o'clock the line of march was formed. Two of their bands enlivened the steps of Mosby's men and two other Confederate Veteran Camps, who marched up to the cemetery where, on a beautiful, conspicuous, and most appropriate place, the monument to the martyrs had been placed.

The place was crowded, and it was estimated that from 3,000 to 5,000 were present. The services were opened by prayer by the Rev. Syd. Ferguson, a distinguished member of Mosby's command, who fervently invoked all blessings on his comrades and their beloved commander.

Judge Giles Cook presided, and in a most appropriate address introduced the speakers and announced the programme.

Judge A. E. Richards, formerly major of Mosby's battalion and now a distinguished lawyer of Louisville, Ky., was then introduced, and held his audience with rapt attention.

THE UNVEILING.

Judge Richards' address was interrupted by frequent bursts of applause. When Major Richards finished, the red and white covering which hid the monument was drawn away by two beautiful little girls, the one the granddaughter of Captain Anderson, and the other the great-grand niece of Private Rhodes, both of whom, on that very day thirty-five years before, had been murdered in the streets of Front Royal.

Judge Cook then introduced the Hon. Henry H. Downing.

Mr. Downing's speech was most cordially received. He went to the hearts of his hearers. When Mr. Downing had finished, Captain Frank W. Cunningham was called upon to sing, and he rendered "Shall we meet beyond the river."

General William H. Payne was introduced and made a most charming address, in which he beautifully eulogized Colonel Mosby, to the delight of the veterans.

LAURUL WREATHS.

Then thirteen ladies of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee of the Ladies' Warren Memorial Association, formed around the base of the monument and deposited there thirteen laurel wreaths, representing the thirteen Southern States; and it was while this was being done that Captain Frank W. Cunningham rendered the beautiful song.

The Winchester band then played Dixie, after which the drum corps struck up, and the vast audience dispersed after having witnessed one of the most impressive services ever held here.

ANNUAL REUNION.

After the services at the monument were over, Mosby's men met at their headquarters and selected the old officers: Lieutenant Ben. Palmer, Commander; Private John H. Alexander, Lieutenant-Commander; and Rev. Syd. Ferguson, Chaplain. They passed resolutions of thanks to the ladies and veteran camp at Front Royal for their entertainment, and ordered a telegram to be sent Colonel Mosby regretting his absence and renewing their assurance of love and admiration for him.

The Camp also endorsed the action of the committee in locating the monument where it is, and thanked them for their labors.

The next reunion was voted to be at Fairfax Courthouse.

Altogether it was a delightful occasion. Among those present, besides Major Richards and General Payne, were Captain S. F. Chapman, who commanded the Confederates at Front Royal when the men were captured who were hung and shot; Captain Fountain Beattie, Captain Joseph Nelson, Lieutenant Frank Rahm, Lieutenant Ben. Palmer, Lieutenant John Page, and Colonel Thomas Smith, of Warrenton.

THE MONUMENT.

The monument is twenty-five feet high, with a base, five feet square, of rough granite, with the names of Carter, Overby, Love, Jones, Willis, Rhodes and Anderson inscribed on the base, and stars and epaulettes inscribed on the side, and is a beautiful work of art.

Among the visiting camps were the Jeb Stuart Camp, No. 36, commanded by Colonel T. D. Gold, of Berryville; Stover Camp, No. 20, from Strasburg, Va., Captain R. D. Funkhouser, commander; Turner Ashby Camp, Winchester, Va., Lieutenant Hottell, commander; and the William Richardson Camp, of this place, commander, Colonel Giles Cook, Jr. These camps were well represented, and made a fine appearance.

MOSBY'S MEN.

Major Richard's address told graphically of the daring deeds of Mosby's men and the tragedy that sacrificed the lives of the seven noble spirits who were commemorated to-day. It was as follows:

MAJOR A. E. RICHARDS' ADDRESS.

During the war between the States there was organized as a part of the Confederate army the 43d Virginia battalion of cavalry, familiarly known as "Mosby's command." It had for its base of operations the counties of Loudoun and Fauquier. During the latter portion of the war that section was almost entirely surrounded by the Federal armies. The lines of the enemy could be reached in almost any direction in less than a day's ride. There was only one avenue of communication opened between them and the armies of the South, and that was along the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge mountains. Such were the surroundings on the 23d of September, 1864.

On that day a force of not exceeding eighty men, all told, under the command of Captain Samuel F. Chapman, started to the Valley of Virginia in search of the enemy. They bivouacked for the night only a few miles from this beautiful city. Before the break of day its commander, with two companions, rode up the Luray Valley to see what the Federal cavalry were doing. While overlooking their camp he saw an ambulance train, escorted by some one hundred and fifty men, move out towards Front Royal. He at once determined to attack them, not knowing there was any other command to follow. Galloping back to his men he soon made a disposition of his forces with a view to attack simultaneously in front and rear.

Just as the sun was peeping over the peaks of the Blue Ridge mountain the charge was made. The enemy were driven back upon their reserve, when Chapman found that he was fighting the whole of Sheridan's cavalry. It was the command of Major-General Torbert returning from the Luray Valley, composed of two divisions,

embracing five brigades. So soon as Chapman discovered the strength of the enemy, he attempted to recall his men. They were flushed with the victory of their first onset, and hesitatingly obeyed the order of their commander to retreat. But they soon realized the necessity of the movement, and alternately charging and retreating, pressed on all sides by overwhelming numbers, they made their way back to the foot of the mountain where they found a detachment of the 2d United States regulars, under command of Lieutenant McMaster, directly across their path. Clustering together for a final rally they charged through this obstacle, killing a number of the Federals, among them the officer in command. In these various encounters six of Chapman's men were unhorsed and captured. After the fight was ended four of them were shot, and two were hung, with a label pinned upon them bearing the ominous words, "Such is the fate of all of Mosby's men."

NOT CUSTER.

It was then thought that this was done by the order of General George A. Custer, as the citizens reported he was seen at the time passing through the streets of the town; but from the disclosures in the official record of the war, we are of the opinion that he had nothing to do with it. Both General Torbert, the commander-in-chief of the cavalry, and General Merritt, the division commander, report that it was the reserve brigade of Merritt's division that was engaged in the fight. The records show that this brigade was commanded by Colonel C. R. Lowell, Jr., and was composed of the 2d Massachusetts, the 1st, 2d and 5th United States regular cavalry. We also find the official record of Colonel Lowell's report of the engagement, while it is not mentioned in any of Custer's reports. It was Lowell's brigade that was engaged in the fight. The officer and men who were killed on the Federal side were members of his brigade. He was personally in command at the time, and we may reasonably conclude that it was under his immediate supervision, and not Custer's, that our men were executed. Neither Colonel Lowell, nor General Merritt, nor General Torbert, in reporting the engagement, mention the fact that our men were executed after they surrendered, but content themselves with the statement that they were killed.

In less than three weeks thereafter Colonel William H. Powell, commanding a brigade of Federal cavalry, crossed the mountains

into Rappahannock county. A detail of Mosby's men were at the same time escorting some Federal prisoners to Richmond, when they encountered Colonel Powell's command. One of them, A. C. Willis, was captured. Under the order of Colonel Powell, he was hung on the following day.

EACH A HERO.

Be it said to the credit of American manhood, that there was not one of the seven but who met his fate with the calm courage of a hero. Even he, from around whose neck the loving arms of a mother were unclasped that he might be led to his execution, never faltered in his patriotism, nor trembled as he faced his martyrdom. This monument is to be unveiled in memory of those men who were thus executed as common criminals. The history of the world scarcely recalls a parallel. We had gallant men and officers—scores of them—who fell in the thickest of the fight, and yet we have erected no monument to them; but it is to the memory of these men who suffered martyrdom, that the survivors of Mosby's command are gathered to do honor to-day.

"It is grand to die in battle
Serenaded by the rattle
Of the hissing shot and shell;
While the flag rent half asunder
Gleams above the sullen thunder,
Sounding ceaselessly thereunder—
Ah! to die like this is well:
Yet, how terrible to meet him,
When with shackled hands we greet him,
With no weapon to defeat him—
Such the ending that befell,
Those whose names we breathe again—
Martyrs, seven of Mosby's men.

DEEDS OF MOSBY'S MEN.

But why were they thus made to suffer? Was their execution the result of sudden heat, or of some fixed policy determined upon by the Federal commanders for the extermination of Mosby's men? There was nothing in the personnel of the command that required such cruel measures. They were the young men of the South, educated and reared as are the young Virginians of to-day. They had never tortured or executed their prisoners. We must then look in

another direction for the causes that culminated in this terrible tragedy. What had they been doing that made the extermination of their command justifiable in the eyes of their opponents?

We find that they had first attracted the attention of the whole country by penetrating to the heart of the Federal army and capturing its General with his staff, and carrying them off as prisoners of war; they had fought beneath the very guns that protected the Federal Capitol; that they had crossed the Potomac into Maryland, and celebrated the 4th of July by the victory at Point of Rocks; that when Sheridan was driving Early up the Valley of Virginia, they had constantly raided his line of communications and captured his outposts. We find from the records of the war that it required as many men to protect, from Mosby's attacks, the lines of communication from Fredericksburg to Washington, from Washington to Harper's Ferry, from Harper's Ferry to Winchester and Strasburg, as General Sheridan had employed in fighting Early's army in his front.

UNSUCCESSFUL PLAN.

We learn from these same records that the Federal government had mapped out a plan of campaign that contemplated driving the Confederates up the Valley of Virginia, then repairing the railroad from Strasburg through Front Royal to Washington, so that the victorious troops of Sheridan could be quickly transferred to co-operate with Grant whenever he should be ready to make his final assault upon the Confederate Capitol. It was a great and comprehensive plan, and, if it could have been carried out, would have resulted in the downfall of the Confederacy before the snows of winter had again descended. Until the publication of these official records we never fully appreciated the part Mosby's cavalry played in destroying these plans; we never knew the connection between the execution of our comrades and the great military movements around us. What then seemed to us but the crime of an individual officer reeking vengeance upon his helpless captives before the excitement of the battle had worn away, we now know to have been in strict compliance with an official order from the commanding general of the Federal armies. If it were not for the revelations of these records, the survivors of the command to which the men who lie buried here once belonged might hesitate, in speaking to this generation, to connect the deeds of their dead comrades with the defeat of these great military plans. But the history of those times is so

written by both friend and foe. We find the pages of that history, both immediately before this tragedy and immediately thereafter, filled with dispatches that recount the deeds of Mosby's men in connection with the movements of the armies. They are from Generals Stephenson and Augur and Averill and Torbert and Sheridan and Grant and Halleck, and even from Stanton, the Secretary of War.

We find General Stephenson telegraphing that he cannot send subsistence to the army in front without a guard of one thousand infantry and five hundred cavalry for every two hundred wagons, and that escorts with dispatches had to cut their way through and often lost half their men; we find the commandant at Martinsburg telegraphing that scouts with dispatches report they cannot get through to Sheridan because driven back by Mosby's men; we find Secretary Stanton complaining of a lack of information from Sheridan of his movements, who in reply excuses himself by saying: "I have been unable to communicate more fully on acconnt of the operations of guerrillas in my rear;" we find Secretary Stanton telegraphing to General Grant that in order to re-open this railroad to Manassas, which was to prove so important a factor in their campaign, it would be necessary "to clean out Mosby's gang of robbers, who have so long infested that district of country; and I respectfully suggest that Sheridan's cavalry should be required to accomplish this object before it is sent elsewhere. The two small regiments (13th and 16th New York), under General Augur have been so often cut up by Mosby's band that they are cowed and useless for that purpose."

THE FATEFUL ORDER.

But what were the immediate events that led to the issuing of that order for the execution of Mosby's men? It seems that the movements of this little band of cavalry had become so important as to be the subject of almost daily bulletins from army headquarters. On August 9th, 1864, Sheridan telegraphed: "Have heard nothing from Mosby to-day;" but before the day closes Colonel Lazelle reports a detachment of his cavalry attacked and routed. On August 11th, General Weber reports: "Mosby's command between Sheridan and Harper's Ferry;" and on the 12th, Sheridan sends the Illinois cavalry to Loudoun with instructions "to exterminate as many of Mosby's gang as they can." On the 13th occurred the memorable battle of Berryville, where Mosby with three hundred cavalry and three small howitzers attacked an equal number of the enemy's cav-

alry and brigade of three regiments of infantry, three thousand men in all, under command of Brigadier-General John R. Kenley, dispersed the cavalry, rode rough shod over the infantry, captured the entire wagon-train they were escorting, unhitched and drove away the teams, burned the wagons, captured as many prisoners as he had men, and killed and wounded a number of the enemy. Although the loss of this train caused General Sheridan to fall back from his advanced position, he failed to report the extent of the disaster to his superiors. Nevertheless the Secretary of War heard of it through other sources, and wired him on August 19th, asking if it were true. General Grant also heard of it, and on August 16th he sends the fatal order to Sheridan which closes with this ominous command, "When any of Mosby's men are caught, hang them without trial."

Then came the tragedy on the streets of Front Royal.

THEY WERE KNIGHTS.

Why should the members of the 43d Virginia battalion have been singled out as the victims of such a cruel order? Their mode of warfare did not depart from that of a civilized nation, the prisoners captured by them, had always been humanely treated, their men wore the same uniforms that covered the breasts of Stonewall Jackson's veteran's; their officers were commissioned by the same government as those who at the command of the matchless Lee stormed the heights of Gettysburg; they fought under the same battle flag as waived o'er the plume of Jeb Stuart, the embodiment of chivalric honor. And yet, although captured in a gallant charge of less than one hundred against ten thousand, they were executed solely because they were members of Mosby's command.

Other executions, no doubt, would have quickly followed, had not our commander, with the approval of General Robert E. Lee, and the Confederate Secretary of War, retaliated by the execution of a like number of Federal prisoners, who were hung on the Valley Turnpike, Sheridan's highway of travel. An officer was immediately sent with a flag of truce, bearing a letter from Mosby to Sheridan, informing him that his men had been executed in retaliation for those of our command, but that thereafter, his prisoners would be treated with the kindness due to their condition, unless some new act of barbarity should compel him reluctantly to adopt a course repulsive to humanity. Thus did we then, with the approval of General Lee and the Confederate government, register our protest against the execu-

tion of these—our unfortunate comrades. It proved a most successful protest. The order to execute Mosby's men was from that day a dead letter on the files of the war department.

It is not with pleasure we recall these terrible tragedies; it is only because justice to the memory of our fallen comrades demands that these events should be truthfully recorded. As we look back upon them through the dim vista of thirty-five years, they seem to us but the shadow of a frightful dream. The prominent actors in them have nearly all passed away. Colonel Lowell himself was killed the succeeding October, gallantly charging a Confederate battery. General Custer, a witness of the tragedy, was himself massacred by Indians, though not until in his last rally he displayed a heroism of which every American is proud. And Grant, too, has passed away, but he lived long enough to know personally our gallant commander, who won his admiration and undying friendship. There is not to-day a surviving member of Mosby's command who would not gladly place a wreath upon the tomb of Grant.

PEACE REIGNS.

Let it not be supposed that we desire to re-kindle the passions of sectional strife. There is no longer any bitterness between the soldiers of the North and the soldiers of the South. Whatever of prejudice may have been engendered between the two sections while the war lasted has ceased to exist. When the Confederate soldiers surrendered their arms and accepted their paroles, they became in good faith citizens of the United States. They turned their hands from the implements of war to the implements of peace. They devoted their energies to the building of their country that had been laid waste by the contending armies. They cultivated their fields; they developed their country's resources; extended her railroads; erected factories; built up her educational and financial institutions, until the whole country is justly proud of our Southland. And in turn, the Southerner of to-day proudly unites with his brother of the North in proclaiming Webster's glorious words: "OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY."

Our patriotism has long since refused to recognize any sectional lines. It is gratifying to know, by the statement emanating from the office of the Adjutant-General of the Army, that during the recent war with Spain, the South furnished more volunteers in proportion to its population than any other part of the country. And

who was the central figure around which all chivalrous sentiment first rallied but our own General Fitz Lee? Who was it emerged from the fierce conflict of battle as the real hero of Santiago but "Fighting Joe Wheeler of the South"? But, above all, it is most appropriate that we should to-day recall the fact that the gallant officer of Mosby's command who led the charge against the Federal forces, when these men fell in the streets of Front Royal thirty-five years ago, was himself, during the war, a commissioned officer in the army of the United States; and there was not one who bore his commission with more honor, with more patriotism, with more devotion to his country's flag, than did our own comrade, Captain Sam Chapman.

A UNITED COUNTRY.

Therefore, we want it known that in recalling the scenes which occasioned the erection of this monument, we do not in the least abate our patriotism, nor do we surrender in the least our claim to our country and our country's flag. It is our country, reunited. Its people are reunited by ties more lasting than ever bound them heretofore; they are reunited by the ties of commerce; they are reunited by the marriage and intermarriage of our sons and daughters; they are reunited in our legislative halls, where the statesmen of the North, together with the statesmen of the South, make the nation's laws. And wherever our flag floats, whether upon the land or upon the sea, "it bears the stars of the South as well as the stars of the North."

When we reflect upon the present, we cannot but exclaim how changed is all this since the deeds we commemorate to-day were enacted. It is true the same skies are above our heads; the same mountains lift their blue peaks around us; the same beautiful river flows at our feet day by day, and reflects the stars of heaven by night. But all else have altered. You hear no more the roar of the cannon from Fisher's Hill and the heights of Strasburg. The bugle call and clashing sabres of contending horsemen no longer disturb your morning devotions. The smoke and conflagration of battle have been wafted away on the wings of time. And this beautiful valley, every foot of whose soil has been made sacred by the stirring deeds of her sons, is smiling to day in peaceful prosperity,

> "While Love like a bird is singing
> From out of the cannon's mouth."

Thus, indeed, has time made a fit setting of harmonious surroundings amid which we are to pay this tribute to our comrades. It cannot be better pictured than in the language of one of Kentucky's sweetest poets—

"Patriotic sons of patriotic mothers,
Banded in one band as brothers,
One task only of all others
Calls us here to meet again:
Calls us 'neath the blue of heaven,
Here to praise and honor seven,
Heroes, martyrs—Mosby's men.

"Lit by Memory's sunset tender,
See! their names shine out in splendor,
Each our Southland's staunch defender,
Minstrel's song and poet's pen,
Sing, write and tell their story,
They, who passed through death to glory—
Heroes, martyrs—Mosby's men.

"Rise, oh shaft, and tell the story,
Of our comrades, it was Glory,
And not Death that claimed its own:
While with tears, our eyes grow dimmer,
We beheld their names glimmer
On thy consecrated stone.

"Rise! while prayers and music blending,
Greet thee as some soul ascending,
Where life's smiles and tears have ending,
Close beside the shining throne.
Rise! the cry goes up again—
Love's last gift for Mosby's men.

Ladies of the Warren Memorial Association, permit me, in conclusion, to address a few words to you in behalf of my comrades. The survivors of Mosby's command are few, indeed. Their ranks, sadly thinned in battle, have been still more depleted by the ravages of time. Those of us who were but boys during that war, are now, as you see, gray-haired old men. Though some of us have been spared to erect this monument, the last of us will soon have passed away, and to the care of others we must commit this shaft. It is to your loving hands and hearts we would entrust it.

Through all our conflicts on the battle-field, through all the trials and disasters of our defeat, through all the glorious upbuilding of our country, the loving patriotism exemplified by the women of the

South has been our guiding star. It is, then, with an abiding confidence that we entrust this monument to your gentle keeping. To us it is a consecrated column—a voice from the storied past, to future generations, may it prove a silent reminder that "It is sweet and honorable to die for one's country."

MONUMENT ACCEPTED.

Honorable H. H. Downing was chosen to accept the monument on behalf of the Warren Memorial Association. Mr. Downing spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—I know not why the ladies of the Memorial Association have asked me in preference to my more eloquent brethren to receive for them this beautiful monument, unless it is I was a boy in Mosby's Confederacy, and that the lost cause had my heart and but for my tender years should have had my hand. Those of us who lived in the counties of Fauquier and Loudoun, during that memorable struggle, saw more of Mosby and his men than we did of any other part of the Confederate army, and the greatest compliment I can pay them is to say that they were as much loved by us as they were feared by our enemies.

Mosby himself was no ordinary man; he possessed all the courage of Julius Cæsar and the promptness of Stonewall Jackson, and the justice of that great jurist, John Marshall, towards both foe and friend, but when occasion required he did not hesitate to enforce the Mosaic law.

MOSBY AN IDOL.

From the time that he distinguished himself as a Confederate scout to the close of his military career, he had the confidence and praise of those highest in authority, and was the idol of those who knew him best. His men were of the same material, and together they performed a part in our unequal struggle unsurpassed of its kind, and which will read more like romance than history.

The occasion which brings us together to-day is one of no ordinary interest. Within the memory of many now present one section of this great country was arrayed in solid phalanx against the other, and literally brother's hand was raised against brother. Then we had war with all of its concomitant horrors. To-day we look upon a reunited people and over a landscape smiling with peace and plenty. Thirty-five years ago to-day, from this eminence, you might have seen six unarmed and defenceless men executed in blood by the

order or connivance of a major-general in the Union army. To-day their comrades in arms have assembled as patriotic citizens to unveil this shaft, which has been erected as a token of their love and respect for the memory of those whose names it bears, forgetting as they once swore "vengeance shall be mine."

CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS.

To-day representatives of the fair daughters of the South who followed the varying fortunes of the Confederacy with their blessings, their smiles and their sacrifices, are here to receive from your hands this testimony of your love for those "whose tents are spread on fame's eternal camping ground."

The good book says it is more blessed to give than to receive, but in this instance, at least, I am persuaded it is blessed both to give and receive. For while the splendid courage of the half-clad and half-fed Confederate soldier challenges the admiration of the world, the conduct of our brave women was fully as self-sacrificing and as heroic. Where is the instance when a Southern woman ever betrayed the South? In the midst of battle they were our Florence Nightingales. In the hospitals they were our ministering angels; and when sweet peace returned to our land, it was these same constant, loyal, devoted women who gathered together the bones of those who had fallen in battle and gave them Christian burial.

Those of you who have erected this monument cannot feel a livelier interest in all the hallowed associations and sentiments surrounding it than those who have agreed to take it into their charge and keeping. The acceptance of this work of art on the part of these ladies carries with it a far higher duty than that care and attention which a hired servant might bestow. In what I shall say in this connection, it is not my purport to open afresh wounds long since healed. We have peace, we have union; and God grant both may abide with us for all time. But we cannot gaze upon that shaft without remembering that the cause of those whom it commemorates was as firm a conviction of right as these everlasting hills upon which it stands, and in their sight and in ours, as pure and as holy as that heaven to which its apex points. Were it otherwise, these ceremonies, indeed, a hollow mockery. It shall be the duty of those of us who remember the rise and fall of the Southern Confederacy to teach this truth to succeeding generations.

THE OLD SOUTH.

Recently a great deal has been written about the New South; to my mind this term is somewhat ambiguous. If its authors intend to convey the idea that since 1865 the Confederate soldier has been succeeded by a new race—a race with different thoughts and different sentiment from those who wore the gray, and that our heroes are apologizing and begging for forgiveness for the part they took in the conflict between the States, and that all of our posterity has come from this alien race—then I for one must protest at such a perversion of history and truth.

I have no more use for such a New South than I have for the so-called new woman.

If, on the other hand, these writers, when they speak of the Southern Confederacy as the New South, mean that our boys accepted the surrender at Appomattox in good faith, and that when Lee, that grandest of our great men, sheathed his sword at Appomattox, that they returned home and beat their implements of war into plowshares and pruning hooks, and that all, even those who had never known aught save luxury, they and their wives, their sons and their daughters, worked as man never worked before, obeying the laws of their country and administering the same as soon as they were permitted to do so, then I would pronounce a long and a loud "Amen."

THE OLD CONFEDERATES.

Who since the war have been our legislators, our judges, our juries, our merchants, our mechanics, our miners, our ministers. These have chiefly been the old Confeds. It may be they were maimed and disfigured, but their hearts and their minds were all right, and with their one arm and their one leg they worked mightily for the upbuilding of the South. We have never been able to pension them with aught save our love, and for God's sake do not permit them to be robbed of that honor which they and they alone have so worthily won.

In honoring the dead we must not forget the living. I see before me a thin line of Confederate Veterans, men who have faced death a hundred times for their country and for us; year by year another and another of these will fall out of ranks "and pass over the river to rest under the shade of the trees," until finally when the earthly roll shall be called there will be no one to answer, unless

some of those who succeed these heroes shall, as they will, step to the front and report that they are all absent, but accounted for in the remembrance of a grateful country.

I look at the faces of living heroes, and to-day in this presence I can and will promise for the succeeding generation that our greatest pride shall be in your achievements, and that your memories shall be as sacred as our honor. This shaft, as it were, be another covenant between thee and thy people. That your cause was just, that Spartan like, you bore your part, and that peace must be unto your ashes. In closing these remarks I know of no better words than to adopt the language of your commander-in-chief, Mr. Jefferson Davis:

"In asserting the right of secession it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise. I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable. But this did not prove it to be wrong, and now that it may not be again attempted, and that the Union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth and the whole truth should be known, so that crimination and recrimination may forever cease, and then upon the basis of fraternity and a faithful regard for the rights of the States there may be written upon the arch of the Union '*Est Perpetuus.*'"

COMMUNICATION FROM COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY.

Editor of the Times:

SIR—In his address at the unveiling of the monument at Front Royal to the seven men of my command who were hung and shot in the Shenandoah campaign in 1864, when they were prisoners of war, Major Richards says: "We now know it to have been in strict compliance with an official order from the commanding general of the Federal armies;" and he quotes in proof of it the last line of the following dispatch from General Grant, who was in front of Petersburg, to Sheridan, who was 200 miles away:

CITY POINT, August 16th, 1864—1.30 P. M.

(Received at 6.30 A. M. 17th.)

MAJOR-GENERAL SHERIDAN,
Commanding, &c., Winchester, Va.

* * The families of most of Mosby's men are known and can be collected. I think they should be taken and kept at Fort Mc-

Henry, or some secure place as hostages for the good conduct of Mosby and his men. Where any of Mosby's men are caught, hang them without trial.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

As Harper's Ferry was the nearest telegraph station this dispatch must have been forwarded by a cavalry escort to Sheridan, who was 50 miles up the Valley at Cedar Creek. Early was three miles further south in line of battle at Fisher's Hill. Grant's instructions were—"Bear in mind—the object is to drive the enemy south; and to do this you want to keep him always in sight." The real objective point at which Grant aimed was Lee's lines of supply. Their destruction meant the fall of Richmond. Of the same date (16th) as Grant's dispatch above quoted is one from Sheridan to Halleck, at Washington, saying: "Nothing from General Grant later than 12th." At 7:30 A. M. on the 13th, Sheridan had written Grant—"I was unable to get south of Early, but will push him up the Valley"—and at 10 P. M. the same day he sent Grant another dispatch, saying: "Mosby attacked the rear of my train this morning en route here from Harper's Ferry and burned six wagons." This dispatch was not received until the 16th, and no doubt was the cause of the one sent by Grant of that date, which Sheridan did not receive until the 17th. He had been waiting at Cedar Creek for his supply trains. After hearing of the attack on the train at Berryville there is a sudden change in the confident tone of his dispatches and he had evidently become demoralized. Although on the 12th he had declared his intention to push Early up the Valley, yet on the 14th he says to Halleck—"I have taken up for the present the line of Cedar Run, but will at my leisure take position at Winchester. This line cannot be held, nor can I supply my command beyond that point with the ten days' rations with which I started. I expected to get far enough up the Valley to accomplish my objects and then quickly return." But Grant's instructions did not contemplate his return. Although Grant had ordered him to drive the enemy south and to keep in sight of him, he quietly retreated on the night of the 16th, and did not stop until he got to Halltown near Harper's Ferry, where he had taken command two weeks before. The *Times* of January 27th, 1895, published a review by me of the Shenandoah campaign. The following is an extract:

"During the time that Sheridan was in the Shenandoah Valley,

this (my) partisan corps was the only Confederate force that operated in his rear, or in Northern Virginia east of the Blue Ridge. Sheridan affected to call us guerillas, but never defined what he meant by the term."

Sheridan to Grant: Berryville, Va., August 17, 1864—(9 P. M.)

* * * "Mosby has annoyed me and captured a few wagons. We hung one and shot six of his men yesterday."

Two days before this I had sent three hundred of his men prisoners to Richmond.

Again, August 19th, Sheridan to Grant:

"Guerrillas give me great annoyance, but I am quietly disposing of numbers of them."

Everybody will understand what "quietly disposing" of a man means, especially when read in the light of his former dispatches. (The last dispatch suggests the quiet operations of Jack the Ripper.)

Again, Halltown, August 22d, Sheridan to Grant:

"We have disposed of quite a number of Mosby's men."

"Disposed of" is not the usual language in which military reports state the casualties of war.

On September 11th, Sheridan again tells General Grant:

"We have exterminated three officers and twenty-seven men of Mosby's gang in the last twelve days.

"We have exterminated" is the language of the Master of Stair, when he announced the massacre of Glencoe. Not one-third of my command was from that section of Virginia. A great many were Marylanders. Even if it had been an unorganized body of citizens defending their homes, they would only have been doing what Governor Curtin and General Couch urged the Pennsylvania people to do when threatened with invasion.

PITTSBURG, PA., August 4, 1864.

To the people of the southern tier of counties of Pennsylvania:

Your situation is such that a raid by the enemy is not impossible at any time during the summer and coming fall. I therefore call upon you to put your rifles and shotguns in good order, and also supply yourselves with plenty of ammunition. Your cornfields, mountain forests, thickets, buildings, etc., furnish favorable places for cover; and at the same time enable you to kill the murderers, recollecting that if they come it is to plunder, destroy and burn your property.

D. N. COUCH,
Major-General Commanding.

This appeal to Pennsylvanians to turn bushwhackers is signed by a graduate of West Point and an officer of the regular army, who once commanded a corps in the Army of the Potomac. I was a soldier of a great military power; in the Forum of Nations I was Sheridan's equal. I had every right of war that he had. The Southern Confederacy, like the Empires of Alexander and Charlemagne, has passed away, but that does not change the fact that it once existed. From this it appears that Sheridan had begun hanging my men before he received Grant's dispatch of the 16th. At Berryville on the 17th, he said that he had hung one and shot six, the day before. But he did not receive Grant's dispatch of the 16th, until 6:30 A. M. of the 17th, so the murders could not have been committed in compliance with Grant's orders. The government has published all the reports and correspondence, both Union and Confederate, in the Shenandoah campaign. There is not in them a single imputation on the conduct of any of my men except that statement in Merritt's report about the killing of McMasters in the fight at Front Royal, subsequent to this time (September 23d), which I shall again refer to. According to Sheridan, he had begun hanging prisoners on August 16th, and the only reason he gives for it is "Mosby has annoyed me." To that charge I plead guilty. Instead of our going in disguise, as the newspapers said, mine was the best uniformed body of men in the Confederate army. Every officer wore the insignia of his rank. Sheridan speaks of having "exterminated" three of my officers; but how could he distinguish officers from privates if they were not in uniform? Now there can be no doubt that Grant's order was suggested by Sheridan's dispatch, which he had just received—"Mosby attacked the rear of my train this morning en route from Harper's Ferry, and burned six wagons." It deceived Grant both as to the magnitude of the disaster and the strength of the attacking force. Then why should he trouble Grant about the loss of only six wagons? The impression that it conveyed was that a few professed non-combatants, living at their homes in the Valley, in the guise of peace, had caught six wagons without a train guard, and burned them.

If Sheridan had told the whole truth about the destruction of the convoy Grant would not have sent him such an order, because he would have known that a band of marauders could not have performed such a feat. It is a coincidence that the order is of the same date as the dispatch from General Lee announcing the Berryville raid to the Confederate War Department:

CHAFFIN'S BLUFF, August 16, 1864.

Colonel Mosby reports that he attacked the enemy's supply train near Berryville on the 13th; captured and destroyed 75 loaded wagons and secured over 200 prisoners, including several officers, between 500 and 600 horses and mules, upward of 200 beef cattle, and many valuable stores. Considerable number of the enemy killed and wounded. His loss, two killed and three wounded.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

HON. J. A. SEDDON, *Secretary of War.*

This telegram was published the next day and was seen by General Grant, as newspapers were regularly exchanged between the lines. It informed him of the status of my command. It was the first public official notice of me by General Lee since General Grant came to Virginia. The Berryville raid was the first I ever reported to him by telegraph. The dispatch was sent by John Manson out to Gordonsville, and from there wired to headquarters. The news was sent in haste because I knew General Lee's anxiety about the movement up the Valley, and that it would relieve him to hear that a blow had been struck. His dispatch to the War Department shows the importance he attached to it. He saw the effect it would have on Sheridan. It is a mystery Sheridan does not explain why he stopped talking about hanging my men. It was not because their manners had improved, or that they had ceased to annoy him. He gives no reason why there should be a difference between the treatment of my men and other Confederates. There was no regimental officer in the Confederate army that was in as close relations with the commander-in-chief as I was. The records showed that I reported directly to him and received instructions directly from him. He commanded his army through corps commanders; my battalion was the only exception. Although operating in the Valley, my command was independent of Early's army. Early was in front of Sheridan—I was behind him.

I have quoted Sheridan's dispatches (August 17th to September 11th) about his hanging my men as guerrillas. After that he is silent on the subject. If he ever hung anybody he kept it a secret. I never heard of it until I read it in the war records. I am sure nobody else ever did; the war correspondents never mentioned it. When I retaliated for the massacre of my men at Front Royal, I wrote him a letter telling him what I had done, and published it in the news-

papers. I have before me as I write the editorial of Richard M. Smith, of the Richmond *Sentinel*, commenting upon it. If he hung any citizen of the Valley, their families and friends would have known it, and we would have heard of it. The only justification of punishment is to act as a deterrent; if it is secret it can have no such effect, and is criminal revenge. Now, during the time when Sheridan reports this carnival of crime, not over half a dozen of my men were taken prisoners; these were captured by a Captain Blazer (who was soon after annihilated by Richards) and sent to a Northern prison. Their names are given in Scott's *Partisan Life*, page 290. If Sheridan hung them there was a resurrection, for they returned home after the war, and I know some of them are living now. He also speaks of "exterminating" three of my officers. Now, during that time I lost but one officer—Lieutenant Frank Fox. Captain Sam Chapman routed the 6th New York cavalry near Berryville; Fox was severely wounded and left at a farm house. Afterward Torbert came along with his cavalry corps, put him in an ambulance, and sent him to Harper's Ferry, where he died of his wound. He was not hung. Sheridan was not as black as he painted himself. The object of retaliation is not revenge. Hall on *International Law*, says:

"Reprisal, or the punishment of one man for the acts of another, is a measure in itself so repugnant to justice, and when hasty or excessive is so apt to increase rather than abate the irregularities of a war, that belligerents are universally considered to be bound not to resort to reprisals except under the pressure of absolute necessity, and then not by way of revenge, but only in cases and to the extent by which an enemy may be deterred from a repetition of his offence."

If I had not retaliated, the war in the Valley would have degenerated into a massacre. We were called guerillas and bushwhackers. These should not be opprobious epithets, since the exploits of "the embattled farmers" at Concord and Lexington have been sung in Emerson's immortal ode. Now, while bushwhacking is perfectly legitimate war, and it is as fair to shoot from a bush as behind a stockade or an earthwork, no men in the Confederate army less deserve these epithets than mine, if by them is meant a body of men who fought under cover and practiced tactics and stratagems not permitted by the rules of regular war. Sheridan certainly makes no such charge against us. A bushwhacker shoots under shelter with a long range gun; the Northern cavalry knew by experience that my

men always fought in a mounted charge, with pistols. The fact that we were called rebels gave the enemy no rights as combatants that we did not equally enjoy. As belligerents we stood on the same plane. One side could not demand what it did not concede to the other. Massachusetts furnishes high authority in favor of the rights of men who fight in a cause that has grown from an insurrection into an international conflict. In his Bunker Hill address, Mr. Webster said: "The battle of Bunker Hill was attended with the most important effects beyond its immediate results as a military engagement. It created at once a state of open, public war. There could now be no longer a question of proceeding against individuals as guilty of treason and rebellion. That fearful crisis was past." If Bunker Hill could elevate a local tumult and a skirmish to the dignity of public war, and clothe the defeated party with all the rights of belligerents, then what was the effect of the victories of Jackson and Lee? The government of the United States was born in a rebellion and promoted rebellions all over the world until it had one of its own. In 1851 the Austrian Minister, the Chevalier Hulseman, complained in a diplomatic note that the instructions of the American government to its agent in Europe were offensive to the Imperial Cabinet because it applied an honorary title to the Hungarian chief, Kossuth. Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State, said in reply: "In respect to the honorary epithet bestowed in Mr. Mann's instructions on the late chief of the revolutionary government of Hungary, Mr. Hulseman will bear in mind the government of the United States cannot justly be expected, in a confidential communication to its own agent, to withhold from an individual an epithet of distinction of which a great part of the world thinks him worthy, merely on the ground that his own government regards him as a rebel. At an early stage of the American revolution, while Washington was considered by the English government as a rebel chief, he was regarded on the continent of Europe as an illustrious hero." When Webster wrote that, the Hungarian revolution had been crushed and Kossuth was an exile.

General Grant had come from the west and taken command of the army cantoned in Culpeper south of the Rappahannock. He moved toward Richmond, crossed James river, and was in front of Lee at Petersburg. My battalion remained in northern Virginia to threaten Washington and the border. It operated along the Potomac in the Shenandoah Valley, and did not come in contact with the portion of the army immediately under the command of General Grant. He

knew us only by report. No doubt, in imagination, he confounded us with the Western bands of outlaws, whose inhuman deeds the Confederate government disowned; and that he shared the general belief of the North that I was a leader of banditti—a chief of brigands—a Fra Diavolo "on yonder rock reclining." Any absurd story will finally gain credence if often repeated. Victor Hugo said that if it were published a number of times that he had robbed Notre Dame of one of its towers, he would have to leave Paris. A majority would accept it as true—a few might question his ability "to walk off with a church tower." Grant's dispatch bears internal evidence, and read between the lines shows the delusion he was under in regard to my men. He says—"the families of Mosby's men are known and can be collected"—which implies that their homes were all in Sheridan's lines, when in fact they were scattered all over the South, and some States in the North. Sheridan made no attempt to execute the order, because it was impossible. I wish he had; it would have been the most effective way of destroying his army. He would have dispersed it over a half dozen States, catching and corraling women and children. That would certainly have been an advantage to us; the Shenandoah Valley would have been cleared of his army. Only one of my men hung at Front Royal was from the Valley—one was from Georgia. Grant evidently thought that these Children of the Mist lived in a territory a few miles square. But Sheridan knew better. Grant's dispatch reflects the idea that prevailed at the North and survives to-day, of the character of myself and my men. The beings painted by war correspondents as Mosby's men were as purely ideal creations as Blue-Beard and Jack-the-Giant-Killer. Yet the tales told about them made a lasting impression just as the kissing of pilgrims has worn away stones. They were as pure inventions as the fictions of Titus Oates. We all dislike to see our images broken and to part with cherished illusions. It is probable that the gods of mythology, and the legendary heroes of antiquity had a common-place origin. I still love to read Gulliver and the Arabian Nights, and once thought it was impiety to even doubt they were true. A reporter once asked my opinion of Weyler. I answered that I had never read anything worse about Weyler than I had read about myself, and that if Weyler wouldn't believe what he had heard about me, I wouldn't believe what I had heard about him. Weyler, in reply to American criticisms, said that he learned the art of war in the Shenandoah Valley. He didn't learn it from me. But General Grant admits in his memoirs the

erroneous impression he once had of me; of course it equally applies to my men. Some may say the change was due to politics. But his conduct at the surrender when he voluntarily offered us the same parole he had given General Lee, after Stanton had proclaimed me an outlaw, shows that the change came about before the close of the war. The friendship that afterward grew up between us should be viewed with indulgence by Southern people, as it was certainly disinterested on his part, and hurt no Southern man.

The orders of a superior are no defence to a criminal charge. It is a well settled principle of law that a principal is not responsible for the MALICIOUS act of his agent; the agent incurs a personal liability. So I acquit Sheridan of all responsibility for the deed at Front Royal. I doubt whether he ever heard of it before he got my letter. If General Lee had ordered me to murder my prisoners, I would not have obeyed him; I would have obeyed a higher law, the most sacred of all laws because it is written on the human heart—the great law of nature—the law of humanity. I am sure that Major Richards would not have obeyed an order of mine to do a cruel act; if he had he would have been none the less a criminal because he was ordered. Colonel Peters was ordered with his regiment to set fire to Chambersburg; he refused, and was never called to account for it. He was right. Merritt says that Lieutenant McMasters was captured, robbed and shot; none of the other reports mention him. The truth is, McMasters was never a prisoner. He attempted to cut off the retreat of my men when attacked by a division of cavalry. He cut himself off and got killed. My men shot him and rode over him; they had no time to rob him if they had wished to do so; Merritt's whole division was behind and McMasters was in front of them. While Torbert's, Merritt's and Lowell's reports betray the consciousness of a crime committed by some one, they do not disclose who did it. Even admitting that McMasters offered to surrender when killed, there is a vast difference between refusing quarter in the excitement and *brevis furor* of a cavalry combat and killing in cold blood and under official sanction when the combat is over. Hall, from whom I have quoted, says: "A belligerent, therefore, may only kill those enemies whom he is permitted to attack while a combat is actually in progress; he may not, as a general rule, refuse quarter." True, but McMasters was killed during the progress of the combat. He may have intended to surrender, but it does not necessarily follow that my men knew it. They had no time to take prisoners or parley. They were surrounded by thousands, and their

only way of escape was to break through the ranks that enclosed them. McMasters got in the way; they shot him and rode on. It was not their business to ask him what he wanted to do. Such things are the ordinary incidents of war. But there is a wide distinction between acts done in the fury of combat, even if they might have been avoided, and acts of deliberate cruelty done when the passions have cooled. It will be observed that Torbert, Merritt and Lowell, in their reports, contradict each other (1) in regard to the number killed. As they remained on the field, it is strange that there should be so much discrepancy between them. (2) They say nothing about the wounded. This is significant. The usual proportion of wounded to killed is three or four to one. Nobody ever heard of 18 men killed in a fight and none wounded, except in a Sitting Bull massacre. (3) They make no mention of prisoners. On our side the loss was six captured; none were killed or wounded in the fight. I never knew of a cavalry combat, where the bodies came in collision as they did here, in which no prisoners were taken. As the prisoners were murdered, they wouldn't acknowledge that they took any.

Now, I do not believe that Sheridan ever communicated to his generals, to be executed, Grant's order of August 16th, for the reason that he knew I could hang 500 of his men where he could hang one of mine. He didn't want to play a game at which I could beat him. As I have said, none of my men were hung before September 23; if Sheridan hung any prisoners before then, they were Early's men; but I don't believe he hung any. Torbert was chief of cavalry; Merritt commanded a division under him; Custer and Lowell commanded brigades in Merritt's division. They would not have waited until September 23d to begin executing an order of August 16th. Torbert's, Merritt's and Lowell's reports speak of the Front Royal skirmish. Torbert says they killed 2 officers and 9 men, which shows on its face that my men were in uniform; Merritt says they killed 18; Lowell says they killed 13. Custer's brigade was not engaged in the fight, and of course he made no mention of it. But that is no evidence that he had nothing to do with the hanging—he was on the ground. As none of the reports speak of the hanging, they would equally prove the innocence of Torbert, Merritt and Lowell—in fact, of everybody. They were all ashamed of it as a blot on the fame of Sheridan's army. It is no concern of mine whether only one or all of the generals present participated in the crime; they may all have been *in pari delicto*. They can settle that question among themselves. The people of Front Royal considered

Custer the most conspicuous actor in the tragedy, and I so stated in my letter to Sheridan. Custer never denied it.

There is a report of Captain Blazer's, who commanded a picked corps that Sheridan had detailed to catch us, in which he speaks of being about Front Royal two days after this affair, and says: "In another affair below Front Royal, I left eight of his (Mosby's) murderers to keep company with some that [were] left by General Custer." Blazer's language is obscure; but, interpreted, means that he had killed eight of my men to keep company with those Custer had hung and shot at Front Royal. The eight men of mine he reports that he had killed were as pure phantoms as those which Sheridan says he had hung; but it is clear that Blazer gave Custer all the glory for what was done at Front Royal. Custer had a grudge against us. A few weeks before, a detachment of my command got on the trail of a party of Custer's men burning dwelling-houses near Berryville. My men overtook them at Colonel Morgan's; his house was in flames. I had given orders to my men to bring me no prisoners caught in the act of house-burning. The order was superfluous; I could not have restrained them if I had wanted to; neither could General Lee. My report says:

"Such was the indignation of some of our men at witnessing some of the finest residences in that portion of the State enveloped in flames, that no quarter was shown, and about 25 of them were shot to death for their villainy. About 30 horses were brought off, but no prisoners."

General Lee's approval is endorsed on the report. Any one can see it in the war records. Custer had ordered the houses to be burned in retaliation for some of his men having been killed in a fight with my men. The New York *Times* of August 25th, 1865, has a letter describing the affair. It says:

"He (General Custer) issued an order directing Colonel Alger (Custer published Alger as a deserter a few days afterward), of the 5th Michigan, to destroy four houses belonging to well known secessionists in retaliation for the men killed, captured and wounded on Thursday night. This order was promptly carried into effect by a detachment of fifty men under Captain Drake, and Lieutenants Allen, Lounsberry and Bivvins, who were particularly charged to inform all citizens with the cause for destroying the property. The expedition was accompanied by Dr. Sinclair and the work was effectually done, but unfortunately not without serious loss of life. Captain Drake

leaving the main part of the command under Lieutenant Allen in line near one house which had been fired, took a few men and proceeded to fire another house about 100 rods distant. While thus engaged about 200 rebels suddenly emerged from a ravine and made a furious charge upon the force under Lieutenant Allen before due preparation could be made to receive them. The men, overwhelmed by numbers, broke and fled in confusion. As only one horse at a time could go through this narrow passage it was impossible for all the men to escape in that way. The enemy were upon them, and no mercy being shown, a majority of the men ran along a fence running at right angles with the road, hoping to find another passage, but finding none and reaching a corner, surrendered as a last resort. Several squads were cornered in this way, and in every instance the men who surrendered were killed after they had surrendered, or were left for dead."

Instead of 200 there were not over fifty of my men there. Custer burned no more houses that day.

Burning dwelling houses was a violation of General Grant's orders. At my request, when he was President, he gave an appointment to the officer who commanded my men that day. A Washington dispatch appeared in a Boston paper criticising him for making it, and referring to this affair. I called on the correspondent and found out that a certain official had inspired it. I asked him to send a dispatch to his paper from me. He was willing. I then dictated the following: "Colonel Mosby says the men killed by his men were caught burning dwelling houses in the Shenandoah Valley, and were shot in the act by his orders. He says if he is ever caught in Boston burning houses he will expect to be treated in the same way." The dispatch was published. I then called to see General Grant and told him about the official. He wrote his name on a card but said nothing. Before the day was done the official was a private citizen. Grant moved as promptly upon him as he did on Buckner's works at Donelson.

Sheridan's cavalry knew by experience about as much about the character and composition of my command as I did. There were then serving in the Shenandoah Valley a great many who had in 1863 been captured by us and exchanged. So Torbert—Merritt—Custer—and Lowell couldn't plead ignorance. Major Russell, A. A. G., of the cavalry corps, had been captured by one of my men, Bush Underwood, in July, 1863. We had a few minutes conversation before he was sent off to Richmond. General Wells commanded

a cavalry brigade. We had captured him and a large portion of his regiment—the 1st Vermont cavalry—and their commanding general —Stoughton. He wrote me a very cordial letter when I was nominated by Hayes as consul at Hong Kong, and said that he had informed Senator Edmunds of the manner he and his men had been treated by us, and asked him to vote for my confirmation. I received cards of invitation to his daughter's wedding a few days ago. We had many collisions with Colonel Lowell's regiment, 2d Massachusetts. On 22d February, 1864, in a fight in Fairfax, we had taken seventy prisoners from it; on July 6, 1864, in a fight in Loudoun, had captured about sixty—including the commanding officer, Major Forbes. Colonel Lowell knew that his men who were prisoners, were hostages for his treatment of mine. Chancellor Kent says in regard to retaliation: "Cruelty to prisoners and barbarous destruction of private property will provoke the enemy to severe retaliation upon the innocent. Retaliation to be just, ought to be confined to to the guilty, who may have committed some enormous violation of public law. [It was not pretended that the seven men of my command had committed any crime.] While he (Marten) admits that the life of an innocent man can not be taken, unless in extraordinary cases, he declares that cases will sometimes occur when the established usages of war are violated, and there are no other means of restricting the enemy from further excesses. Vattel speaks of retaliation as a sad extremity, and it is frequently threatened without being put in execution, probably without the intention to do it, and in hopes that fear will operate to restrain the enemy." I made no threat; the enemy would have regarded it as mere *brutum fulmen* if I had. When Napoleon wanted to disperse a mob in Paris, he first fired grape-shot, and then blank cartridges. It should be borne in mind that the act for which I retaliated was not done by an irresponsible private, but either by one or several generals. In 1886, I was invited by the G. A. R. in Boston to deliver an address before them. I accepted; my theme was Stuart's cavalry. Major Forbes, whose father, John M. Forbes, was one of the merchant princes of Boston, gave me a dinner at Parker's. James Russell Lowell, the uncle of Colonel Lowell, sat next on my right. Next to Mr. Forbes, on his left, sat Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Here was an object lesson any one could understand.

This has been written in justice to a great soldier who was my friend, as well as to the men who were actors with me in the great drama along the Shenandoah, and especially to the seven whose

names are inscribed on the monument at Front Royal. The granite shaft perpetuates the fame of a glorious band—"a remnant of our Spartan dead." About the affair in which they were sacrificed to the bloody moloch of revenge, I feel now as I have always felt. A Highlander is not asked or expected to forgive or forget Glencoe and Culloden. It will always be a proud satisfaction to me that, in the presence of their executioners, these martyrs did not imitate the despairing cry of the gladiator in the arena—*Cæsar, morituri salutamus*—"Cæsar, we who are about to die, salute thee"—but, with heroic confidence, foretold that they would have an avenger. The prophecy was fulfilled. Those who committed the great crime have not escaped the Nemesis, who adjusts the unbalanced scale of human wrongs.

"Called the Furies from the abyss,
And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss."

JNO. S. MOSBY.

San Francisco, October 31, 1899.

MAJOR RICHARDS CITES AUTHORITIES FOR HIS CONCLUSIONS.

RICHMOND, VA., *December 3, 1899.*

Editor of The Times:

SIR,—In my address at the unveiling of the monument erected at Front Royal to the memory of Mosby's men who were executed after they surrendered, I stated two conclusions drawn from the official records of the war which seem to have attracted particular attention and elicited some discussion. The interest thus evidenced encourages me to give the facts supporting those conclusions.

The Front Royal tragedy occurred on September 23d, 1864. At that time we did not know that Mosby's Rangers, embracing only eight companies of cavalry, had attracted, or rather distracted, the attention of General Grant, who was at that time commanding general of the United States armies. But the official records, now published, indicate that he stopped "marching on Richmond" long enough to send explicit instructions to General Sheridan in regard to his campaign against "Mosby's men." Among the first of these orders was the following:

"City Point, Aug. 16, 1864, 1:30 P. M.

"Maj.-Gen. Sheridan, Comd., &c., Winchester, Va.:

"The families of most of Mosby's men are known and can be

collected. I think they should be taken and kept at Fort McHenry, or some secure place, as hostages for the good conduct of Mosby and his men. When any of Mosby's men are caught, hang them without trial.

"U. S. GRANT,
"*Lieutenant-General.*"

This order was received by General Sheridan at 6:30 A. M. on the 17th. Up to that time Sheridan never claimed to have executed any prisoners captured from our command; but it is a significant fact that on the night of the same day he received Grant's order, he replied in the following message:

"August 17th, 1864, 9 P. M.

"Lt.-Gen. U. S. Grant, Com. Gen. Armies of the U. S.

"Mosby has annoyed me and captured a few wagons. We hung one and shot six of his men yesterday.

"P. H. SHERIDAN,
"*Major-General.*"

This reported execution of our men was purely visionary. It never existed except in the imagination, and it was never heard of except in this dispatch. If he executed any prisoners at that time they were not members of Mosby's command. But the correspondence shows that he was answering General Grant's message containing the order for the hanging of our men; and we can only conjecture his motive for reporting that he had already commenced the hanging. On the next day, August 18th, he received additional instructions from General Grant as follows:

"If you can possibly spare a division of cavalry send them through Loudoun county to destroy and carry off the crops, animals, wagons, and all men under fifty years of age capable of bearing arms. In this way you will get many of Mosby's men."

And we find still another letter under date of November 9, 1664, as follows:

"Major-General Sheridan:

"Do you not think it advisable to notify all citizens living east of the Blue Ridge to move north of the Potomac all their stock, grain and provisions of every description? There is no doubt about the necessity of clearing out the country, so that it will not support Mosby's gang, and the question is whether it is not better that the

people should save what they can. So long as the war lasts they must be prevented from raising another crop, both there and as high up the valley as we can control.

"U. S. GRANT,
"*General Commander.*"

General Sheridan, in conducting his part of this correspondence, sent to General Grant three letters dated respectively, August 19th, August 22d and September 11th, purporting to give his progress in "exterminating" Mosby's men, and one under date of September 29th, in regard to the devastation of the country. The letter reads as follows:

"September 29, 1864.

"Lieutenant-General Grant, Commanding, &c.

"This morning I sent around Merritt's and Custer's divisions via Piedmont, to burn grain, &c., pursuant to your instructions.

"P. H. SHERIDAN,
"*Major-General.*"

We remember well this "drive" that was made for Mosby's men. The two divisions of Federal cavalry were spread out and swept through our section like a drag net. Every foot of the territory known as "Mosby's Confederacy" was covered. The work of destruction continued day and night. I watched it from a point on the Blue Ridge mountains, where I was bivouacking for the night, on my way to the Valley of Virginia with a few of our men. As far as the eye could see the whole country east of the mountains was lit up by the destroying flames, and the glare was reflected from the sky above. It was a sublime sight to the eye, but a sickening one to the heart. Our one battalion of cavalry was powerless to prevent these two divisions of the enemy from executing their orders.

But Sheridan had been ordered not only to hang our men and devastate our country, but to carry off our families and imprison them in Fort McHenry. He did not execute the order to imprison, and the records are silent as to the reason for this omission. It was not because they were not within his reach, for there was scarcely a family in all that section that did not have some member in Mosby's command. Our lieutenant-colonel had married in Fauquier, and many of the other officers, as well as men, had families within the condemned territory. Had Sheridan directed General Merritt and Custer to arrest them on that burning raid, the order could have

been easily executed. It would have been the most severe and cruel blow of all—its paralyzing effect could only be fully realized by those of us whose loved ones were still sheltered by the old homesteads in Loudoun and Fauquier.

But General Grant was essentially a soldier and a great leader. Like General Forrest, of the South, he knew that "war meant fighting, and fighting meant killing." He was anxious to end the struggle as soon as possible. He had undertaken to capture Richmond and realized the magnitude of the enterprise. He was urging Sheridan to finish up the Valley campaign, so that his troops could be transferred to aid in reducing the Confederate capital. He realized what an obstruction Mosby's men were to the execution of his plans. Under the immediate leadership of their gallant commander, they had destroyed Sheridan's line of communication and compelled him to fall back from his advanced position. The Manassas Gap Railroad could neither be repaired or operated so long as we held our position in Loudoun and Fauquier counties. So the orders went forth for the extermination of "Mosby's gang." Our men were to be hung, our country devastated by fire, and our families imprisoned.

That General Grant was mis-informed as to the character of our command there can be no doubt. He so states in his published memoirs. General Sheridan had characterized us by the most debasing terms in the military vocabulary. He was fond of referring to us as "guerrillas," and the like. When we killed two of his staff officers in a fair cavalry fight on the Valley Turnpike in open day, in reporting to General Grant, he said: "Guerrillas are annoying me very much. I know of no way to exterminate them except to burn out the whole country and let the people go North or South." General Grant only received his information of Mosby's command through others, and no doubt principally through General Sheridan during this period. But after the war he had the opportunity of knowing personally our honored commander, and became his staunch friend. He had already discovered that the command so often reported to him as "guerrillas" was in fact a part of the regularly organized Confederate army, receiving orders from and in many instances reporting directly to General Lee himself. In the hour of victory, General Grant proved himself as magnanimous to Mosby and his men as he was to Lee and his veterans. No sentiment that I uttered in my speech at Front Royal seemed to meet with more approval than that there was no surviving member of Mosby's command who would not gladly place a wreath upon Grant's tomb.

My conclusion that General Custer had not directed the execution of our men at Front Royal has also been the subject of much discussion. But to-day I am more convinced than ever of its correctness. General Torbert was commanding all the cavalry under Sheridan. On September 21, 1864, he had gone up the Luray Valley under orders to cross over to the main valley and attack Early's rear or flank. After a skirmish with an inferior force of Confederate cavalry, he retreated, very much to Sheridan's disgust. He returned through Front Royal on September 23d. His command consisted of two divisions, embracing five brigades. The first division commanded by General Wesley Merritt was in front, marching in the following order: Reserve brigade, Colonel Chas. R. Lowell, Jr., commanding; First brigade, General Custer commanding; Second brigade, General Devin commanding. Captain Chapman, with about eighty of Mosby's men, charged Lowell's advanced guard of one hundred and fifty cavalry. The remainder of the brigade closed in on Chapman's men and captured six of them, but not until one of Lowell's best officers and several of his men had been killed. Our men were executed after they surrendered. None of the reports of the engagement state this fact. It would seem, as Colonel Mosby has since said, that they were ashamed of it. But Colonel Lowell, the brigade commander, reported that he made the fight and "killed" the men. General Merritt, the division commander, reported that Lowell's men fought the skirmish and "killed" the men, and General Torbert reported that Merritt's division had "killed" the men.

We had always thought that General Custer had directed the execution. We had gotten this impression from the citizens of Front Royal. Custer's brigade was marching next to Lowell's, and had arrived before the execution. General Custer was a conspicuous figure, in his velvet uniform, with long golden curls. The citizens of Front Royal had learned to recognize him. Seeing him in their streets at the time, it is not surprising that they should have reported him in command. But it would have violated all military rules for one brigade commander to have taken the prisoners from another brigade commander and ordered their execution, especially when the division commander was in reach.

But, that I might be sure of my conclusion, I have written to Major-General Thomas L. Rosser for a statement. Generals Custer and Rosser were friends before the war, and although they fought on opposite sides, their personal regard for each other was never disturbed. Their friendship was greatly strengthened by their inti-

macy after the war had ended. The following is General Rosser's answer:

"CHARLOTTESVILLE, November 23, 1899.

"*Major* E. A. RICHARDS, *Louisville, Ky.:*

"MY DEAR MAJOR,—I saw a great deal of Custer while I was constructing the Northern Pacific R. R., in the Northwest, in the seventies, and had many talks over the war with him; and he often stated that he was in no way responsible for the execution or murder of those men.

"I have no doubt of Custer's innocence, for he was not in command, and his superior officer was present; and it is not probable that such a matter would have been turned over to Custer under the circumstances. "Yours most truly,

"THOS. L. ROSSER."

This statement of General Rosser, supported as it is by the official record, seems to me to be conclusive, and the future historian must exonerate General Custer from the responsibility of the Front Royal tragedy.

E. A. RICHARDS.

Louisville, Ky., November 30, 1899.

COLONEL MOSBY INDICTS CUSTER FOR THE HANGING.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 19, 1899.

Mr. JOHN R. RUSSELL, *Berryville, Va.:*

I was sorry I could not be with you at the unveiling of the monument to our men at Front Royal, and I dissent from some historical statements in Major Richards' address. I do not agree with him that our men were hung in compliance with General Grant's orders to Sheridan. They were not hung in obedience to the orders of a superior, but from revenge. A man who acts from revenge simply obeys his own impulses. Major Richards says the orders were "a dead letter" after I retaliated, which implies that they had not been before. I see no evidence to support such a conclusion. In his letter in *The Times*, Major Richards says that Sheridan's dispatches about hanging our men were "visionary"; *i. e.*, he never hung any. If so, the order had always been "a dead letter." No one ever heard of his hangings until his dispatches were published a few years ago. Sheridan was then dead, but his posthumous memoirs say

nothing about hanging, although two pages are devoted to an account of the killing of Meigs and Custer's burning dwelling-houses in Rockingham county in revenge. Meigs was not killed by my men: we never went that far up the Valley.

Sheridan's dispatches in the war records about the men he hung were not even a revelation to me, for they revealed nothing. They were simply specters of imagination, like the dagger in the air that Macbeth saw. If Sheridan had communicated Grant's dispatch of August 16th to any one to be executed, it would have been to Blazer, who commanded a picked corps that was specially detailed to look after us. In his report, Blazer speaks of capturing some of my men; he never mentions hanging any. Those he captured were certainly not hung, for I saw them when they came home after the close of the war. The following dispatches record the rise and fall of Blazer:

"CHARLESTOWN, August 20, 1864.

"Sheridan to Augur, Washington:

"I have 100 men who will take the contract to clean out Mosby's gang. I want 100 Spencer rifles for them. Send them to me if they can be found in Washington.

"P. H. SHERIDAN,
"*Major-General Commanding.*"

(Indorsement):

"Approved: By order of the Secretary of War.

"C. A. DANA,
"*Asst. Secretary.*"

"HARPER'S FERRY, November 19, 1864.

"Stevenson to Sheridan.

"Two of Captain Blazer's men came in this morning—Privates Harris and Johnson. They report that Mosby with 300 men attacked Blazer near Kabletown yesterday about 11 o'clock. They say that the entire command, with the exception of themselves, was captured or killed. I have ordered Major Congdon with 300 Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry to Kabletown to bury dead and take care of wounded, if any, and report all facts he can learn. I shall immediately furnish report as soon as received."

Exit Blazer.

Richards commanded in the Blazer fight. I was not there. As an affair of arms it surpassed anything that had been done in the

Shenandoah campaign and recalled the days when Knighthood was in flower.

When we sent Blazer and his band of prisoners to Richmond they would not have admitted that they ever hung anybody. Major Richards refers to Grant's order to destroy subsistence for an army, so as to make the country untenable by the Confederates, and pathetically describes the conflagration. He ought to know that there had been burning of mills and wheat stacks in Loudoun two years before Grant came to Virginia. Grant's orders were no more directed against my command than Early's. Augusta and Rockingham were desolated, where we never had been. But I can't see the slightest connection between burning forage and provisions and hanging prisoners. One is permitted by the code of war, the other is not. After General Lee's surrender I received a communication from General Hancock asking for mine. I declined to do so until I could hear whether Joe Johnston would surrrender or continue the war. We agreed on a five days armistice. When it expired nothing had been heard from Johnston. I met a flag of truce at Millwood, and had proposed an extension of ten days, but received through Major Russell a message from Hancock refusing it, and informing me that unless I surrendered immediately he would proceed to devastate the country. The reply I sent by Russell was: "Tell General Hancock he is able to do it." Hancock then had 40,000 men at Winchester. The next day I disbanded my battalion to save the country from being made a desert. If anyone doubts this, let him read Hancock's report. If it was legitimate for Hancock to lay waste the country after I had suspended hostilities, surely it was equally so for Grant to do it, when I was doing all the damage in my power to his army. Stanton warned Hancock not to meet me in person under a flag of truce, for fear that I would treacherously kill him. Hancock replied that he would send an officer to meet me. He sent General Chapman. The attention Grant paid to us shows that we did him a great deal of harm. Keeping my men in prison weakened us as much as to hang them.

Major Richards complains of the "debasing epithets" Sheridan applied to us. I have read his reports, correspondence and memoirs, but have never seen the epithets. In common with all Northern and many Southern people, he called us guerrillas. Although I have never adopted it, I have never resented as an insult the term "guerrilla" when applied to me. Sheridan says that my battalion was "the most redoubtable" partisan body that he met. I certainly take no exception to that. He makes no charge of any act of in-

humanity against us. The highest compliment ever paid to the efficiency of our command is the statement, in Sheridan's Memoirs, that while his army largely outnumbered Early's, yet their line of battle strength was about equal on account of the detachments he was compelled to make to guard the border and his line of communication from partisan attacks. Ours was the only force behind him. At that time the records show that in round numbers Early had 17,000 present for duty, and Sheridan had 94,000. The word "guerrilla" is a diminutive of the Spanish word guerra (war), and simply means one engaged in the minor operations of war.

I had only five companies of cavalry when Sheridan came, in August, 1864, to the Shenandoah Valley. A sixth was organized in September. Two more companies joined me in April, 1865, after the evacuation of Richmond. They came just in time to surrender. I don't care a straw whether Custer was solely responsible for the hanging of our men or jointly with others. If we believe the reports of the generals, none of them ever even heard of the hanging of our men; they must have committed suicide. Contemporary evidence is against Custer. I wonder if he also denied burning dwelling-houses around Berryville.

Restopchin, the Governor of Moscow, claimed the credit of the burning of it when it was thought to have been the cause of Napoleon's retreat, but afterward it became known that it was not the cause of it; to escape the odium, he denied all responsibility for it, and declared that it was done by incendiaries for plunder.

I once called at the White House in 1876 to see General Grant; sent him my card, and was promptly admitted. When I came out of his room, one of the secretaries told me that General Custer had called the day before, but that General Grant refused to see him. The incident is related in the Life of Custer. A few weeks afterward Custer was killed in the Sitting Bull massacre.

> "Our acts our angels are—for good or ill—
> Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

Major Richards further says "that there was scarcely a family in all that section that did not have some member in Mosby's command." If that is true, I must have commanded a larger army than Sheridan. I didn't know it. He describes the pathos of the scenes that might have been if the "severe and cruel order" had been executed to transfer the families from that region to Fort McHenry, and says it would have "paralyzed" my command. If so, that would have

been a more humane way of getting rid of it than killing the men. Now, I have never considered women and children necessary appendages to an army; on the contrary, I would rather class them with what Cæsar, in his Commentaries, calls impedimenta. Homer's heroes were not paralyzed when Helen was carried off to Troy; it only aroused their martial ambition. Sheridan knew that if he did anything of the kind it would stimulate the activity of my men; so he didn't try it. As for our lieutenant-colonel, who, as Major Richards says, married in that section, I think that, if Sheridan had captured his wife and mother-in-law and sent them to prison, instead of going into mourning, he would have felt all the wrath and imitated the example of the fierce Achilles when he heard that Patroclus, his friend, had been killed and his armor had been captured. "Now perish Troy!" he said, and rushed to fight.

Very truly yours,

JOHN S. MOSBY.

THE REAL BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Ninety-Six Years Old, Bedridden, and Never Defied Stonewall Jackson.

To the Editor of the Sun:

SIR,—The "Barbara Frietchie" lie, dies hard. It has been "nailed" time and again, but at intervals of every five years or so "bobs up" again serene and cheerful, finds "patriotic" champions from Brooklyn (generous asylum ever of exploded war-myths!) to Waterbury, Conn. But some of the later champions take the very soul out of the myth and the point out of the poem by allowing that the aged Barbara waved her little flag in welcome to the Union forces and not in defiance of Stonewall Jackson and his ragged "rebels." Mr. J. C. Houghton, in your issue of January 24th, says: "I am glad to see that you have rescued Barbara Frietchie from the realm of myth. * * * I have a photograph of her, taken after her welcoming display of the United States flag to the Union forces as they were passing through Frederick City. * * * Mr. Whittier took a poet's license in making her defy with her flag the rebel Gen-

eral in a previous march through Frederick." This being granted, the whole *raison d'etre* of the poem goes by the board.

No one, so far as I know, has ever contended that Barbara Frietchie never existed. She undoubtedly did exist, and was the wife of a citizen of Frederick, who was said to be descended from one of the Hessians brought over to subdue the American colonists!

It is a perfectly well-known fact that Stonewall Jackson did not pass through Frederick along with his corps, but rode rapidly through the town with a small cavalry escort about an hour before his troops marched through the streets. Neither he nor his troops passed Barbara Frietchie's house. There is not one single incident in Whittier's poem that has an historical foundation. It is pure poetic myth from start to finish.

Perhaps the following letter from Barbara Frietchie's own nephew, which appeared in the Baltimore *Sun* in August, 1874, may interest your readers and give the doughty champions of the myth pause for reflection. It will be seen that twenty-five years ago the bottom was knocked out of the "patriotic episode" by one who could "speak with authority."

SIR,—I have just read a communication in the *Sun* purporting to set forth certain facts in relation to the life and character of the late Barbara Frietchie, the heroine of Whittier's celebrated war poem. It may not be proper to state that I am the nephew of "Dame Barbara," and had the settling up of her husband's estate in the capacity of administrator. This necessarily threw me into frequent communication with the ancient and venerable dame.

Barbara Frietchie, my venerable aunt, was not a lady of twenty-two summers, as your correspondent alleges, but an ancient dame of ninety-six winters, when she departed this life; and it is but truth to add that she never saw the inside of the Federal hospital in this city. Nor did she depart this life in September, 1863, but died on December 18, 1862. Nor did any of the Federal soldiers from the hospital attend the old lady's remains to their last resting-place. This, to my certain knowledge, was a fact, no orders to that effect having been given. Therefore, none of those convalescing invalid soldiers were at my old aunt's funeral. So much for this branch of your New York correspondent's statement.

Now, a word as to the waving of the Federal flag in the face of the rebels by Dame Barbara on the occasion of Stonewall Jackson's march through Frederick. Truth requires me to say that Stonewall

Jackson with his troops did not pass Barbara Frietchie's residence at all, but passed up what in this city is popularly called "The Mill Alley," about three hundred yards above her residence; then passed due west to Antietam, and thus out of the city. But another and stranger fact with regard to this matter may be here presented—viz: The poem by Whittier represents our venerable relative (then ninety-six years of age), as nimbly ascending to her attic window and waving her small Federal flag defiantly in the face of Stonewall Jackson's troops. Now, what are the facts at this point? Dame Barbara was, at the moment of the passing of that distinguished general and his forces through Frederick, bed-ridden and helpless, and had lost the power of locomotion. She could at this period only move, as she was moved, by the help of her attendants. These are the true and stern facts, proving that Whittier's poem upon this subject is fiction, pure fiction, and nothing else, without even the remotest semblance or resemblance of fact.

VALERIUS EBERT.

Frederick City, Md., August 27th.

So the deed of "derring do" that challenge a place for Barbara Frietchie alongside of Roman Clœlia or Scottish Katherine Douglas, vanishes into thin air. The utmost that can be contended for, is that she may have waived a Union flag to welcome Union troops. Even this is highly improbable—well-nigh impossible, indeed, for a poor old bedridden dame of ninety-six; but granting it be true, wherein consists the extraordinary heroism of the act? As this myth is an exceedingly tough one to kill, because of its stirring setting, it might be well for "the curious," interested in such matters, to cut out Mr. Ebert's letter and paste it in their scrap books. The myth is sure to "bob up" again. We can all admire Whittier's poem; it is almost a pity that the incident isn't true, but facts are facts, and Dame Barbara, as an actual heroine, must come down from the lofty pedestal upon which the poet has placed her solely by power of "poetic license."

W. GORDON M'CABE.

Richmond, Va., January 27, 1900.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, November 11, 1900.]

CONFEDERATE GENERALS—THEIR ABILITY.

Did General Lee Counsel the Abandonment of Richmond After the Battle of the Wilderness?

[To the imputation of remissness in Southern newspapers generally, "in defending the history of the Confederacy" protest may justly be made.

It is felt that there is not one but by whom it is ardently cherished, and that every one is ready, at all times, to defend its history—the motives and actions of its people.—EDITOR.]

Editor of the Times:

SIR—I quote from your beautiful editorial, "Robert E. Lee," of January 19th, ulto:

"The other Confederate armies had as good material in their ranks as Lee's army had, but they accomplished litt'e in comparison with what his army accomplished, and why? Because they had no Lee to make the army as one man. This is the highest tribute that can be paid to man, and no other man that ever lived can claim it in the same proportion as Lee can."

It is most deplorable that Southern newspapers are remiss in defending the history of the Confederacy, and thus the *Times* becomes conspicuous and endeared to all who value the truth, in the contrast to them, as a rule, which it presents. Your columns alone have lifted the shadow of false report from many of the most heroic and glorious achievement of a citizen soldiery, the armies of the South, the world in any age has known.

Let us look upon the parallels presented in the careers of our generals and their great battles and campaigns. Following these up as we know them, how unitive by the ignorant interference of the political head of the War Department. So much for the army in Virginia. A case approximately parallel at that same period, was the movements of General Sterling Price, in Missouri, by which all the territory of the slave States west of the Mississippi and the absolute control of that stream below St. Louis would have fallen under the

military jurisdiction of the Confederacy. Price's movements came sufficiently near a splendid success to vindicate his generalship, and that is the point involved in the parallel. Jackson and Price planned and executed within the sphere of military genius, achievements most honorable to the art of war, and those achievements were reached under quite analogous circumstances, testing the character of the troops under each.

A victory at Shiloh would have wrecked the cause of the United States irretrievably. A victory at Gettysburg would have accomplished the same result. At Shiloh, April 5, 1862, General A. S. Johnston had driven Grant's army from three to four miles and crowded the whole broken mass upon the brink of the Tennessee. Two hours more of life to him, had he fallen at 4 P. M. instead of 2 P. M. on that day, the military resources of the United States west of the Potomac would have been annihilated. Beauregard, going on the field on a bed, wasted by protracted illness, never having appreciated or sympathized with the strategy of the occasion as developed by his great commander, recalled the troops from the very arms of victory, and an assured success of the Confederacy. At Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, General Lee planned a battle that stands, as to wisdom and feasibility, second to none which the master mind of Napoleon ever conceived. Not Marengo nor Wagram, nor any other field of the twenty years of Napoleon's career, surpasses in the splendor of the military art Lee's Gettysburg, as his orders read. Longstreet, afflicted as Early told us he was, often with "an intellectual and physical inertia," point blank refused to execute those orders, and the only thing to show on our side is the incomparable achievement of Pickett's division.

Stuart rode around McClellan on the Chickahominy and beat back Hooker's cavalry sent to assist that chieftain's "on to Richmond." Wheeler rode around Rosecrans' army at Chattanooga, destroyed his wagon train of 1,000 laden wagons, and shot the 4,000 mules that drew it; went nearly to Nashville, destroying depots of supplies all along his route, and shooting army mules—a ride of the Confederate cavalry leader which resulted in the immediate removal of Rosecrans. Forrest, with 4,500 men under him about Tupelo, Miss., found 20,000 cavalry in his front brought out from Memphis. He telegraphed General Maury at Mobile that he stood no chance against such a host in the open field, but if Maury would consent, he would go behind them to Memphis and, destroying their stores there, compel them to retreat. The gallant Maury replied: "Go, but don't

be gone long!" Forrest left 1,500 men to play upon the flanks of Dodge's 20,000. He took 3,000, and, starting at a gallop, kept his gait up. He halted to build three bridges over swollen streams on his line of march, but in thirty-six hours he rode the 90 miles, and at daylight the second day out rode into the office of the Gayaso Hotel, Memphis. Dodge was up-stairs asleep. Forrest got his uniform from his chamber. Washburn remarked on the event that he had been removed because he couldn't keep Forrest out of Tennessee, but his successor couldn't even keep him out of his bed-room!

Colonel Mosby's generalship in command of 300 mounted men is the most wonderful tale of the war. Beauregard's defence of a long line of seacoast by land forces only, the chief feature being Colonel Rhett's defence of Fort Sumter, has nothing in the literature of war to rival it.

Joseph E. Johnston's generalship in ordering Pemberton not to fall back into Vicksburg after he had marched out to fight Grant at Baker's Creek, but to abandon the fortified position completely surrounded by land and naval forces of the enemy and move northward to join him, was generalship indeed. It required a moral courage that was sublime to adopt such strategy in the face of the terrible disappointment of the people at home, the army and the President. We see now how superb the generalship was. The Secretary of War, a politician, countermanded the order of the commanding general direct to Pemberton, and we know a part of the infirmities of our civil government and obtain a slight clew to the cause of our ultimate ruin.

I do not find the statement in any biography of the actors, but I am in search, and hope *The Times* will aid me, of the truth in regard to an alleged proposal made by General Lee to the President to the effect that, while he retreated before Grant from the Wilderness toward the James, the government should abandon Richmond, moving the machinery of the ordnance department, archives, etc., ahead of him. That having been done, he would continue his retreat slowly, weakening Grant as he forced him to lengthen his line, and ultimately calling General Joseph E. Johnston, then retreating before Sherman, into reach, the two united Confederate armies would destroy both Grant and Sherman. This is a profoundly important inquiry into the military ability of General Lee. He must have known in advance that an attempt to defend Richmond as late as the winter of 1864–'65 was a military solecism. The effort was out of date and hopeless. Lee certainly approved the generalship of John-

ston in his Georgia campaign. Why could he not see that a campaign of almost identical conditions had been forced on him? If he was compelled to fall back from the Wilderness to Petersburg, it was because Grant had limitless resources at a moment's command, while every man who fell out of his own ranks was gone forever and none to be found in his place. If the retreat from the Wilderness to Petersburg was a military necessity, what were the changed conditions to arrest at Petersburg the policy of retreat and pursuit of the same two armies? Did not General Lee see that the defence of Petersburg for a few months must terminate in the destruction of his army? Did he not suggest to the government a true military avoidance of such a catastrophe by pursuing with the Army of Northern Virginia the same general strategy that General Johnston adopted with the Army of the Tennessee? I put the plain question to Vice-President Stephens, while he was defending Petersburg in view of Johnston's retreat before Sherman, namely: "Who of our generals is the greatest in your eyes?" The reply came promptly: "I am decidedly of the opinion that General Joseph Johnston has the clearest understanding of any of the military policy necessary to final success. In this I prefer him." I have always regretted that opinion of Mr. Stephens, because I have never been content to believe that the defence of Petersburg was the generalship of Lee as a feature of his strategy.

When we come to institute parallels between the generals of our armies—one in Virginia and the other in the more Southern States—we encounter the resistance of President Davis or his government to all. That feature of our history is, for sentimental reasons, thus far suppressed. General Lee's greatness is apparent in the fact that, whatever his grievance, he never permitted the civil government to become openly at war with him. The two Johnstons, Beauregard, Hardee, Forrest, etc., and nearly all the civil leaders—Stephens, Toombs, Yancey, Wigfall, Rhett, etc.—were far from terms of peace with the President or with the War Department.

John Witherspoon Du Bose.

Wetumpka, Ala.

WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON.

SOLDIER, SCHOLAR, POET AND EDUCATOR.

A Sketch of His Noble Career.

[Died, with mind serene, "in perfect peace with God," July 16, 1899, at the residence of his son-in-law, Hon. Henry St. George Tucker, "Col. Alto," Lexington, Va., Colonel William Preston Johnston, President of Tulane University, New Orleans, La.

It may be of interest to note that he died in the same bed in which he was born, at the residence of his maternal grandfather, Colonel William Preston, Louisville, Kentucky, and in the same house in which his first wife expired suddenly, fourteen years before, when seated in the drawing room, while on a visit to the late Judge J. W. Lea, who was also a native of New Orleans.

The so-lamented deceased had for many years proven himself a zealous member of the Southern Historical Society.

He was present, as the delegate from the State of Kentucky, at our Southern Historical Convention, which assembled August 14, 1873, at the White Sulpher Springs.

He was appointed a member of the "Committee on Business," and reported the vital resolutions framed by the committee.

Their adoption was the reorganization of the Southern Historical Society, its permanent establishment at Richmond, the garnering of invaluable materials of history, and the continuous publication of the important serial of the Society.

Colonel Johnston was appointed by the convention a member of the Executive Committee of the Society.

"In person Colonel Johnston was tall—over six feet—graceful, elegant in manners, and the most lovable of gentlemen."

Soldier, lawyer, author, and poet, his crowning glory was as an educator, and an enduring monument to his memory is Tulane University, at New Orleans, Louisiana.

The following sketch is compiled from the New Orleans, La., *Times-Democrat*, of July 17, 1899.]

While Colonel Johnston's character, mind and learning, together with his executive ability, sufficiently explain his success as an edu-

cator, and the success of the institution of which he was, in the eyes of the world, the head and front, it is of interest and importance also to note who and what his ancestors were, and to see in his genealogy a primal explanation of his own eminent ability.

Colonel Johnston was the eldest son of General Albert Sidney Johnston and Henrietta Preston, of Kentucky, through whom Colonel Johnston was related to the late Randall L. Gibson. Josiah Stoddard Johnston, of Natchitoches, United States Senator from this State, was an uncle of Colonel Johnston, being the elder half-brother of General Albert Sidney Johnston, who was a son of Dr. John Johnston, of Salisbury, Conn., and Abigail Harris, his second wife. Dr. John Johnston was the third son of Captain Archibald Johnston, of Salisbury, Conn., a Revolutionary soldier, of Scotch descent, the family settling first in Duchess county, N. Y. He was a foremost man in his day and generation. Edward Harris, father of Colonel Johnston's paternal grandmother, was a captain in the Revolutionary army, originally of Massachusetts, and a pioneer of Kentucky. Henrietta Preston, Colonel Johnston's mother, was a daughter of Major William Preston, United States army, and Caroline Hancock, a descendant of the Hancock and Strother families of Virginia. Major Preston served under Anthony Wayne against the Indians after the Revolutionary war. He was a son of Colonel William Preston, of Virginia, a veteran of the Revolution. General William Preston, of Kentucky, son of Major Preston, grandson of Colonel Preston, and brother of Mrs. Albert Sidney Johnston, was a brilliant lawyer and dashing soldier. He was minister to Spain when the civil war broke out, resigned, and joined his brother-in-law, General Albert Sidney Johnston, who died in his arms. He rose to the rank of General.

William Preston Johnston, eldest son of Albert Sidney and Henrietta Preston Johnston, was born in Louisville, Ky., January 5, 1831. He lost his mother when he was four years of age, and his father shortly afterward cast his fortunes with the young Republic of Texas. He was reared by maternal relations in Louisville, by Mrs. Josephine Rogers, and, after her death, by General William Preston and wife, and he received his earlier education in the schools of that city. Later he attended the academy of S. V. Womack at Shelbyville; Center College, Danville, and the Western Military Institute at Georgetown, Ky. He had always been of a studious disposition, so that at a period when boys are devoted chiefly to play and light study, he was engrossed in reading standard works of ancient and

modern history. As a consequence, at Yale he almost immediately took a leading position in his class in scholarship, and was especially prominent for his literary taste and excellence in composition, taking a Townsend prize for English composition; and among many candidates in the final competition, he was assigned the second place—Homer B. Sprague receiving the De Forest and Johnston the Clark prize for an essay on "Political Abstractionists," *i. e.*, doctrinaires.

After graduation, he studied law, and received his diploma from the Law School of the University of Louisville, in March, 1853. On the 6th of July, 1853, he was married in New Haven to Rosa Elizabeth Duncan, daughter of John N. Duncan, of New Orleans. He then settled in Louisville in the practice of law, and, except for a short interval, during which he resided in New York, he continued there until the war.

Though not allowing himself to be diverted from his profession by engaging actively in politics, he was always a strong advocate of the principles espoused by the South, and he took an active interest in their maintenance during the period preceding actual hostilities. When the issue, however, culminated in war, he was among the first in his State to cast his fortunes with the South and to raise troops for the Confederate army. Having aided in recruiting and equipping several companies in the summer of 1861, he was appointed major of the 2d Kentucky regiment, but was soon transferred to the 1st Kentucky regiment as major. He was subsequently promoted to be its lieutenant-colonel. This regiment saw its only service in the Army of Northern Virginia, and participated in the early operations on the line of Fairfax Court House and the Accotink. Colonel Johnston's health having broken down from typhoid-pneumonia and camp fever, resulting from the exposure of the field, and his regiment having been disbanded during his illness, he accepted in May, 1862, the invitation of President Davis to become a member of his official family as aide-de-camp, with the rank of colonel. He continued to fill this position until the close of the war, his chief duties being those of an inspector-general and a confidential staff officer of Mr. Davis for communication with generals commanding in the field. He was present in the battles of Seven Pines, Cold Harbor, Sheridan's Raid, Drewry's Bluff, and in the lines at Petersburg, and many other important combats. He contributed essentially to the strength of the administration by the high qualifications he brought to his responsible trust and the general confidence reposed in him by his chief and by all who knew him. He adhered with unswerving

fidelity to the fortunes of Mr. Davis, and was captured with him in Georgia after the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston. After several months of solitary confinement in Fort Delaware, he was released; and after nearly a year's residence in exile in Canada, returning to Louisville, he resumed the practice of law.

In 1867, while thus engaged, he was invited by General R. E. Lee to the chair of history and English literature in Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., and removed to that place. This was a position for which he was peculiarly well fitted by the trend of his mind, as well as his scholarly acquirements; and his success in drawing to the institution a class of superior youth from the West and South, and inspiring them with his own high standard of morality, learning and ambition, has been best evidenced in the honorable positions in life attained by those who came under his personal and professional influence. Colonel Johnston remained at Washington and Lee University until 1877, and while there wrote the "Life of Albert Sidney Johnston," published by the Appletons in 1878. This work is an admirably written biography of the great Confederate chieftain who lost his life on the memorable battlefield of Shiloh, and whose character is one of the grandest and noblest in American annals. Colonel Johnston's life of his father ranked him as one of the best writers in the country, and his style is noted for its vigor and elegance. The judicial character of his work has been attested by many of the most distinguished generals and fairest critics on both sides, North and South.

A high degree of literary excellence is found in his other works, which consist of a number of poems, essays on literary, historical and pedagogical subjects, and addresses. In 1890 he printed "The Prototype of Hamlet," a series of lectures delivered at the Tulane University, which have been very favorably received by Shakespearian scholars. Owing to the bankruptcy of the publisher at the moment of its issue, this volume was never offered for sale, and only a small number of copies were printed. Its thesis is a paradox which has found favor with many lawyers, but it is not cheerfully accepted by the worshipers of the great bard. Colonel Johnston, however, ranks Shakespeare as the greatest of all writers, and regards the Baconian theory as absurd.

Colonel Johnston has delivered a large number of addresses before various universities and other educational assemblies. These addresses have been widely noticed as giving a correct and vivid picture of what is called the Old South, and also of the conditions in

the New South. The manly and earnest tone of the speaker, and his profound philosophical observation, with his estimate of what should be done for Southern civilization, have been much appreciated by political economists in America and in Europe.

During all Colonel Johnston's varied career of lawyer, soldier, professor, public speaker, and university president, he has indulged a strong bent for writing verse, the impulse of a genuine poetic gift. But a certain diffidence and fear of mere mediocrity, with a knowledge of the estimate placed on such productions by practical men, prevented him for a long time from printing his verses, except on rare occasions. In 1894 he printed a collection of his poems, entitled "My Garden Walk." It was intended chiefly for private distribution and as a memorial for his family and friends. But it has reached a wide circle of readers, and has its circle of admirers, who regard with favor the versatility of the author and his clearness, force and melody of expression.

Colonel Johnston published, in 1896, what might be considered a supplement to this volume, under the title of "Pictures of the Patriarchs, and Other Poems." This little book of verse contains, in addition to the titular portion, a second part of devotional verse and new versions and paraphrases of some of the Psalms. It is deservedly very popular with the many who respond to its spiritual melody.

But although Colonel Johnston is a distinguished literateur, his chief work has been done as an educator. In 1880 he accepted the presidency of the Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge, and thoroughly reorganized and re-established that institution, which had been for some time in a chaotic state, and had only thirty-nine students when he took charge of it. When, in 1883, Paul Tulane, the great philanthropist, made to Louisiana his princely gift, Colonel Johnston was requested by the administrators of the Tulane educational fund to organize and take charge of the institution to be founded. The result was the merging, in 1884, of the University of Louisiana into the Tulane University, which in all its branches stands as the greatest University in the Southwest. Colonel Johnston's administration as president is broad and conservative. He has endeavored to build up an institution in which the theory of an ideal university should be adapted to actual existing conditions. He has encouraged all literary, scientific and artistic societies, and his enlightened course in that direction has been of immense advantage to New Orleans. The university is now doing a great work. It em-

braces law and medical departments, a woman's college, a college of arts and sciences, and one of technology, a worthy monument indeed to the munificent founder and the efficient organizer.

Washington and Lee University in 1877 conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and he has for a number of years been one of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution.

In character he is all that the record of his life bespeaks—simple, direct, gentle, yet firm, sincere, conscientious and unswerving in the discharge of every duty, and unwavering in friendship, brave and serene in misfortune and bereavement. He is a communicant of the Episcopal Church and a God-fearing man without cant.

Colonel Johnston's first wife died on October 19, 1885. She was one of the rarest and noblest of women. In April, 1888, Colonel Johnston married Miss Margaret Avery, a lady of culture and refinement, a member of one of the best Louisiana families. Colonel Johnston's only son, Albert Sidney Johnston, died in 1885, aged twenty-four. He has had five daughters. Three survive. Henrietta Preston, wife of Hon. Henry St. George Tucker, of Staunton, Va., for four sessions a member of Congress from that district; Rosa Duncan, married to George A. Robinson, of Louisville, Ky., and Margaret Wickliffe, married to Richard Sharpe, Jr., of Wilkesbarre, Pa. His eldest daughter, Mary Duncan Johnston, died unmarried November 25, 1893. His youngest daughter, Caroline Hancock Johnston, married Thomas C. Kinney, of Staunton, Va., and died July 26, 1895. Mr. Kinney is, through his mother, a direct descendant of Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

COLONEL JOHNSTON AND TULANE UNIVERSITY.

For the past fifteen years Colonel Johnston has been a conspicuous object in the public view of New Orleans, standing as he did at the head of the greatest educational system in the South—a system because of the carrying out of his big ideas of what Tulane University should be.

Under the guidance of Professor Jesse, the University of Louisiana was a splendid academy for young men—an institution where they could get, so far as the financial status of the institution permitted, a fine classical training and a thorough education in mathematics. Called to the presidency of the embryo college when, through the beneficence of Paul Tulane, the future glowed with promise, Colonel

Johnston assumed charge under auspicious conditions, but conditions which might easily have been negatived and nullified by incapable management. Instead, following Colonel Johnston's suggestions, carrying out his general ideas, expanding on the lines that his mind recognized as the ones of permanent expediency, the academy grew into a college, and the college into a system of colleges, crowded with fine university facilities for post-graduate studies.

While never radical, Colonel Johnston was always progressive in educational matters. His advanced ideas and his foresight, however, were always tempered by enough conservatism to avoid such tentative efforts as come to naught. No departure that he instituted proved a failure. Here and there details of original plans were modified, sometimes by expansion, sometimes by contraction, but the rule was that his mind foresaw well, and his counsel proved always to be that of one who was wise in his own vocation.

A broadly and thoroughly educated man, he was especially a literary scholar, a critic of great ability, a writer of force, elegance and clearness. His prose and poetry both commend themselves to capable judges, and have been widely read with much of both pleasure and profit to the readers.

It is often the case that men of particular bent deem that in which they themselves excel as the thing, the vocation or the faculty of highest importance. With Colonel Johnston, however, this rule did not hold true. He recognized literature as his particular forte, but he was free from narrowing, hampering hobbies, and he knew that literature was but one of the arches in the magnificent temples of learning. Less ornate branches of knowledge, he knew, were equally valuable, in many ways of more direct present importance; and being an educator, not a book-worm, a teacher as well as a scholar, a leader in his own day as well as a follower through the delightful roads cut for the human mind by the master intellects of past generations, he kept his mind fixed always on the standard of practical utility as well as that of finish and elegance, and from the day that he assumed the chair of president of Tulane, he put forth his every effort to make the institution one of value in every way.

Not only should the law and medical colleges maintain the unexcelled reputation that their graduates for many years had given them, but the classical proclivities of the youth of the South, so far as Tulane could affect them, should have every encouragement to grow and every facility for growth. Science should be brought from the upper realms, and, by means of practical application, chained to the

every-day service of man. All knowledge should be made to serve the ends of humanity—not, indeed, reduced to the standard of utility, but given aspects and bearings and trained directions that should appeal even to those who hold that nothing is desirable unless it be of practical present usefulness.

One of the first forward steps of the new Tulane was the establishment of the manual training school, at first almost entirely an adjunct of the high school department, since abolished. The scope of the manual training school was rapidly extended, and to-day the university confers the degree of bachelor of science upon mechanical and electrical engineers from the college of technology. The literary and classical courses have grown into a splendidly equipped college of arts and sciences, graduating bachelors of art, and in the university, graduates of Newcomb and Tulane study together for the higher degrees of M. A. and Ph. D.

To the outside world there seems to be but little immediate bond between Tulane and Newcomb, but to the man whose memory is honored as president of Tulane University is due in large measure the existence of the H. Sophie Newcomb College for young ladies, one of the colleges in the university. Colonel Johnston never lost an opportunity to urge upon people of wealth identified with New Orleans to give of their means to the cause of education, and it was his influence with Mrs. Newcomb, whom he had known from her infancy, that probably determined her upon a college for young women as the best memorial for her lamented daughter. Colonel Johnston's modesty forbade him to speak of the extent to which the establishment of Newcomb College was due to him, and it was almost a secret until some of Mrs. Newcomb's relatives in Kentucky brought frivolous proceedings against Colonel Johnston for influencing Mrs. Newcomb to divert her wealth into such channels as to deprive them of all prospects of dividing it among them.

Colonel Johnston's idea was to build up a great university, made of many colleges, and to have on every hand preparatory schools feeding the colleges. Fifteen years president of Tulane, he lived to see his plans sufficiently materialized to guarantee the complete ultimate fruition of his hopes, and in the last days of his life he had the joy of knowing that his unselfish efforts for the good of others had been rewarded with ampler and quicker success than it is the lot of most men to enjoy.

In 1884, Tulane was almost an experiment. Between the president and the administrators the completest harmony always existed.

They were foremost business and professional men. He was a scholar, but an eminently practical one. Education was his life work, the one absorbing object of his days and nights, and he was for fifteen years the inspiration that enabled the corporate power embodied in the board of administrators to move forward and upward, gaining new strength with every effort, and greatly increased power with every new success. Tulane, in growing great under the presidency of Colonel Johnston, had, obedient to his ideas, uplifted all the schools and academies of this section. The ambition of principals and assistants in private preparatory schools, is to have their pupils admitted to the freshman classes of Tulane and Newcomb without entrance examinations. The Boys' High School scholarship stimulates both students, pupils and teachers in that school. Tulane, throbbing with its own life and ambition, proved a vitalizing influence throughout the entire educational system of New Orleans and the surrounding parishes, sometimes lifting up, sometimes helping to do so, never without some influence.

"The noblest profession a man can follow," Colonel Johnston used often say to his students, "is to educate others. It is not the most profitable financially, but it is the most gratifying in many respects."

Ashley D. Hurt, a brilliant Greek scholar and a Greek poet, was placed in the Tulane faculty at the suggestion of Colonel Johnston, and Prof. Hurt's successor in the chair of Greek is a man, still young, whose education was received at Tulane, and whose scholastic attainments, especially in Greek, have attracted widespread attention. Tulane is sending out into the world many splendidly-equipped educators, and they in turn send students to Tulane; and along the lines mapped out by Colonel Johnston, Tulane University works out its own destiny and that of a people.

An illustration of his devotion to the university, and also of his will-power, was given at the last commencement exercises. He had suffered much and had been under severe physical strain. He was at the time unfit to be on the platform, but it was commencement, and he must be where his heart was—with his graduates. He could barely hold up during the exercises, and his condition was painfully apparent to the audience.

Glowing tributes to the memory of Colonel Johnston from Judge Charles E. Fenner, President of the Board of Administrators of Tulane University; the venerable man of God, Benjamin M. Palmer, D. D., and others, have been published.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, April 16, 1899.]

RAID ON CATLETT'S.

One of General J. E. B. Stuart's Famous Dashes.

A PRIVATE SOLDIER'S RECOLLECTION.

Knew Something had been Found—A Pitiable Sight—Gloucester Never Backed Out—The Ludicrous Side—Gathering the Plunder.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I have been thinking for some time that I would jot down my recollections of General J. E. B. Stuart's raid on Catlett's Station during the war between the States. I was a private in Company G, 4th Virginia cavalry, but not one of those who could fight a battle or conduct a campaign, for I never knew anything about a battle except what occurred right in front or pretty near to me. So I shall only try to describe what I saw and did. I am a poor hand to recollect dates and places, but of circumstances I can remember a great deal. I see by a map of the battlefields of Virginia that there was a skirmish at Catlett's August 21 and 23 and October 24, 1864. I think it must have been on the two former dates that the raid of which I write occurred, for I know we were in and about there two days.

On the 21st we had been marching all day, and passed through the town of Warrenton not a great while before night. My regiment came to a halt just in the town. We were received by the citizens with open arms, and what was much more to our liking, with a bountiful supply for the inner man. All were not able to take advantage of what was offered, as we only stopped for a few seconds. Fortunately for myself, I halted just opposite a store containing almost everything, and the occupant thereof rushed out, bearing in one hand a plate piled up with apple pies and in the other a plate filled with dried or smoked fish. I made a grab, and got a goodly portion of pie in one hand and a number of fish in the other. Many of the other soldiers did the same. Never did viands taste better. The "pies" were consumed then and there, and the fish kept for future use.

Soon after leaving the town we were halted in an open field. Night was coming on, and ominous clouds were looming up, with lightning and thunder. Soon it began to rain in torrents. I have always maintained I never saw it rain so hard before or since. The storm was soon over, and then commenced the fun. It was laughable to see the men standing on their heads, or getting their feet up in the air to let the water run out of their boots. By the time we started again it was pitch dark, and not one of us privates, I will venture to say, knew where we were going. I surely did not. On we plodded, hour after hour, with the darkness so dense that you couldn't see your file leader. We crossed several streams very much swollen by the recent rains, which made fording very difficult, but on we went. There were two regiments in front of mine in the line of march. One, I think, was the gallant 5th, led by that dashing officer, Colonel Tom Rosser, now General.

Somewhere about midnight, when nothing was to be heard but the splash, splash of the horses' feet in the wet roads, the stillness was suddenly broken by a tremendous yell far to the front. We in the rear knew then something had been found. Orders soon came down the line to quicken up. The yelling at the front became fiercer and fiercer. By the time my regiment got upon the scene of action, it was pretty much all over, and by the flashes of lightning we found that we were standing in the midst of the Federal tents. Just then Colonel Rosser, with his sword drawn and dripping with blood, rode up to General Stuart, who was close by, and said in his own emphatic language: "General, I have been giving them h—ll, cutting and slashing right and left."

It was a pitiable sight to see those Federal soldiers running here and there, and clad only in their night garments, which consisted, of course, only of undergarments. They had no hats nor shoes, and wherever one was seen he was soon captured or cut down. It was an awful and exciting time. Soon after my regiment came up Captain William B. Newton, of Company G, was ordered to take a squad of men and proceed to the railroad to cut the telegraph wire. I formed one of the squad, but what we were to cut with I could not see. Sabres are good for cutting flesh and breaking bones, but they can't cut suspended wire very easily. Some of the Gloucester cavalry got mixed up with us as we proceeded in the pitch dark. Finally we reached the railroad at a high embankment, and it was well for us that we did, for by the flashes of lightning, which were still very vivid, we could see, by climbing to the top of the embankment, a

line of Federal infantry drawn up ready for action. Captain Newton called for volunteers to climb a pole and cut the wire. We had all seen the danger and knew the risk, and as we had nothing to cut with, and a telegraph pole is not the easiest thing in the world to climb, we were rather slow to respond. But there was a volunteer. He was a small man from the Gloucester troops that had joined us. As he jumped to the front, he exclaimed: "I will go; Gloucester has never backed out yet," and up he went. He had reached the top of the pole and was trying his best to get the wire in two, when there came a vivid flash of lightning and the Yankees saw him. They were not slow in firing a volley right across the track. It seemed to me the whole heaven was full of bullets. The man up the pole dropped down with a thud. We were sure he had been killed, but the next moment he rolled down the embankment and jumped up all right. We could do nothing with the wire, so Captain Newton took us back to the company. Out from the tents were packed all of General Pope's headquarters wagons, and many others, I suppose. Several had been set on fire, which illuminated the camp in every direction. I got permission to do a little foraging on my own hook, and rode down among the burning wagons.

There were many laughable scenes, as well as serious ones, that memorable night. I don't suppose time can ever efface them from my memory. As I passed in the rear of one wagon—and I ought to mention here that these wagons were all packed and ready to move out at any moment—I saw a soldier trying to get the cork out of a bottle. He got impatient with the obstinate cork and so he struck the neck of the bottle on the wagon tire. There was an explosion, and he dropped the bottle like a hot cake. I yelled to him that he was a fool; that that was the best stuff he ever drank; that it was champagne. He said there was plenty of it in the wagon. I made him hand me out a bottle, which I stored away in my saddle-pockets. I then proceeded to a wagon which had not been molested. Two fine, fat horses were tied behind it. I untied one of them and transferred my saddle from my own horse to this old Yankee cuss, and I had ample time to regret it afterwards. I had no notion of turning my horse adrift, for I considered him as fine an animal as there was in the service. After changing saddle and bridle to the other horse, I tied the halter strap of my horse in the ring of the saddle. I then climbed up into the wagon, which was chock full of camp equipage. I soon slashed the cover off with my knife,

so that I could have full play. I tackled a big leather trunk, and as I heaved it out on the ground it struck the front wheel and the top and bottom parted company. It evidently belonged to an officer of high rank. The first thing I pulled out was on elegant cocked hat with royal black plumes. Then followed dress uniform coats and pants, and fatigue jackets, all with epaulets, and superb underwear of every description. I was rich. I strapped to my saddle and around my person everything that I needed, and some things that I had better have left where I found them; but then I didn't know. Among other valuable things was an elegant pair of field-glasses. I put the strap of the case over my neck. There was a cylindrical tin box, a foot or more long, containing drawings and maps. I should have carried those to General Stuart, but I did not, and left them where they were. Then I found my "evil genius," which was a pint flask half full of good whiskey. I sampled it then and there. When I had enough I mounted my new capture and started out. I hadn't gone far when I was hailed by a man standing over a five-gallon runlet, with the head knocked in. He asked me if I didn't want something to drink. I took out the flask which I had gotten from the trunk, and handed it to him, first unscrewing the top. He simply immersed it in the whisky and let it run full, and handed it back to me.

I was sitting on my horse, and screwing on the top with the reins hanging loose, when all on a sudden the Yankees, who had crept up under cover of darkness, opened a terrible fire on us. At the first discharge the old Yankee horse bolted right over a wagon pole, and on he went into pitch darkness, through bushes and over gullies. Before I could gather up the reins he was running away with me. At the first bound the halter strap to the horse I was leading broke. As a second mishap, one stirrup leather gave way. I had to hold on by my knees. Whither he was carrying me I could not tell, for it was dark, and the bushes were raking me fore and aft, and I expected every moment to be dragged off. I finally succeeded in hauling him up. Then I felt around to see what damage had been done. And "I am sorry to relate," I was as poor a man as you would wish to see. Every vestige of my plunder was gone, except the field-glasses, which were around my neck. The bushes had scraped me clean; haversack and all were gone. I couldn't find my company, and I didn't know where I was. I stopped and tried to locate myself and to listen. While so engaged I heard some one groaning, apparently far below me. I could not understand it, so I

called to know who was there, and the reply came back: "It's me; Harry Finney." And sure enough, it was Lieutenant H. B. Finney, of the Powhatan troop. He begged me to help him, saying he was badly hurt. I then found that I was standing on the edge of a very deep gully, and Lieutenant Finney was at the bottom of it. I fastened my horse and went to his rescue. He could scarcely walk. His horse had played him an ugly trick. I managed to get him up the steep bank and put him on my horse, and as daylight was coming on, took him back to the rear. During the day I got another horse and put him on it, and he joined some of his own company. I soon found some of my comrades, and together we rejoined the regiment. I learned from some of the men that a soldier from the 6th regiment had captured my lost horse. I lost no time in hunting him up, but had hard work getting him back. After much persuasion and many promises, I finally succeeded. Had I stuck to him all the time, I should have come out of that raid much better off than I did.

We captured a great many prisoners, among them a woman in man's uniform and with a gun; destroyed quantities of stores and wagons, brought off all the horses, and got back without the loss of a single man, so far as I know.

Thus, Mr. Editor, I have tried to jot down my recollections of one of the most remarkable rides and raids that it was my good fortune to be in during the war.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, July 2, 1899.]

WHY THE CONFEDERATE STATES DID NOT HAVE A SUPREME COURT.

I am asked why the Confederate States never had a Supreme Court.

The Constitution of the Confederate States is a copy of that of the United States, "*totidem verbis*," except where the theory of the sovereignty of the States required changes in the Constitution to make that plain. Thus the preamble of the Constitution, that fruitful source of centralizing theories, reads: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union," was changed to read: "We, the people of the Confederate States, each State acting in its sovereign and independent character, in order to form a permanent Federal Government."

Article I, section 1, Constitution of the United States: "All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a congress," &c.,

was changed, "All legislative powers herein delegated shall be vested in a congress," &c.

The two constitutions, in parallel columns, are printed as an appendix to my "Memoir of Joseph E. Johnston," R. H. Woodward & Co., Baltimore, 1891, and the alterations of the Constitution of the United States are shown in that of the Confederate States in italics, and I assert here that every amendment was an improvement on the original instrument. The Confederate statesmen, who then included the leading minds in America, did not propose any change in the government, and they only amended the old Constitution so as to make it conform to the construction which they put upon it, and which was consistent with the origin and history and intention of the original Constitution. They hoped that if war could be avoided, all the other States, except New England ones, would come in and form an amended Union under the amended Constitution. The loss of New England they were prepared to bear in a resigned and Christian spirit, while they congratulated New Brunswick and Nova Scotia on their new associates, who they would find so agreeable to live with. I am bound to say that this Confederate hope was superficial and baseless. They never did understand that the war was not for abolition of slavery, but was a war for dominion of the strong over the weak; of conquest, of selfishness, of avarice. Abolition and humanity were the pretexts; preservation of the Union the mockery, but the reality was the money there was in it, and the money there would be in it when the rich, productive, agricultural South should be made serfs to the vigorous, active, intelligent, greedy North.

The war was a contractors' war. They pushed it on to get contracts, and then pressed it further to make those contracts good.

But the Constitution of the Confederate States was a copy of that of the United States, amended as I have shown.

Article III, section 1, of the old Constitution provides that "the judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish." The amended Constitution adopts this section without change of a word, except "Confederate" is substituted for "United."

This is the only change as appears by the official copy of the Constitution of the Confederate States, now before me, printed by the Congress in Richmond in 1864.

I am thus particular, for what purports to be the Constitution of

the Confederate States, just published in the Military History of the Confederate States, contains a serious error. It prints the third article as "the judicial power of the Confederate States shall be vested in one superior court," &c., Volume XII, page 311.

The Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, at its first session, held at Montgomery, on March 16, 1861, proceeded to organize the judicial power as provided for in the Constitution.

By chapter LXI.—An act to establish the judicial courts of the Confederate States of America—"the Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact that the Supreme Court of the Confederate States shall hold annually, at the seat of government, one session, commencing the first Monday of January, and continuing until the business of said court is disposed of. The second section provides for district courts for each State. There was no provision for circuit courts. The act is an elaborate provision of fifty-four sections, prescribing the jurisdiction and mode of procedure of the courts. The Constitution provided that the President should, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, appoint the judges of the Supreme Court, but the law did not fix the number of the judges, and the court could not be organized until such number was fixed by Congress. At the third session of the Provisional Congress, held at Richmond, by chapter III, passed July 31, 1861, entitled "an act further to amend an act entitled an act to establish the judicial courts of the Confederate States of America," provides "the Congress of the Confederate States do enact that so much of the act approved March 16, 1861, entitled an act to establish the judicial courts of the Confederate States of America, as directs the holding of a session of the Supreme Court of the Confederate States in January next, be, and the same is hereby, repealed, and no session of the Supreme Court shall be held until that court shall be organized under the provisions of the permanent Constitution of the Confederate States, and the laws passed in pursuance thereof."

How a session of a court could be held before there was a court, I do not understand. But that was the law as passed. That was the end of the attempt to organize a Supreme Court of the Confederate States. The reasons for the failure to proceed further have not been recorded as far as I know. Neither President Davis, in his "*Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*," nor Mr. Stephens, in his "*War Between the States*," anywhere mention the subject, and the only light which can now be shed on the question are the

contemporaneous reports of the debates in Congress, in the *Enquirer*, the *Examiner*, and the *Dispatch* of that period.

The files of these papers are not accessible to me, but I get a glimmer of the reason from a statement to me by Judge Keith, of the Supreme Court.

He told me that when he was on picket duty he read by the light of a camp fire a long and venomous attack of Senator Wigfall on John Marshall and the centralizing tendencies of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Now, when you touch one Fauquier man, the blood of every other Fauquier man, whether on picket or on the Supreme bench, grows red-hot, and I have no doubt that, when the young cavalryman read this attack on his countryman and kinsman, his eyes got red and he blowed and puffed, and just wished he had him at sabre's length. That's the way they used to do in Fauquier. As everybody knows, they've all joined the Young Men's Christian Association since then. (This is a joke, for I don't want some fellow from about Warrenton writing to know if I meant anything disrespectful to Fauquier, sah! I don't, and I love every one of them, God bless 'em!)

Judge Keith's reminiscence gives me the clue to the reason. From the time of the resolutions of 1798–'99, the States' Rights party had been firm in their opposition to a "common arbiter." Mr. Jefferson, in his resolution, and Mr. Madison, in his report, had laid down the law, that in case of an infringement of States' rights by the common agent—the Federal Government—each State must be the judge of the wrong done her and of the mode and measure of redress.

The Kentucky resolutions of 1798 were drawn by Mr. Jefferson. They declared "that the several States, composing the United States of America, are not united on the principle of unlimited submission to their general government, but that by compact under the style and title of the Constitution of the United States, and by amendments thereto, they constituted a general government for special purposes, delegated to that government certain definite powers, reserving to each State for itself the residuary mass of right to their own self-government, and that whensoever the General Government assumes undelegated power, its acts are unauthorized, void, and of no force: that to this compact each State acceded as a State, and is an integral part; that the government created by this compact was not made the exclusive judge of the power delegated to itself, since that would have made discretion, and not the Constitu-

tion, the measure of its own powers; but as in all cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infraction as of the mode and measure of redress." On this platform Mr. Jefferson was elected President in 1800, overthrowing John Adams and the Federal party. It was the corner-stone of the Democratic faith, and the government was administered on it in the main from 1800 to 1861, excepting the intersigna of John Quincy, of Andrew Jackson, and of Millard Fillmore. The national Democratic conventions affirmed it time and again. But John Marshall, in the Supreme Court, steadily enlarged the delegated power of the common agent, and the northern people generally lost sight of the nature of the Federal government, and, applying the principle of the resolutions of 1798, in the case of secession, set itself up "to judge for itself, as well of infraction as of the mode and measure of redress."

Mr. Calhoun wrote his book to establish the proposition, and I can well understand how President Davis, Senators Wigfall, Mason, and Hunter all agreed that there should be no Supreme Court, the creature of the Federal authority, to become a "common arbiter" in all time in disputes between States, or between States and the Federal government. The conclusion I arrive at is, that there was no Supreme Court, because the Confederate States would not tolerate a "common arbiter" appointed by their agent, the Confederate government.

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

The Woodlands, Amelia Courthouse, Va., June 29, 1899.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, January 29, 1899.]

ONE OF COL. JOHN S. MOSBY'S COMPANIES.

The following roster of Company F, Mosby's battalion, contains the name of those who composed the company in the fall of 1864 and up to the time of the surrender at Appomattox. It is taken from the roll-book of the company, which was kept by Sergeant Jesse P. Gore, brother of Officer Charles A. Gore, of this city. Sergeant Gore died about two years ago, and the book became the property of Officer Gore, who prizes it as a souvenir of the war.

The roll contains the names of quite a number of residents of this section, though many have passed away.

OFFICERS.

Captain—W. E. Franklin.
First Lieutenant—Walter Barrett.
Second Lieutenant—James T. Ames.
Third Lieutenant—J. Frank Turner.
First Sergeant—H. M. McIlhaney.
Second Sergeant—Robert Parrott.
Third Sergeant—Thomas A. Russell.
Fourth Sergeant—John J. Williams.
Fifth Sergeant—James P. Triplett.

E. M. Crutchfield, Jesse P. Gore, Chas. Brooks and David Reeves were also appointed from the ranks to act as first, second, third and fourth sergeants *pro tem.*

(This action is supposed to have been necessary, as the companies were often separated during the raids.)

First Corporal—Chas. W. Harris.
Second Corporal—Henry James.
Third Corporal—Benj. R. Cowherd.
Fourth Corporal—Jno. L. Shackleford.

PRIVATES.

Geo. B. Austin, B. R. Alexander, W. S. Broaddus, Harrison Burton, Arthur Burke, Jno. C. Bayne, James D. Brown, Charles Brooks, Chas. L. Bankhead, Washington Bayne, Thos. R. Brown,

Jno. E. Baker, Alex. Buners, J. A. Barker, J. Beverley, Jno. J. Cahill, Jno. J. Clark, William Cockrell, F. M. Conner, Isaiah Carter, D. Coode, Butler Corder, T. W. Crow, John Culbreth, Geo. W. Crawford, Hugh H. Chandler, Irvine Chase, M. Cooksey, Charles Daime, Peter M. Daniel, Reuben Dawson, Rodger M. Dunaway, R. A. Dunton, Frederick Eubank, B. Eastham, J. P. Gayle, M. J. Gayle, Thos. B. Gayle, Lewis E. Gooding, J. H. Goddin, Abner Goodall, James J. Gooch, James R. Gresham, John B. Griffith, H. Gaskins, James Haney, Francis L. Hill, Noah Holkman, H. H. Hopkins, R. T. Howard, Isaiah Hunton, Jacob Imboden, Matthew Jennings, C. W. Johnson, M. A. Jones, W. M. Yerby, John C. Rally, Hugh C. Keysear, James P. Kite, Richard Knox, Thomas O. Kite, M. P. Lacy, T. B. Leach, Clifton Lee, J. W. Limbrick, D. W. Lowe, Willis J. Landram, Edward G. Leavell, Fielding Lucas, Wm. L. Manley, Elimonder Myers, O. D. Miller, J. M. Milton, L. E. Meredith, John L. McKenny, William Norris, John J. Porter, John T. Pritchard, James H. Peebles, Geo. H. Priest, Thomas Parr, Rupert R. Powell, H. F. Powell, Jno. R. Paine, Thos. H. Riley, Daniel Reeves, S. B. Rollins, John M. Royston, J. E. Ricketts, T. R. Ridgely, Robert Scott, J. A. Silman, John A. Silman, J. G. Smoot, Jas. W. Strother, John C. Sinclair, B. R. Swann, W. S. Sours, M. V. Scurry, F. Spottswood, E. T. Smith, Alfred Thompson, D. L. Thomas, Alonzo Travis, E. M. Towles, W. R. Taylor, Chas. Vier, A. F. Wirizelle, Jno. W. Wheatley, Chas. P. Walker, Chas. Worsam.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, September 3, 1899.]

RETALIATION.

THE EXECUTION OF SEVEN PRISONERS BY Col. JOHN S. MOSBY.

A Self-Protective Necessity.

The dedication at Front Royal of the monument to the six men of the 43d battalion of Virginia cavalry on the anniversary of the day they were hung, September 23, 1864, revives the memory of a painful episode of the war. But it does more: it proves that heroic sentiment still survives and that those who died for their country's cause, did not die in vain.

"Their country conquers with their martyrdom."

At the time it occurred, I was away from my command, wounded. Sheridan, with an overwhelming force, was pushing Early up the Shenandoah Valley; he had sent Torbert with two divisions of cavalry to cut off his retreat at New Market; Wickham in command of Fitz Lee's cavalry division had repulsed them at Milford, and Torbert was retreating down the Valley. Captain Sam Chapman—the same Chapman whom McKinley recently sent as a chaplain to preach humanity in Cuba—this is one of the revenges of time—with a detachment of fifty or sixty men went to the Valley to strike a blow to impede Sheridan's march by breaking his line of communications. This was the work in which we had been engaged. If Sheridan's dispatches to Grant are true, he was as much annoyed by the war in his rear as by that in his front. In his report of the campaign he belittles our operations by saying that he was benefitted by them as we kept his men from straggling—but afterward, finding that it would be of more advantage to his reputation to take the opposite ground, in his Memoirs he maintains that while his army was numerically superior to Early's, yet the partisans in his rear compelled such heavy detachments to guard the border and his line of supplies, that their actual strength was about equal. The Memoir (Vol. I, p. 499) says: "The difference of strength between the two armies at this date was considerably in my favor, but the conditions attending my situation in a hostile region necessitated so much detached service

to protect trains and to secure Maryland and Pennsyvania from raids, that my excess in numbers was almost cancelled by these incidental demands that could not be avoided, and although I knew I was strong, yet in consequence of the injunctions of General Grant, I deemed it necessary to be very cautious," etc.

A HIGH TRIBUTE.

This is the highest tribute ever paid to the efficiency of my command. The inspection reports at that time show that Sheridan had in his department a total present for duty of 94,026. Early's total effective, with Kershaw (whose division was not in the battle of Winchester), was 21,000. Sheridan then had good military reasons for burning of the country to drive us out. But to return from this digression. At Front Royal, Chapman saw an ambulance train, under an escort of cavalry, coming down the pike. As he had not heard of Torbert's defeat, and that he was retreating down the Valley, and not dreaming that a corps of cavalry was in supporting distance immediately behind it, he attacked the escort and drove it back on the main body. Having leaped into the midst of overwhelming numbers, he had to call off his men and abandon what he had won. A body of cavalry was sent around to intercept his retreat, and formed across his path. Merritt's whole division was in pursuit. When Chapman's men came upon the cavalry in the road that barred their way, they opened upon them with their six-shooters and cleared away the obstruction. There was no time to parley or take prisoners. The momentum of Chapman's charge swept away all before it. The enemy had attempted to cut off Chapman and had got cut off. The fate of war, six of Chapman's men were captured. Merritt, in his report, says: "It having been decided impracticable to carry the position of the enemy (Milford) without great loss of life, it was decided to withdraw both divisions. This was done at dark, and the command on the following day returned to Front Royal. Near this town the advance of the reserve brigade encountered a body of guerrillas under a Captain Chapman, who were in the act of capturing an ambulance train of our wounded. The gang quickly dispersed with a loss of eighteen killed. (None of Chapman's men were killed except those who were hung.) Lieutenant McMasters, of the 2d United States cavalry, was mortally wounded in this affair, being shot, after he was taken prisoner, and robbed."

SILENT ABOUT THE HANGING.

Lieutenant McMasters was never a prisoner—no prisoners were taken. When he formed across the road he thought he had my men in a pen, but they dashed through his ranks and shot him as they passed. But why didn't Merritt tell the whole story—that he hung six prisoners? The reason is obvious. Torbert, the corps commander, says: "Brig.-General Merritt's division went through Front Royal crossing the Shenandoah and stopping at Cedarville, in the meantime having a skirmish with Mosby's guerrillas at Front Royal, killing two officers and nine men." Torbert, like Merritt, is silent about the hanging, and no doubt for the same reason. None of my men were killed in the fight and none wounded. Custer's report says nothing about the Front Royal affair. Neither Torbert, Merritt or Custer was willing to assume the responsibility and odium or to go on record about the hanging. It was their duty to report the fact, and if justifiable, then the circumstances that justified it. No matter whether they were active or merely passive in the business, their silence gives it a dark complexion. A few days afterward I returned to my command. Many prisoners had been captured, but the men had taken no revenge. They were waiting for me. I determined to demand and enforce every belligerent right to which the soldiers of a great military power were entitled by the laws of war. But I resolved to do it in the most humane manner, and in a calm, judicial spirit. I felt in doing it all the pangs of the weeping jailor when he handed the cup of hemlock to the great Athenian martyr. It was not an act of revenge, but a judicial sentence to save not only the lives of my own men, but the lives of the enemy. It had that effect. I regret that fate thrust such a duty upon me; I do not regret that I faced and performed it. The following correspondence speaks for itself:

NEAR MIDDLEBURG, LOUDOUN COUNTY,
October 29, 1864.

General R. E. LEE,
Commanding the Army of Northern Virginia:

GENERAL,—I desire to bring, through you, to the notice of the government the brutal conduct of the enemy manifested towards citizens of this district since their occupation of Manassas road. When they first advanced up the road, we smashed up one of their trains, killing and wounding a large number. In retaliation they arrested

a large number of citizens living along the line, and have been in the habit of sending an instalment of them on each train. As my command has done nothing contrary to the usages of war, it seems to me that some attempt at least ought to be made to prevent a repetition of such barbarities. During my absence from my command, the enemy captured six of my men near Front Royal. These were immediately hanged by order and in the presence of General Custer. They also hung another lately in Rappahannock. It is my purpose to hang an equal number of Custer's men whenever I capture them.

* * * Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN S. MOSBY,
Lieutenant-Colonel.

(First endorsement.)

Respectfully referred to the Honorable Secretary of War for his information. I do not know how we can prevent the cruel conduct of the enemy toward our citizens. I have directed Colonel Mosby, through his adjutant, to hang an equal number of Custer's men in retaliation for those executed by him.

(Signed,) R. E. LEE,
General.

(Second endorsement.)

November 14, 1864.

ADJUTANT GENERAL:

General Lee's instructions are cordially approved. In addition, if our citizens are found exposed on any captured train, signal vengeance should be taken on all conductors and officers found on it and every male passenger of the enemy's country as prisoners. So instruct.

J. A. SEDDON,
Secretary.

November 11, 1864.

Major-General P. H. SHERIDAN,
Commanding United States Forces in the Valley:

GENERAL,—Some time in the month of September, during my absence from my command, six of my men who had been captured by your forces were hung and shot in the streets of Front Royal by the order and in the immediate presence of Brigadier-General Custer. Since then another, captured by a Colonel Powell on a plundering expedition into Rappahannock, was also hung. A label affixed to

the coat of one of the murdered men declared that "this would be the fate of Mosby and all his men." Since the murder of my men, not less than 700 prisoners, including many officers of high rank, captured from your army by this command, have been forwarded to Richmond, but the execution of my purpose of retaliation was deferred in order, as far as possible, to confine its operation to the men of Custer and Powell. Accordingly, on the 6th instant, seven of your men were by my order executed on the Valley pike, your highway of travel. Hereafter any prisoners falling into my hands will be treated with the kindness due to their condition, unless some new act of barbarity shall compel me reluctantly to adopt a course of policy repulsive to humanity.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN S. MOSBY,
Lieutenant-Colonel.

This letter was sent to Sheridan by Lieutenant John Russell, of Clarke county. It was also sent to the Richmond papers to be published, as I knew it would be copied by the Northern papers. I wanted Sheridan's soldiers to know that, if they desired to fight under the black flag, I would meet them.

WINCHESTER, VA., Nov. 7, 1864.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. KINGSBURY, JR., *A. A. G., &c.:*

COLONEL,—I have the honor to state that G. H. Soule, company G. 15th Michigan cavalry (Alger's), this day entered our lines from the direction of Berryville, and reported as follows: He was taken prisoner by soldiers of Mosby's command on the macadamized road near Newtown, and by them taken to a camp on the Winchester and Berryville turnpike There he was placed with a squad of Federal prisoners numbering about twenty-two, and with them compelled to draw lots for the purpose of determining upon a certain number who should be hung. Of the twenty-three prisoners, seven were to be executed in retaliation for a like number of Mosby's command who were hung by General Custer. Of the seven upon whom the lot fell, three were hung, two shot, and two escaped. The wounded men—one of whom escaped alive by feigning death—are being cared for by the Union families in the vicinity of the camp. The men who escaped have reported at this post. The accompanying note was found by a citizen who cut down and buried the bodies, pinned to the clothing of one of the men who was hanged. Captain

Brewster, commissary of subsistence of General Custer's command, was among the parties captured. The name of one of the men hanged was ascertained to be George L. Prouty. He was a member of company L, 5th Michigan cavalry [From which Sheridan published Alger as a deserter].

O. EDWARDS,
Colonel, &c.

This is the endorsement on Edwards' letter:

(Endorsement.)

These men have been hanged in retaliation for an equal number of Colonel Mosby's men hung by order of General Custer at Front Royal.

Measure for measure.

SAVED A DRUMMER BOY.

The drawing of lots took place in Fauquier at Rectortown. I was present with the battalion, but had the prisoners taken off some distance, as I could not witness the painful scene. All felt its necessity, but every heart was touched with its pathos. A few minutes after the drawing was over, my sergeant-major, Guy Broadwater, informed me that a drummer boy had drawn a lot to be hung. I ordered him to have another drawing for one to take the place of the drummer boy. It was done. Two months afterward I was again in Richmond, wounded. Judge Ould, the Confederate commissioner, invited me to go with him down James river on the boat that was taking several hundred prisoners for exchange. The drummer boy was among them. When I stepped on deck he recognized, ran up and embraced me. Two years ago I saw in the papers that he had come on to the unveiling of the Grant monument in New York, expecting to meet me there. It had been announced that I had accepted an invitation to attend.

At the date of my letter to Sheridan, I did not know that any of the condemned men had escaped. I was really glad to hear it, for it increased the moral effect of the act. They could relate in Sheridan's camps the experience they had with Mosby's men. I did not execute any substitutes in their place; my object had been accomplished. If I had been animated by vindictive feelings, I would have let my men shoot or hang their prisoners quietly until they were satisfied, and then, like Torbert, Merritt and Custer, say noth-

ing about it. As I wished to make an example, I gave all the publicity possible to the deed.

My letter to Sheridan speaks of another one of my men who was hung, shortly after the hanging at Front Royal, by a Colonel Powell. Powell says in his report, October 13th: "Having learned of the wilful and cold-blooded murder of a United States soldier by two men (Chancellor and Myers, members of Mosby's gang of cutthroats and robbers) some two miles from my camp a few days previous, I ordered the execution of one of Mosby's gang whom I had captured the day previous at Gaines Cross Roads, and placing the placard on his breast with the following inscription: 'A. C. Willis, member of Company C, Mosby's command, hanged by the neck in retaliation for the murder of a United States soldier by Messrs. Chancellor and Myers.' I also sent a detachment, under command of Captain Howe, 1st West Virginia cavalry, with orders to destroy the residence, barn, and all buildings and forage on the premises of Mr. Chancellor, and to drive off all stock of every description, which orders were promptly carried out." As my men had been hung at Front Royal three weeks before and there had been no sign of retaliation, no doubt Powell thought the work could go on with impunity. But he never dared to hang any more.

FACTS IN THE CASE.

Now, the facts are these. A few days before this occurrence, a man dressed in citizen's dress came to the house of a farmer, Myers, in Fauquier county, and asked for work; he said he was a deserter from Sheridan's army. Myers did not belong to my command nor to any command. I never saw him. The man spent several days with Myers. Chancellor was a soldier who had come home on a short visit to his father, who was a neighbor of Myers. Chancellor was on his horse about leaving home when Myers with some citizens rode up with the professed deserter. They were sure from his actions that he was a spy feigning desertion. They asked Chancellor to take him out to the Confederate lines. Chancellor agreed. If the man was a spy, it was Chancellor's right to hang him on the spot, just as General Washington hung Major Andre. If, on the contrary, he was a deserter, then Powell would have shot or hung him if he had caught him. He was not entitled to the protection of a prisoner of war; if he was a spy, he had dearly forfeited his life to one side or the other. But Chancellor was merciful, and gave the man the

benefit of the doubt. He started off to deliver him as a suspect to the provost marshal at Gordonsville. If the motive had been cruelty, the man would not have been taken ten miles across a river for the purpose of shooting him. He would have been given a hasty burial in Fauquier. The prisoner tried several times to get away; Chancellor warned him that the next attempt would be his last. He tried again and was shot. Nobody will dispute the right of a guard to shoot a prisoner to prevent an escape. For what purpose are guns given to prison guards if not to shoot? When the man was killed they had crossed the Rappahannock river and were at least ten miles from the place from which they had started. This proves that the killing was not premeditated. Chancellor shot him running. His desperation in trying to escape confirmed the suspicion that he was a spy. He expected to be hung if he got to Gordonsville. If he had been a *bona fide* deserter he would not have risked his life to get back to Sheridan. Myers was not with Chancellor. No matter what corner of the earth he may be in, Powell is pursued by an avenging fury.

RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ACT.

In 1869, when we were under military rule in Virginia, a letter appeared in the New York *Sun*, criticizing some of my actions as a soldier. The following is an extract from my reply:

"'This outlaw hanged five stragglers at Berryville.' In September, 1864, General Custer captured and hanged seven of my men in the streets of Front Royal, Va. Immediately on hearing of this, having a lot of thirty prisoners on hand, I made them draw lots for seven to be hanged as a measure of retaliation to protect my men. These men were hanged on the Valley pike, along where Sheridan's troops traveled every day, as a warning of what they might expect if any more of my men were hanged. At the same time I wrote a letter to General Sheridan (which was published in the newspapers at the time, and can be found in the memoir of my command by Scott), avowing my responsibility for the act, and stating my reasons for it. Sheridan acknowledged the justness of the deed by ordering my men to be treated with the humanities of war. I have never been called in question for this act although I assumed all responsibility for it."

It will be observed in this letter I justify what I did and make no allusion to the instructions of General Lee—or the Confederate Sec-

retary of War, Mr. Seddon. They were both then living, but I would not take refuge under their names, although I was then, and am now, in possession of the original document with their endorsements on it. To have done so would have appeared like an apology for doing what was right. There is no act of my life that I review with more satisfaction. When the board was organized to publish the records of the war, I was requested to let them have all my official documents to be copied, relating to the war. In this way it was published in the records. But no one ever heard me refer to it in my defense. Some thought my life in danger on account of it at the time of the surrender. To have run away would at least have looked like a confession of guilt. So I took my chances and remained in Virginia—"With a heart for any fate."

JOHN S. MOSBY.

San Francisco, Cal., August 24, 1899.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, March 10th and 24th, 1895.]

RICHMOND HOWITZERS.

Facts about the Battery During the Appomattox Campaign.

Extracts from Official Records which Throw Light on Many Questions whose Solution has been Wanting.

The reports of the Appomattox campaign embraced in Volume 46 of the Official Records of the war, have an intense interest for all engaged in that memorable campaign of March and April, 1865, throwing light, as they do, on many questions whose solution has awaited the detailed information embodied in these official reports.

It has long been a problem to many of us, not only how Lee's army was ever able to reach Appomattox Courthouse, nearly one hundred miles from Petersburg, but even how it could get away from the Petersburg and Richmond lines, confronted and threatened as that army was, by such odds, and hampered by abundant lack of even food to sustain physical life. What these numerical odds were, is shown by the figures of official returns, as published in this volume; but neither figures nor description can represent other differences arising from our deplorable inferiority in supplies and equip-

ment. What this meant and entailed can never be adequately known but by those who endured the toils of that retreat. General Ewell says in his report, when accounting for the absence of over 3,000 of his men at the time of his surrender, that "it was caused mainly by the fatigue of four days and nights almost constant marching, the last two days with nothing to eat. Before our capture I saw men eating raw fresh meat as they marched in ranks." The memory of many others can verify or liken this experience. On the other hand, by way of contrast, here is a report (p. 1234) of a division commissary of the 25th corps of Grant's army, in which he says: "During the entire march from James river to Appomattox Courthouse, the troops have had issued to them full marching rations, and have not been a day without food." It is small wonder that men thus supplied and not bothered with fighting their way, could push on ahead, as this corps did, and succeed in absolutely blocking Lee's further progress from Appomattox.

The contract suggested by this statement of the relative means of mere subsistence but deepens the problem presented by the great numerical superiority of the Federal army, which outnumbered its adversary by at least seventy thousand men. This superiority enabled General Grant to concentrate and throw around General Lee's right more men than the latter had in his whole army, while yet confronting and threatening every part of Lee's lines with superior forces.

Hence the problem that has long puzzled some of us. How could forty-six thousand half-starved, half-clad men, wanting almost everything but guns and ammunition, defending a line of some forty miles against forces three times their number, maintain their position as long as they did, and when this position was no longer tenable, how was it that they could break away and extricate themselves from the toils spread by a swarming foe? How could and how did they ever get away from Petersburg? General Lee, in his dispatch of April 2, announcing the necessity of the evacuation, says: "It will be a difficult operation, but, I hope, not impracticable." However, he did extricate himself, and marched his diminishing army to Appomattox, hungry and worn, badgered and fighting at every step, like a wounded lion brushing away obstacles in front and turning on enemies on flanks and in rear. For ten days was kept up the unequal contest of fighting and marching, till at last, brought to bay, the army found itself absolutely surrounded and every egress stopped by superior forces; but not until they had inflicted on their foes a loss of ten

thousand seven hundred men (p. 597). How could and how did they even sustain themselves so long? The answer to these questions will be variously given according to difference of information or prejudice. One solution probably is given in the reports of the Federal cavalry operations, which bring us information, long sought for, as to the force that was fought and beaten off by the First company of Richmond Howitzers and other artillery on the evening before the surrender.

If the few artillerymen armed with muskets, who helped to defend that column, could be magnified by apprehension or lack of judgment into two divisions of infantry, it may explain the chariness of the enemy generally in closing in on the worn and diminishing forces that punished and repulsed so many assaults on their flanks and rear. And it may also help to explain the constantly recurring assertion of these reports that the Federal assaults were repulsed "by superior force." If these assertions be true, and as far as they are true, it is the highest testimony to generalship that, with inferior numbers, could yet muster superior force at points of contact, and reminds us of the Tarheel's explanation of the confidence of Jackson's soldiers, that they were never scared on going into a fight under him, because they always knew that, though the enemy had a bigger army, Jackson would have more men "thar" at the place where the real fighting was to be.

Though not entirely germane to our present subject, but as a side light illustrating the situation and helping to form opinion on the questions stated above, the following extract may be taken from the report of General Wright, commanding the Sixth Federal corps. Describing the battle of Sailor's Creek, he says (p. 906): "The first and third divisions charged the enemy's position, carrying it handsomely, except at a point on our right of the road crossing the creek, where a column, said to be composed of the Marine brigade and other troops which had held the lines of Richmond previous to the evacuation, made a countercharge upon that part of our lines in their front. I was never more astonished. These troops were surrounded; the first and third divisions of this corps were on either flank; my artillery and a fresh division in their front, and some three divisions of General Sheridan's cavalry in their rear. Looking upon them as already our prisoners, I had ordered the artillery to cease firing, as a dictate of humanity; my surprise, therefore, was extreme when this force charged upon our front. But the fire of our infantry, which had already gained their flanks; the capture of their

superior officers already in our hands; the concentrated and murderous fire of six batteries of our artillery within effective range, brought them promptly to a surrender."

Well might he be astonished, and his surprise be extreme. But the spirit that animated that desperate countercharge is largely the explanation of the fact, and solution of the problem, of Lee's army ever reaching Appomattox. We are not, however, writing the history of the campaign nor describing the strategy and movements of the armies; our present concern is with the experience and fate of one company of artillery, a single unit of Lee's army, whose proudest memory is that they shared the glory of that army. The First Company of Richmond Howitzers, attached to Cabell's artillery battalion, had since July, 1864, been posted in the works at Dunn's Farm, about half way between Richmond and Petersburg. The artillery on this part of the lines had an easy time, the enemy on their front being so little troublesome that the battery did not fire a shot during the fall and winter of 1864–'65. Well housed and sheltered, the command passed the winter in comparative comfort as contrasted with the severe trials of other parts of the lines, while the nearness to Richmond, the home of many of the company, enabled them to supplement the scant commissary rations. The battery had always been well manned, and at the opening of the campaign it numbered over one hundred and twenty present for duty.

With these full ranks, it had also been fortunate in maintaining generally the character of its personnel, despite the changes and chances of four years' war service. The genial, not to say jovial, memories of that winter at the Dunn House will always remain as a glowing illustration of the degree of happiness that men can make for themselves under adverse circumstances. There was material in that company to stock half a dozen of the average theatrical or concert troupes. In history, science and literature, some groups could have given elementary lessons to half the societies devoted to those cults. While the "Presbyterian Board" was luminous in theology, and might have instructed many half-fledged doctors of divinity, the Agnostics of another mess could give points to Darwin, at least in the humorous treatment of science. There was not wanting even the study of ancient and modern languages, while the Company Glee Club was a delight to themselves and to everybody who ever heard them sing, from major-generals down, or rather, perhaps, from privates up, for many of those privates had a way of thinking of themselves as rather better than some major-generals, though always

respectful and hospitable to that or any other rank when they came to spend a social evening around the company camp-fires.

With a membership representing nearly all callings and professions, some of them men of culture and knowledge of the world, there was a generous comradeship, and the common devotion and daily peril of life and limb wrought bonds of brotherly friendship that relieved the severity of discipline and the irksome restraints of soldier life.

But the Dunn House and all other camps were but temporary and uncertain rests, and its end came in the last days of March, when the sounds of furious fighting around Petersburg told of the opening of another campaign, and warned everybody to be ready to move. How our lines were broken around Petersburg is a story familiar to many of us, and the glory of the ensuing campaign has been often rehearsed. So bright is its record of constancy and heroic deeds that its memory is to-day the proudest recollection of every man who stood to his colors and endured to the end, though doomed to end in disaster and surrender. This halo of glory has almost obscured the hardships of that terrible week during which the army marched day and night, with no regular supplies, but depending on such precarious subsistence as could be obtained by foraging in a depleted section of country, while the very air was rife with sounds and omens of disaster.

On the fall of Petersburg, the Dunn House lines were evacuated, during the night of Saturday, April 2. Not many miles had been marched when, early the next morning, the sound of explosions and the smoke of conflagration told the fate of Richmond, and that the enemy was between the company and their homes.

What this means can only be known by those who have endured such an experience. But, with what haste they could, the battery moved over wretched roads crowded with soldiers and teams, splashing and tugging through mud and mire. On every hand were signs of hurry and confusion, and all day long hungry stomachs complained of waning commissary stores, and nights were made miserable through want of sleep and rest. The poor horses, in bad condition even when resting in camp, were giving out, and by the time Amelia Courthouse was reached, the teams were so broken down by hard marching and want of rest, and the prospect of supplies was so hopeless that the caissons were abandoned and destroyed. This dire necessity was a fact ominous of disaster, as it was throwing away three-fourths of the ammunition, leaving only that in the limber

chests of the guns for the contingency of a fight in immediate prospect—a supply that would be soon used up in any brisk battle.

There was, however, no alternative, as the teams were so exhausted that further hauling of the caissons was impossible, and the horses must be used to relieve the gun teams. General Pendleton, Chief of Artillery, reports that ninety-five caissons, mostly loaded, were here abandoned and destroyed (p. 1281). There was probably any amount of private thinking and unpleasant reflection here going on in the minds of officers and men, but this company had long ago learned the lesson that their only duty was obedience to orders, and it is safe to say that so long as Lee ordered, their confidence was unimpaired in the belief that the movement was right and the best and the proper thing to do.

At Amelia Courthouse the batteries of Cabell's battalion were put into the advance column of artillery and trains under General Lindsay Walker, and moved to the right and west of the main body of the army. From the information now attainable there were probably a hundred pieces of artillery in this column which was pushed on in advance of the army. Being thus screened in rear, the column did not participate in the daily fighting in which the main body was engaged. Not until the evening of the 8th was it struck by the Federal cavalry, who had pushed to the front and across the head of the army.

About 3 o'clock that evening the command had reached a point opposite Appomattox Station, some two or three miles beyond the courthouse, and had turned off from the road for rest and such food as was available for man or beast. Halting in the field, as each piece drove up, the teams were unhitched and given their scant food, or allowed to graze while the men were busied making their corn coffee and cooking probably the remnants of an old cow, from which rations had been dealt and eaten that morning within an hour after her slaughter. In this irregular bivouac so little was the nearness or approach of an enemy suspected that no sort of a guard had been set, and when the report of arms and the sight of Federal cavalry in the wood skirting the field, startled officers and men from their little mess fires or slumbers, the surprise was complete and astounding. So sudden and unexpected was the attack, and so near were the enemy when first discovered, that a brisk determined charge would have brougnt them within the battery before a piece could be unlimbered and loaded. For there is nothing more helpless than artillery when surprised, if once the line of battery can be carried by a quick rush. It is then

a mere matter of shooting down unarmed cannoneers and driving them from their guns. Why such a rush was not made and everything captured on the spot, has often been the wonder of old Howitzers.

Their wonder will grow to amazement when they learn from the reports of this volume that at least two divisions of cavalry were at hand and engaged in that attack. But luckily there was no such charge, and in a moment quick orders sent cannoneers flying to their posts. Never were guns more quickly unlimbered, loaded and brought into action, nor in any battle of the war did the company perform a neater or more expeditious piece of work than on that field, under circumstances that might well have demoralized and stampeded them. In an incredibly short time the confusion of a surprised camp was suppressed and every gun was pouring canister into the ranks of the enemy, who had advanced to the edge of the woods, less than two hundred yards distant. It is remembered that three successive advances were repulsed before the guns could be withdrawn from their perilous position. The only thing to do was to get away as quickly as possible before the enemy could surround the position and block the road—the only means of escape. It looked like a desperate chance, but every gun of the battery was gotten away, and the last memory of that field is, just about dusk, of a thin line of artillerymen armed with muskets and a few dismounted cavalry, whose firing kept back the enemy while the last gun to leave the field could be tugged out of a ditch in which it had stalled. It is not claimed nor meant that these assaults were repelled by this battery alone, for there were other batteries along that road, of whose experience and fate we know not. It is believed that nearly all of them got away, and that few, if any, guns were captured in that fight. Some were doubtless abandoned from inability to bring them off.

As to the Otey and Dickenson batteries, under Major D. N. Walker, acting as infantry, and the few dismounted cavalrymen who came to their support, it is perhaps enough to say that the enemy's report magnifies them into two divisions of infantry, which is a pretty large estimate and testimonial to the conduct of a handful of men. Old soldiers will be interested in the following extracts from official reports. General Pendleton, Lee's chief of artillery, says: "The evening of the 8th I pushed on in person to communicate with General Walker, and found him with his command parked about two miles beyond the courthouse on the road to Appomattox

Station. While I was with him, an attack wholly unexpected was made by the enemy on his defenceless camp. To avert immediate disaster from this attack demanded the exercise of all our energies. It was, however, at once effectually repelled by the aid especially of the two gallant artillery companies of Captains Walker and Dickenson, under the command of the former, which, being at the time unequipped as artillerists, were armed with muskets as a guard. They met the enemy's sharpshooters in a brushwood near, and enabled a number of General Walker's pieces to play with effect while the remainder of his train was withdrawn. After a sharp skirmish, this attack seemed remedied, and I started back." (P. 1282.)

General Custer, commanding the Third Federal cavalry division, says (p. 1132): "Learning that the enemy was moving a large train upon the road from Appomattox Courthouse across the Lynchburg railroad, I ordered the entire division forward to attack. The train was found to be guarded by about two divisions of infantry, in addition to over thirty pieces of artillery, all under command of Major-General Walker. Most of the enemy's guard were placed in position, and their fire concentrated upon the road over which it was necessary for me to advance. The enemy succeeded in repulsing nearly all our attacks until nearly 9 o'clock at night, when by a general advance along my line he was forced from his position and compelled to abandon to our hands twenty-four pieces of artillery, all his trains, several battle flags, and a large number of prisoners."

General Devine, commanding 1st cavalry division, reports (p. 1126): "On arriving near the station, General Custer was found to be engaged with the enemy's advance, and the first and second brigades were dismounted and pushed in on his right."

General Custer's assertion notwithstanding, there were no two divisions of infantry, nor, from all information now attainable, any body of infantry with that column.

It is safe to say that artillery supported by any two divisions of Lee's infantry could not be stampeded by cavalry.

The battery's last fight was over; and it was, as the event proved, the last fight of any part of the Army of Northern Virginia, except the slight engagement the next morning, when the army attempted to break through the cordon of enemies blocking every road at Appomattox. Their last shot had been fired by this company, that had seen and done duty on every battlefield of that army, from Manassas to the end. As compared with the great battles of the war, this

fight was, of course, only a small affair, but the wonder was and is, how guns and men escaped capture.

The citations from official reports given above show that Custer's and Devine's divisions of Federal cavalry were present and engaged, and other forces were near by, if not participating. General Pendleton's report, written soon after the surrender, states his personal knowledge of the almost defenceless condition of that column of artillery, and his statement emphasizes the absence of infantry. Custer's assertion, on the other hand, of two divisions of infantry, is necessarily only his estimate of the force that repulsed his first attacks. It is an estimate only more amazing, as coming from an experienced officer, than the fact of his failure to capture everything before him. Perhaps the estimate is the explanation of the failure. His assertion, however, is contradicted by the knowledge and recollection, so far as known, of every Confederate soldier on that field. From all information now obtainable, there were less than four hundred muskets and cavalry defending that train; and the cavalry, the remnants of Gary's brigade, did not arrive on the field till the guns were being withdrawn, having galloped up from the rear on hearing the firing.

The last shot was fired, and it is believed that the second piece was the last gun, of all that escaped, to get away from that perilous field. The piece had not gone a hundred yards when it stalled in a ditch, from which the broken-down team, aided by frantic tugging of cannoneers at the wheels, could not drag it, until a fence rail was found to prize out the wheels. Bullets were flying thick, and between the piece and the enemy was only that thin line of men, who were keeping them back. By hard work the piece was started and joined the others in the road, all four guns saved. And then began a night march, the memory of which is like a confused dream. Forward and on, but whither and to what fate.

It is impossible now to give the impressions, pure and simple, or the recollections of that night, untinged with the subsequent knowledge of what the morrow had in store for us. Forward and on, walking sometimes in sleep, holding on to tail of gun or wagon, as is the belief and assertion of some, who believe they remember the fact. Tired out drivers urged on poor, jaded beasts, ready to drop with fatigue, hunger and thirst, but seemingly kept up to their work by sharing the feeling that those guns must be saved, while conscious of danger threatening from the rear, that might at any moment materialize in shots and sabre strokes of charging squadrons.

The soldier obeying orders has no right to think for himself, but everybody could see that this march was a retreat, getting away with all possible haste from an enemy, and without power of defence should he overtake or head off the column. It was clearly apparent to the understanding of the simplest private that the attack that evening had been a complete surprise; that the enemy had appeared when and where no one expected him. If so, they might be all over the face of the earth, and we might stumble on them or they on us at any moment. Nobody knew how long that thin line behind us, more forlorne than that in Gilbert Gaul's great picture, had kept or could keep them from the road in rear. And, where was the infantry? There was evidently something very seriously wrong when a train of artillery like this was left without support to shift for itself. Where was the army and what doing? Often enough before now it had been necessary to retire before superior force, but always with some degree of order, and with the cheering sight or sound of infantry near by, in whose company there was such a comforting feeling of safety and security. The whole campaign of the previous year had been such a retiring, from the Rapidan to Petersburg. But this was not retiring. It was sheer retreat, with no infantry on that road, nor had we seen any body of them for days. Sheer retreat, with signs that different batteries were saving themselves if they could; that they were even contemplating loss of some of their guns and material to get off with the rest. "Save the brass guns first," had been the order that evening, when trying to get away from that field, and the team of the second piece, happening to be the first under harness, was hitched to one of the brass pieces, which were hurried out, leaving the other two guns to repell the last advance of the enemy.

"Seven miles to Lynchburg" was the information given some time during the night by the countryman, hanging on his gate. Or was it seventeen or seventy miles to some other burg? For it was a familiar fact that on a march a geographical question might bring information of any number of miles to or from any known or unknown locality. It is the impression of some of those marchers that night that nobody knew where we were nor how many miles were gone over. The night and miles were long and weary enough for the traversing of all Southside Virginia. The very haltings seemed evidence of ignorance of the route or of indecision, as if commanders knew not whither to turn or go. But on and on, through the dark hours, tired teams and men were urged on by the tired and impatient

officers. "Hurry up that team; pull their heads out of the water and drive on, blank you." "Blank you back again; but suppose you come and pull them yourself, if you think you can," retorted a sergeant, who was learning how hard and obstinately famished beasts can bury their noses in water, and who would not take cuss words from a staff officer. It was simply and merely running away from an enemy, because of no chance of present defence against him; trying to save those guns and rejoin the main body of the army. As to the expectations of what the morrow's fate might be, no man can now speak with certainty of his hopes or forebodings. Almost certainly, though, nobody anticipated the actual result, except possibly a few officers, to whom had come rumors of the negotiations pending the last two days. Towards morning Lieutenant John Nimmo, in command of the battery, hoarsely whispered to one of the sergeants, under injunction of secrecy, that the army would probably surrender that day.

The slow coming dawn found the company still trudging on the road between Appomattox and somewhere else, probably Lynchburg, and the rising sun has seldom looked down on a group of men and animals more completely wearied out. After sunrise the battery was countermarched on this road, probably on orders to come back and meet the army, should it succeed in forcing its way out, as was attempted. The result of that attempt is known to everybody. In the absence of official reports, it is impossible to state exactly the orders received from General Lee. Their effect and the alternative of inability to rejoin the army were disclosed in a scene that ended the company's service—a scene that baffles description, but whose memory will ever remain with every man then present.

The catastrophe and the end had come. What that meant we know now better than could be realized under the stunning sensations of such a calamity. So overwhelming were the emotions excited by it, that even the weariness and hunger of the last day and week were forgotten, and the exhaustion of physical forces was replaced by something like the energy of despair, when orders were given to destroy the battery. Moving off into a field, intersected with gullies and ravines, the guns were spiked, dismounted and buried, and the carriages cut to pieces; a piece of work that was thoroughly and completely done, in soldierly fashion, by the sturdy arms that wielded hammers and axes that morning. Those guns, if found by the enemy, should be useless to them. Limber chests, trails and wheels were chopped and split into small kindling wood, with a

grudging feeling that the enemy might find and use it to warm them and cook their rations. The harness was cut to pieces and the horses turned loose.

And this was the end; or rather, the end was learned when the company was mustered, the roll called, and the commanding officer —his voice choked with emotion—announced that orders had been received to destroy the battery and disband the company if found impossible to rejoin the army. The order informed the company that they were free to accept terms of surrender and go home, or else to make their way to North Carolina and join Johnston's army.

The company disbanded, and the army to be surrendered! Announcement of the end of the world would hardly have been received with more amazement and consternation. Tear bedewed eyes and husky voices betrayed emotions that strong men could not repress. The orderly sergeant, Bloackadar, could scarcely get through the roll-call, and could not find voice, or forgot, to give the command to break ranks, and this last order to the company was given by Sergeant McCreery. It is a good and satisfying record, that at that last roll-call every man was present or satisfactorily accounted for, with possibly two or three exceptions.

Disbanded and free, with the sky above and earth beneath, and every man with untrammelled liberty to go whither he pleased; to help himself to a horse or to anything else that was common property, after the few remaining rations were shared from the wagon; free from roll-calls and obedience to somebody else's orders, and, above all, free to decide—every man for himself, individually—the question of further warfare or peace. Truly, a momentous question for men who had been so long obeying orders. There were numbers of men in that company who had served from the very commencement of the war. From a sense of duty, and from free choice, they had gone into the army, sacrificing personal freedom and everything for the cause. Their motives were the same as those of General Lee, and in their humble sphere they had tried to do their duty, relying on him for leadership.

Few men of that company or of that army had fought for love of fighting or for the glory of war, or even from mere hate of the enemy. At any and all times they would gladly have echoed Lee's wish that those people would only go home and let us alone. With such motives and under such leadership, but one result had ever been contemplated; it would have been a kind of treason to expect any other conclusion than final victory. But here was the end of the

company and the army, and what should they do? No officers, no command, but free choice for every man to act on his own sense of right and duty. Never, probably, was there a more curious council of war than that held by members of the second detachment, and presumably by other detachments or messes, consulting together as to what they should do.

A detachment of private soldiers, absolved by their commander-in-chief from further service under his command, met to consider and advise for themselves, whether the war was ended, and what they should do. Stationing a man in the road to watch for and surrender to the enemy, if he should appear, as momentarily expected, the detachment gathered under the trees, and the situation was summarily discussed. After a brief deliberation, it was pretty unanimously decided that the surrender of Lee's army meant the end of the war, rendering futile the hope of further resistance, as Johnston's surrender must soon follow.

The only thing to do was to go home, or any rate to get away as soon as possible from that dangerous region, in order to avoid a trip to the prison camp at Point Lookout. Some few members of the company, deciding that they were "in for the war," and that it was not for them to judge when it was over, did make their way to North Carolina to join Johnston. It was a matter of individual judgment as to the end of the war. The large majority judged that it was over, and made their way home or to the north side of James river as quickly as possible, where in some safety they could learn the actual state of affairs, and whether the army was really surrendered. The farewells were spoken, and the party broke up into groups, making their way to the river. With a record of which they have reason to be proud, the war service of the first company of Richmond Howitzers was closed, and has passed into history with that of the army of which it was a part.

It may be necessary for the information of some readers to add that there were three companies of the Howitzers. The second and third companies were with the main body of the army, and were surrendered at Appomattox.

C. P.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, January 14, 1900.]

DABNEY HERNDON MAURY.

Major-General C. S. Army—Patriot and Scholar.

SKETCH OF HIS HONORED CAREER.

A Veteran of Two Wars, Who Won Distinction in Both—Was the Oldest Surviving Confederate Officer from Virginia.

Major-General Dabney Herndon Maury, the oldest Confederate officer of his rank in Virginia, died at 5 o'clock Thursday morning, January 11, 1900, at the home of his son, Mr. Dabney H. Maury, Jr., in Peoria, Ill., in the 78th year of his age.

General Maury had been in feeble health ever since going to Peoria from Richmond, a year ago. Last summer he was quite ill there, but his strong constitution enabled him to rally. Death came unexpectedly, as gently and as peacefully as a tender benediction, after a long life of active and honored usefulness.

General Maury's wife has been dead a number of years. He leaves a son, as above, who married Mary daughter of the beloved Dr. James Brown McCaw, of Richmond, and two daughters—one, Mrs. Rose, wife of Robert Pollard, residing in Houston, Texas, and the other, Mrs. Sue Mason, wife of James M. Halsey, in Philadelphia. These ladies are both distinguished as educators and are well-known contributors to periodical literature. The former gave essential assistance to her father in his publications. Among the relatives here are Mrs. Mathew F. Maury, wife of the distinguished naval officer and scientist; Mrs. James R. Werth, and Colonel Richard L. Maury and family.

The death of General Maury removes another of the Virginians of a type of other days. The story of his life reads much like romance, yet it is a story such as that of many Virginians—the gentleman soldier, a character frequent in ante-bellum days, when the old Commonwealth was the first of all the States; when the army claimed so many of her noblest sons, and when Indian fighting gave army officers constant opportunity for adventures, which to-day sound like the inventions of the story-tellers.

General Maury was a perfect type of the old-time Virginia army officer—brave, high-spirited, adventurous, rollicking, always ready for fighting, ready for sport in any form, ready for any undertaking that offered adventure, or, if honor and duty required, ready to sacrifice life for either. Virginia gentleman and Virginia soldier, he was a splendid type of each.

HIS DESCENT.

General Maury was born in Fredericksburg, May 21, 1822. He was descended from the old-time Virginia families of Maury, Fontaine, Brooke and Minor, scions of which have illumined pages of the history of the State and nation by their achievements in war and in peace. He was a son of Captain John Minor Maury, United States Navy, and a nephew of the great Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, the geographer of the seas, and probably more esteemed and honored in other countries than any American scientist who ever lived. General Maury's father died of yellow fever in the West Indies in 1828. Commodore Maury became the guardian of his dead brother's two sons—William Lewis and Dabney—and to the day of his death General Maury spoke of his uncle as having been to him all that a father could have been. William Lewis Maury died at the age of twenty.

General Maury grew up at Fredericksburg, where he received his preparatory education, and when quite young entered the University of Virginia. He graduated in the A. B. course, and also took the junior course in law. He prosecuted his law studies at Fredericksburg under the celebrated Judge Lomax, but he finally determined that the law was not to his liking, and applied for, and received, an appointment to West Point.

HIS COMRADES AT WEST POINT.

In the corps of cadets at the Military Academy during General Maury's four years there were many men destined to become among the greatest in American annals—George B. McClellan, Thomas J. Jackson, Ulysses S. Grant, A. P. Hill, Winfield Scott Hancock, Bee, Franklin, and dozens of others. The stories General Maury loved to tell of incidents connected with the school-life of these great captains were of the most interesting nature, and his description of their early character attractive in view of the after greatness of the boys who were then students of the art of which they became past masters.

Generals Maury, A. P. Hill, and Birket D. Fry were standing together in the south barracks one afternoon, when they saw a new cadet enter in charge of a cadet sergeant. General Maury described the new cadet as dressed in gray homespun, a hat of coarse felt on his head, and a pair of weather-stained saddlebags over his shoulder —altogether an uncommonly awkward and green appearing specimen. There was such a sturdy air about the new-comer that General Maury remarked to his companions, "That fellow looks as if he had come to stay." As the sergeant returned from installing the new arrival in quarters, he was asked the name of the stranger. He replied: "Cadet Jackson, of Virginia."

General Maury always spoke of McClellan as man, student, and soldier, in the highest terms. Grant was good in mathematics, but did not try to excel in anything save in horsemanship. In the riding school he was very daring.

IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

General Maury graduated in June, 1846, and was attached as second lieutenant to the Mounted Rifles, now the 3d cavalry. The regiment was commanded by Colonel Persifer Smith. General Taylor was then winning his victories in Mexico. Excitement in the country was at a high point. This was especially true among the cadets, and Lieutenant Maury was delighted with the prospect of fighting. He sailed from Baltimore on the brig *Soldana*, with a squadron of the Mounted Rifles on board, under Captain Stevens Mason. Rough weather was encountered, the vessel was unseaworthy, and it was the thirty-second day after leaving Baltimore before Point Isabel was reached, long after the transport had been reported lost with all on board. The squadron was marched overland to Monterey, where it entered the command of General Zachary Taylor, who had just captured the city. Lieutenant Thomas J. Jackson had charge of the siege pieces, which the Rifles escorted from Point Isabel to Monterey.

The Mounted Rifles were soon detached from General Taylor's command and sent to join the army of General Scott, who was preparing to attack Vera Cruz. Lieutenant Maury took part in the siege of the city, and bore himself so gallantly that General Scott mentioned his name in general orders. On the 17th of April, 1847, Lieutenant Maury had his arm shattered by a ball at the battle of Cerro Gordo, and he was sent home. The citizens of Fredericksburg presented him with a splendid sword as a token of their appre-

ciation of the gallantry of the young Virginian, and soon afterwards he received his promotion to the rank of first lieutenant.

After spending a few weeks at home, Lieutenant Maury was ordered to West Point to assume the duties of assistant professor of ethics and tactics. He remained in this position for four years.

HOW HE MET HIS WIFE.

Just prior to the Mexican war, Lieutenant Maury went with his mother and sister to Warrenton Springs to spend a few weeks, at what was then a favorite Virginia resort. The day after their arrival he was descending the steps of the hotel, when he met a party of young people coming up. As they reached the top, one of the young ladies missed the step and fell. With his accustomed gallantry, Captain Maury sprang to her side and picked her up. When she was on her feet the young soldier was introduced to the young lady. It was Miss Nannie Mason, daughter of Mr. Wiley Roy Mason, of King George county. The exigencies of the service demanded the departure of Captain Maury for the front in a week or two, but he was a great deal with the little Virginia beauty, and when he left they found they had lost much happiness. While Lieutenant Maury was on duty at West Point he had opportunity to come to Virginia with comparative frequency, and he often saw his sweetheart. After several trips, they were married at "Cleveland," the fine country home of Mr. Mason in King George, in 1852. The occasion was one of a generous hospitality, which was long remembered in the county. There were eight bridesmaids and groomsmen. Lieutenant Maury asked his old classmates—McClellan and Burnside—to be of the number, but they were stationed far away on the plains and could not come. Burnside and Reno, afterwards famous, represented the army. Turner Ashby and his brother, Dick, were also guests at the festivities, which lasted a week. Burnside never forgot the hospitality shown him by the Virginia people at that time, and, after the war, learning that one of the bridesmaids at the wedding had been turned out of a position in one of the government departments, which reduced circumstances had compelled her to take, left the White Sulphur, where he was staying, and hastening to Washington, he had her reinstated.

FOUR YEARS IN TEXAS.

At the expiration of his fourth year of service at West Point,

Captain Maury was ordered to rejoin the Mounted Rifles at Fort Inge, on the Leona river, in Texas. He served four years in Texas. His life there was full of adventure, chasing Indians, chasing buffalo and deer, and engaging in all the other pastimes which offered themselves to the young officer. The stories General Maury loved to tell of the adventures of those days were humorous and thrilling.

In 1856 General Maury was ordered to Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, to assume the duties of post commander and superintendent of cavalry instruction. During his service there Lieutenant Maury, by authority of the War Department, published a new system of tactics for mounted riflemen, which was used by both armies during the war between the States, and is still embodied in the tactics of the United States regular army.

When ordered away from Carlisle, in 1860, Lieutenant Maury was promoted to the rank of captain and appointed adjutant-general of the Department of New Mexico. Captain Maury left his wife at her father's home, in King George, and proceeded to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The march across the plains to Fort Union was a succession of stirring incidents, fights with Indians being the chief. The headquarters of the regiment were at Fort McIntosh, near Laredo. The life pursued by Captain Maury was much similar to that he had lived and enjoyed while stationed on the Leona river years before—fighting, hunting and fishing.

LAST DAYS IN THE OLD ARMY.

After serving at Fort Union for some time, Captain Maury was transferred to Santa Fè. Life in that city was happy and gay, and many friendships were formed, soon to be broken by the mailed hand of war. In a delightful volume published by General Maury a few years ago, entitled "Recollections of a Virginian," he gives a graphic picture of his last days in the old army. The majority of the officers had been pronouncedly Southern in their sympathies, but as the time drew near when it was apparent that they would have to espouse the cause of the South or give up their commissions, they became very averse to discussing the subject. Maury had to be extremely careful in his expressions. He had the feeling of being watched. One evening in May, 1861, an anxious group was gathered in the office of Adjutant Maury. There was Loring, the grizzled regimental commander, who had fought through two wars and was destined to win honor and glory in another. There was also Lieutenant John Pegram, of Virginia, who was to gain distinction as

a general officer of the Confederacy and fall fighting for his home and his people. Maury was there, troubled and anxious, fearing the news which was expected with the mail-bag would force him to give up forever the cherished friends of a lifetime. He felt his sword could never be turned against Virginia and the South. The mail-bag came in. The adjutant had to first assort the mail for the entire garrison. Then they all eagerly seized the telegrams forwarded by mail. They told of the fall of Fort Sumter months before.

Captain Maury seized the telegrams and rushed out of the door and up to the officers' quarters, crying, "Sumter has fallen and war has begun!"

A few days afterwards the news came that Virginia had seceded. As soon as it could be written, Captain Maury wrote out his resignation and dispatched it to Washington. He prepared to follow it to the States at once.

General Maury never dwelt upon his emotions when bidding his old comrades-in-arms farewell It was a painful subject. The writer has seen his eyes glisten with emotion when alluding to it. None of his brother officers blamed him. He frequently said they told him they never expected him to pursue any other course. But there were a number of Southern men who could not bring themselves to sunder the old ties, and, drawing their sword in defence of the new nation, turn it against the old. General George H. Thomas, a native of Southampton county, Va., and a warm friend of General Maury's, was one of these. General Maury often spoke regretfully of the failure of Thomas to go with his State. He has said that no man was ever more devoted to his State, which had greatly honored him, having voted him a sword for gallantry in the Mexican war. Thomas applied early for command in the Virginia forces, and Governor Letcher held an important post for him. General Maury has stated that Thomas carried to New York with him, after Virginia seceded, his resignation from the army, and that he went to that city to bring away his wife. His wife was a New York lady, a woman of fine character and considerable wealth. General Fitzhugh Lee, when en route to Richmond after resigning from the old army, called to see Major Thomas, and at parting remarked: "Well, Major, I suppose we shall meet in Richmond in a few days?"

"Yes," Major Thomas replied.

His wife remarked: "He thinks you will."

She was bitterly opposed to her husband's resigning from the army, and succeeded in keeping him at the North until General

Winfield Scott offered him an important post in the army. Like other great soldiers of history, General Thomas yielded to a woman. General Maury always said Virginia lost an able and a brave commander when Thomas refused to draw his sword for her.

TRIP FROM SANTA FÈ.

General Maury's ride from Santa Fè to St. Louis was not fraught with special incidents, though at every army post he expected to be arrested. He had to spend a night in St. Louis, and did so with trepidation, but was not molested. Still, he did not feel easy until he reached Louisville. He reached Richmond on the 19th of June, 1861. He reported to Governor Letcher within an hour after his arrival, and to General Robert E. Lee, commanding the Virginia forces. General Maury has often remarked upon being much depressed by the exceedingly grave aspect which General Lee wore.

General Maury was appointed colonel of cavalry in the Virginia forces upon the day of his arrival in Richmond, and the same day was commissioned a captain of the regular Confederate cavalry, and a lieutenant-colonel in the provisional army. He was given leave to go to see his people, at Fredericksburg. The Sunday he spent there he could hear all day the cannonading at Manassas. He took the first train for Richmond. He has more than once remarked that he expected his wife and old mother to try to hinder him from going into battle. But he never had any more anxiety after that Sunday. Their sole fear seemed to be that he would be too late for the fight. The day he reached Richmond he received an order from General Lee to report to General Joseph E. Johnston at Manassas, and he hastened thither.

IN THE CONFEDERATE SERVICE.

A Record Exhibiting a Signal Display of Courage and Genius.

General Maury's career in the Confederate army is history.

The niche assigned him in the temple of fame is a high one. It is in more than one respect unique. A distinguished soldier of the Confederacy remarked to the writer recently, that had General Maury achieved in the East the things which he achieved in the Army of the West, his final rank would have been higher and his fame greater.

As it is, he is known to the student of Confederate history as one of the bravest, one of the most skillful, and one of the hardest fight-

ers in the Southern army. His heroic defence of Mobile, in the spring of 1865, against the land attack of Canby and the attack of the great Farragut by sea, is alone sufficient to give him a lasting place in history.

General Johnston and General Maury were old army comrades and warmest friends, but General Johnston felt he had been improperly treated in having General Lee assign officers to his army. He claimed to outrank Lee. General Maury was much embarrassed by the view which General Johnston took of General Lee's action, and, with the former's permission, returned to Richmond and requested assignment elsewhere. General Johnston, after General Maury returned to Richmond, wrote to Mr. Davis, protesting against the injustice of General Lee's action and the then existing state of affairs. He said he would raise no protest until after the achievement of the independence of the Confederacy, when he would use all proper means to have his rank rightfully established. The gauntlet thus thrown down was accepted by Mr. Davis. General Maury always said this caused the ultimate removal of Johnston from the command of the Army of the Tennessee, and, as many thought, the downfall of the Confederacy.

General Maury's request for a different post was answered with an assignment to the Army of Fredericksburg, under General Holmes, at Brooke's Station. After the victory of Manassas, both armies lay quiescent for many months. General Maury had had no opportunity for active service when, in February, 1862, he was made chief of staff to General Earle Van Dorn, in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department. This distinguished honor illustrates the confidence reposed in General Maury at headquarters in Richmond.

FOUGHT WITH GREAT MEN.

It is impossible to go into detail regarding the career of General Maury in the Confederate army. It is interwoven with the history of the great men who led the Southern armies in the West—with the great Albert Sidney Johnston; with Forrest, the unique and wonderful; the brilliant, but unfortunate, Van Dorn; with Leonidas Polk, the "Fighting Bishop"; with Stephen D. Lee—with a dozen other men whose names are famous in the history of the greatest war of the world.

General Maury was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general for conduct in the Alcorn campaign. His first command in the field was of the famous Missouri brigade, at Corinth, and in the affair at

Farmington. On the evacuation of Corinth, May 31, 1862, he was assigned to command the rear guard of the Army of the West. The next day he was assigned to the command of the First division of that army, with which he subsequently fought at Iuka, Corinth, Hatchie-Bridge and Vicksburg. Maury's division of the Army of the West went into action at Corinth 4,600 strong, on October 4, 1862. After three days of fighting, it was reduced to 1,200 men, who held Ord's corps in check, repulsing every attack from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., and saved Van Dorn's army and trains.

In April, 1863, General Maury was ordered to take command of the Department of East Tennessee. While in this command he received a dispatch to this effect: "General Van Dorn was killed here to-day. Representing the wishes of his whole corps of cavalry, we desire to know if you will accept its command." This was signed by all the generals, including Governor Ross, of Texas, and General Frank Armstrong. This, the highest compliment ever paid General Maury, he found proper to decline.

HIS DEFENCE OF MOBILE.

Soon afterwards he was transferred to the Department of the Gulf, which he defended until the battle of Mobile closed the war between the States, on April 12th. The fighting began March 26, 1865, against Canby's army of three corps of infantry, a heavy force of artillery, and Farragut's fleet. General Maury conducted the defence with great skill, destroying twelve of Farragut's vessels.

On the 12th of April, pursuant to his orders from General Lee, General Maury marched out the remnant of his little army, now reduced to a division of 4,500 men. As he marched out with the rear guard, a flag of truce was sent out to the fleet, to apprise the enemy that he might enter Mobile, without firing a shot into the town. On the 14th of May, he and his army were paroled.

General Maury in Civil Life—Teacher—Minister to Columbia.

General Maury's life after the war was that of many a soldier of the Confederacy.

The close of the war found him penniless. He has often remarked upon how little fitted he was by education and training to be a man of business. He was fond of borrowing General Dick Taylor's opinion of the education of officers of the United States army: "Take a boy of sixteen from his mother's apron-strings, shut him up under

constant surveillance at West Point, send him out to a two-company post upon the frontier, where he does little but play seven-up and drink whiskey at the sutler's, and by the time he is forty-five years old, he will furnish the most complete illustration of suppressed mental development of which human nature is capable."

Though without business training or inclination for business life, General Maury went to work with a will. Being a graduate of the University and of West Point, he decided to establish a classical and mathematical academy for boys at Fredericksburg, where he lived. Though he always spoke in humorous depreciation of the school, it succeeded. But teaching was not at all to General Maury's tastes, and when offered a lucrative position with an express company at New Orleans, he accepted. After he had been in the employ of the company for some time he resigned to embark in the manufacture of rosin and turpentine in St. Tammany Parish, La. For a year General Maury succeeded profitably in his new enterprise, but owing to the embarrassments of the old army friend who was advancing him money for the business, he was unable to carry it on successfully. General Maury continued the enterprise until he had lost nearly every cent.

ORIGINATED THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

He went to New Orleans with only $2.50 in his pocket. He went to the office of an old friend, General Simon B. Buckner, to whom he told his plight. General Buckner told him the office of secretary of the Southern Hospital Association had just been created the previous night, at a salary of $125 a month. He asked General Maury if he would accept it.

"As that is just $125 more than my present income, of course I will accept," replied General Maury. He received the appointment. The salary was soon increased to $200 a month.

It was in New Orleans, in 1868, that General Maury set on foot a plan for the systematic collection of Southern war records, which resulted in the formation of the Southern Historical Society. In August, 1873, at a convention held at the White Sulphur Springs, the domicile of the society was removed to the Capitol at Richmond, and General Maury was made Chairman of the Executive Committee.

NATIONAL GUARD ASSOCIATION.

During the contest of Tilden and Hayes for the presidency, and

soon after the great labor riots in Baltimore and Pittsburg, General Maury called a meeting in Richmond for the purpose of taking steps to improve the militia of the State. At this meeting the co-operation of other States was invited. Many accepted, and the National Guard Association of America was formed as a result. A further result was the securing from Congress of a small annual appropriation for the purpose of arming the State military. General Maury always said this meeting aroused such vital interest in the subject in every State that the United States now has the most efficient national militia in the world.

In 1885, General Maury was appointed United States envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the United States of Colombia by Mr. Cleveland. He remained at Bogota until after the election of Mr. Harrison.

MADE HIS HOME IN RICHMOND.

Since his return from the United States of Colombia, General Maury had resided with relatives in this city and with his son, Mr. Dabney H. Maury, Jr., at Peoria, Ill. Few men and women in Richmond are unfamiliar with his rather small, spare, but stiffly erect figure. All who knew him loved him. General Maury angry was something few persons ever saw. He was the soul of good fellowship. He was a man with a heart—a big one in a small body. He was an inveterate story-teller. His long life and his varied experiences prevented his stories from ever growing tiresome.

OFFER FROM THE LOTTERY.

His frankness and his honesty were probably his most striking characteristics. The latter is splendidly illustrated by an incident of General Maury's life after the war, one which he often told. He was in very destitute circumstances, and had no idea whither to go to find the dollar. One afternoon he received a letter in an official-looking envelope. He broke the seal and found it was from the Louisiana State Lottery Company, offering him a salary of $25,000 per year if he would accept the position of president of the company.

"The temptation was a terrible one," said General Maury. "To say that it was otherwise would be to say I was more than human. I was almost penniless, and there was no prospect of my being otherwise. Twenty-five thousand a year was wealth which to me seemed fabulous. I did not say anything to any one concerning the proposition. When I went to bed I could not sleep. I tossed and

turned for hours, trying to make up my mind. Finally, just before dawn, I resolved to decline the offer. I had never done anything which was not honest, and I determined that it was too late to begin in my old age. Sleep was easy to me then, and it was late when I awoke. Almost as soon as I did so I arose, and writing a letter of refusal of the company's offer, posted it. I have never regretted it."

INTEREST IN SPANISH WAR.

General Maury was in every fibre a soldier. He not only had the personal courage requisite, but despite his whimsical manner of disparaging the army as an occupation, it was plain to see he was by nature a man who loved and was fitted for army life. All his stories were of war; all his recollections of incidents of battle and adventure in the field. When war broke out with Spain, the old fellow would go to the Governor's office every day and ask the influence of Governor Tyler in securing appointment to the army. The old warhorse scented battle once again, and wished to drink once more of the excitement of war.

General Maury was a man of the simplest tastes. He abhorred anything which favored of display. About five years ago he was taken ill in this city, and it was feared his death was not distant. He spoke to a friend concerning his wishes as to the funeral.

"There must be no pomp," he said. "Let the services be simple. Let the coffin be hauled to the railroad station on a caisson, followed by a few of my old comrades. I want my body to be sent to the old family burying-ground, at Fredericksburg, that I may sleep with my people."

There was general sorrow in Richmond last night at the news of General Maury's death. At no other place was the expression more general or hearty than at the Westmoreland Club, where he spent much of his time when in Richmond. He was a great favorite with the members of the club. A fine painting of the General adorns the walls of the club-house, and in the Lee Camp gallery is another, given by the Westmoreland.

The old soldier has well earned the rest upon which he has entered, and his sleep will be dreamless and sweet in the bosom of the old State for whom he risked all save honor, and lost all save honor and life.

THE FUNERAL.

Beautiful Services held in Richmond.

All that is mortal of General Dabney H. Maury was laid to rest Saturday in Fredericksburg, beside the graves of his mother and wife, and in the city where he was born and much of his earlier life was spent. The funeral services were held here.

The remains of the distinguished Virginian and Confederate soldier reached this city Saturday morning at 8:20 o'clock. Mr. Dabney H. Maury, Jr., of Peoria, Ill., the only son of General Maury, and with whom he made his home and at whose residence he died, accompanied the remains to Richmond. His daughter, Mrs. James M. Halsey, of Philadelphia, was also here, but Mrs. Pollard, his other daughter, who resides in Texas, was unable to be present.

When the train of the Chesapeake & Ohio road pulled into Richmond, quite a large number of people were gathered at the station to receive the body of the dead chieftain. Among those who waited on the platform were delegations from Lee and Pickett camps. They formed an escort to the body as it was taken slowly through the streets of Richmond, where he had so often visited, to St. James Protestant Episcopal church. From this time until the funeral service began, at 10:30 o'clock, the body lay in state, and was viewed by quite a large number of people. The following gentlemen acted as guard of honor: Comrades T. B. Ellett and A. O. James, of Lee Camp, and Comrade Alexander Jennings, of Pickett Camp.

Just as the services were beginning, a detachment of the Richmond Howitzers, Lieutenant Minson in command, appeared on the Capitol Square and fired a salute of thirteen guns. The detail was composed as follows: Lieutenant F. W. Minson, Sergeant C. L. Epps, Corporals E. W. Bosher, G. F. Delarue, H. P. Poindexter, Privates O. E. Leath, C. C. Gebhardt, and W. W. Poindexter.

BEAUTIFUL SERVICES HELD.

The church was filled with the friends, comrades and relatives of the departed, and the delegation appointed to do this last honor to the memory of one who was so well known and beloved throughout the South. The casket rested in front of the church, and was covered with the flag for which he had fought and with the floral tributes of loving friends. Among the floral offerings was one from the General D. H. Maury Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. One tribute was sent without the name of the sender being given.

The services at the church, which were very simple, but beautiful, began promptly at 10:30 o'clock. The pall bearers and delegations from Lee and Pickett camps entered by the middle aisle and occupied the seats reserved for them. They were followed by the relatives of General Maury.

Rev. William Meade Clarke was the officiating minister. He read the service prepared for such occasions. During the reading of the service, "Thy Will Be Done" was sung by the choir, and "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" as the procession filed out.

The remains were carried to the Union depot and left for Fredericksburg over the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac railroad on the noon train. The details from the two veteran camps here accompanied the remains to Fredericksburg.

REMAINS IN FREDERICKSBURG.

The remains of General Maury arrived at Fredericksburg Saturday afternoon, February 13th, on the 1:37 train from Richmond. They were accompanied by Messrs. D. C. Richardson, George L. Christian, Captain John Cussons, W. P. Smith, Captain C. C. Scott, Rev. James P. Smith, F. B. Elliott, A. O. Jones, Thomas P. Pollard, W. U. Bass, T. R. Gates, A. Jennings, R. N. Northen, Charles T. Loehr, D. H. Maury, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Halsey, Colonel R. L. Maury, M. F. Maury, and Miss Anna Werth. At the depot they were met by Maury Camp, Confederate Veterans; R. S. Chew Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the Daughters of the Confederacy. As soon as the train left, the funeral cortege, with the following pall bearers, proceeded to the cemetery, where the remains were interred, Rev. W. D. Smith, of the Episcopal church, conducting the services:

Active—W. H. Hurkamp, W. H. Merchant, W. E. Bradley, A. P. Rowe, Jr., W. C. Warren, and M. S. Chancellor.

Honorary—James A. Turner, J. B. Colbert, J. G. King, E. C. Bell, C. E. Layton, S. E. Foster, St. George R. Fitzhugh, Robert T. Knox, M. G. Willis, S. J. Quinn, E. D. Cole, C. W. Eddington, P. V. D. Conway, A. B. Botts, A. W. Wallace, John L. Marye and S. W. Carmichael.

Maury Camp, with Captain D. M. Lee in command, acted as escort.

Among the floral tributes were one from Lee Camp, Pickett-Buchanan Camp, and Maury Camp. As the grave was being filled, taps were sounded, and all present stood with uncovered head.

At a meeting of Maury Camp Saturday, a touching resolution was passed out of respect for General Maury's memory. This tribute is paid:

"General Maury was a loyal citizen of this republic, a true son of our Southland, and Virginia never had borne on her bosom a more chivalrous, courtly gentleman. While this city, which was his birthplace and his home in the earliest years of his life, will ever do reverence to his memory, and this camp will always cherish the fact that General Maury, who was one of its honorary members, and who expressed himself pleased and proud that we bore his name, died as he lived, a fearless and stainless Confederate soldier."

The tribute will go upon the records of the camp.

Numerous other glowing tributes which were published, have been paid to the honored memory of General Maury.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Society, held January 17, 1900, the following action was taken:

DABNEY HERNDON MAURY—HERO AND SCHOLAR.

Died at the home of his son in Peoria, Illinois, January 11, 1900, Dabney Herndon Maury, the eldest surviving Major-General of the Confederate States Army, and who was born at Fredericksburg, Virginia, May 21, 1822.

Drawing his life-springs from lines which have shed lustre on the annals of his native State, and of our common country, he nobly exemplified in his "happy" and protracted life the worth of his descent. The lessons presented by his dutiful career, and as limned in his delightful "Recollections," can but be potent in inspiring posterity.

Resolved, 1st. That the death of General Dabney H. Maury is an impressive loss to Virginia, to our country, and to this Society, of which he was one of the earliest and most zealous promoters, and whose interests and objects have been constantly since, first in his affections—as evinced so signally in results as Chairman of its Executive Committee.

Resolved, 2d. This Society would express its profound sympathy with the family of General Maury in the poignant loss they have sustained.

ROBERT STILES,
Chairman, pro tem.

R. A. BROCK, *Secretary.*

JUDGE WILLIAM BROCKENBROUGH.

An Address Delivered by Prof. Benjamin Blake Minor, LL. D., on the Occasion of the Presentation of a Portrait of Judge Brockenbrough to the Circuit Court of Essex County, July 17, 1899.

There would be a great deficiency in any gallery of portraits appropriate for the circuit court room of Essex county, if it did not embrace one of such a man as Judge William Brockenbrough. The promoters of the collection have felt the truth of this, and have tried to obtain a portrait of so distinguished a son of old Essex. But, for various reasons, their efforts were fruitless. At length a few of those who cordially approved of getting together such galleries and of placing a likeness of Judge Brockenbrough where it so justly belonged, determined that this too long deferred honor should be paid him, even in a modified form. They have the pleasure of presenting to the circuit court of Essex an enlarged photograph of him, taken from an oil portrait belonging to the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, which was presented to them by Mrs. John P. McGuire, a daughter of the eminent judge. The present Court of Appeals is entitled to special thanks, not only for permitting the picture to be photographed, but for contributing to the expense of procuring the portrait which is now presented.*

The records of Richmond county show that the Brockenbroughs were there, from England, prior to 1701; and some of them were in Essex also at a very early date. Dr. John Brockenbrough, of Tappahannock, a surgeon in the Virginia navy during the Revolution, and long a justice of Essex, and Sarah Roane, his wife, were the

*Those, besides the Judges of the Court of Appeals, who presented the portrait, were Prof. John P. McGuire, stepson of Mrs. Judith (Brockenbrough) McGuire, daughter of the Judge; Miss Mary M. P. Newton, great-granddaughter of the Judge; Austin and Benjamin B. Brockenbrough and Thomas C. Gordon, grandsons of Dr. Austin Brockenbrough and Frances Blake, his wife, and grandnephews of the Judge; B. Blake Minor, Jr., M. D., and Benjamin Blake Minor, Sr., a native of Tappahannock.

The galleries of the portraits of worthies of Essex and some other counties are mainly due to the efforts of Judge T. R. B. Wright.

parents of William, who was born July 10, 1778. His father gave him good scholastic opportunities, which he very creditably improved, and then adopted the profession of law. At the early age of twenty-four (1802–3) he represented Essex in the legislature, and in May, 1803, was appointed a member of the State Council. About this time he gave to the public, under the signature of "Aristogiton," some essays on constitutional law, "which were greatly admired at the time, for the depth and originality of their views." His employing such a signature is significant, as showing something of the character of his reading and his sympathy with the patriotism and love of liberty which inspired Harmodious and Aristogiton in their resistance to the tyrants over their beloved Athens.

For about six years, besides his services in the council, he continued successfully the practice of law.

In 1809, the legislature had abolished the old district courts and established circuit superior courts, for which the State was divided into fourteen circuits. So that some new judges had to be elected, which was then done by joint vote of both houses of the legislature, for life, or during good behavior. Then the judges, thus elected, were commissioned by the governor. The election took place February 7, 1809. Messrs. Baker and Daniel nominated William Brockenbrough in the lower house; Messrs. Strother and Pope nominated Hugh Nelson; others were also nominated. On the second ballot Hugh Nelson was elected. There were three more ballotings, and Brockenbrough, advancing from 53 to 85, was elected by a joint vote of 97. The others voted for were Daniel Sheffey, who came next to Brockenbrough, James Semple, James Allen, Wm. W. Hening, and Alex. Stuart, all worthy competitors.

Judge Brockenbrough was assigned to a western circuit (the Thirteenth), which, in 1811, embraced the counties of Tazewell, Russell, Lee, Washington, Wythe, Grayson, and Montgomery. He was afterwards, in 1812, brough to the more important one, embracing the city of Richmond and counties of Henrico, Essex, etc. Besides discharging faithfully and efficiently all his judicial functions, he undertook the publication of a volume entitled "Virginia Cases: A collection of Cases decided by the General Court of Virginia, chiefly relating to the penal laws of the Commonwealth, commencing in the year 1798 and ending in 1814. Copied from the Records of said Court, with explanatory notes by Judges Brockenbrough and Holmes. 1815."

This work shows his disposition towards his profession and its

members and the public. In it he was assisted by Judge Hugh Holmes, and it contained only 336 pages. But about ten years later, in 1826, he rendered a larger and greater service to the State by the publication of a second volume, of 680 pages, with an index to both volumes. About 1819, the general court came to a resolution that its decisions should be preserved in a manuscript volume, and should show the grounds on which they were made. The preparation of this volume devolved upon Judge Brockenbrough, as he resided in Richmond, where the records of the court were kept, and out of these facts grew his second printed volume of reports, in 1826. The wonder is how such an important matter was so long neglected. The general court was truly an imposing and august tribunal. It had supreme appellate jurisdiction in criminal cases, and surely the profession and the public were entitled to reports of its decisions. It was composed of all the judges of the circuit courts, but only a quorum need attend its sessions. When the number of circuits was considerably increased, there was an understanding between the judges that one-half should attend one session and the other half another, so as to make sure of a quorum; but any judge could, if he chose, attend a session held by the half to which he did not belong. The number holding a court, therefore, varied very much, both according to the number of circuits in the State and the number of the judges who elected to be present. There were two sessions each year. I remember this court very well, and have seen it in session with fifteen or more members, some of whom would have honored and graced the bench of our Supreme Court, to which they were, like Brockenbrough, sometimes elevated. The senior judge present at any session presided. I once knew nearly, if not quite, all of its members. The accomplished James Lyons honored me with invitations to the elegant dinners which he used to give them. I was in their court-room the afternoon when the eminent Benjamin Watkins Leigh obtained from them the bailing of the unfortunate young Simms, who so unnecessarily shot and killed Prof. John A. G. Davis, chairman of the Faculty of the University of Virginia. I have always thought that the manner of that great advocate towards the court on that occasion was rather imperious. The court occupied that room in the Capitol whose floor gave way with such tragic consequences on the 28th of April, 1870. It was the decisions of the court above referred to which Judge Brockenbrough reported, commencing with the June term, 1815, and ending with the June term, 1826.

It can never do any harm for a lawyer to use his pen in behalf of his profession outside of his own professional duties. Our modern Virginia bar has furnished some striking illustrations of this in Benjamin Watkins Leigh, and his son-in-law, Conway Robinson; Prof. John A. G. Davis, and his brother-in-law, John B. Minor, and the other distinguished Law Professors, John Tayloe Lomax and Henry St. George Tucker, and James M. Mathews, law writer and State Reporter, who is not only a worthy son of Essex, but of the efficient clerk, Wm. B. Matthews, of the court over which Judge Brockenbrough presided. There were still in Virginia district courts of chancery, besides the circuit courts.

The connection between the two volumes of the reports of the decisions of the general court of Virginia led to a rapid flight over nearly eleven years of Judge Brockenbrough's distinguished career. In the meantime occurred about the most important event in that career, which not only gave him a vacation from his judicial labors, but a pleasant visit to that delightful region which has always had such attractions for Virginians ever since the time of Spotswood and his Knights of the Golden Horseshoe. That visit was under the most flattering auspices conceivable.

On the 21st of February, 1818, the State legislature passed an act to take effect March 1st, "for appropriating a part of the Literary Fund, and for other purposes." The whole statute had reference to schools and education, but among its "other purposes" was the establishing of the University. "In order to aid the legislature in ascertaining a permanent site for the University and in organizing it," the executive was required to appoint, without delay, twenty-four discreet and intelligent persons, one for each senatorial district, who were to meet the first of August next, at the tavern in Rockfish Gap, on the Blue Ridge. Three-fourths of this "Board of Commissioners for the University" were necessary for the transaction of business. It was their high province to report to the next session of the legislature: 1st, A proper site for the University; 2d, A plan for the buildings thereof; 3d, The branches of learning to be taught therein; 4th, The number and description of professorships; and 5th, Such general provisions as might properly be enacted by the legislature for the better organizing and governing the University.

Governor James P. Preston duly made the appointment of such men as he and his advisers deemed well qualified for such a sacred and solemn trust, and this distinguished "Board of Commissioners" met on the first day of August, at the place designated, and that

humble mountain inn was honored with the presence of one of the grandest and most dignified conclaves that ever met anywhere. Prof. George Tucker says, in his *Life of Jefferson*, that President James Monroe was one of them. If he be mistaken in this, it is certain that two ex-Presidents of the United States, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, were in it, with nineteen worthy associates, several of whom were fully the equals of President Monroe. Judge William Brockenbrough was one of these.

Mr. Jefferson was made President of the Board, who appointed a sub-committee of six to consider and report on all the duties assigned them, except that relating to the site of the University. They were engaged in their noble work until August 4th. Three sites were offered: at Lexington, at Staunton, and at Central College, where our renowned University, lately sprung up anew from her ashes, now rests, surrounded by such surpassing beauty.

The Board, having voted that it was not necessary to visit, as was proposed, the competing locations, proceeded on the third day to make the selection. Staunton obtained two votes, Lexington three, and Central College sixteen, one of which was Judge Brockenbrough's. Each site offered material inducements in its own favor, but the Board said to the legislature: "Although the act required them to receive any voluntary contributions which might be offered for the benefit of the University, yet they did not consider this as establishing an auction or as pledging the location to the highest bidder." Have there not been too many auctions in similar cases?

The Board also adopted an elaborate report, drawn up by Mr. Jefferson, which was, with some amendments, signed by all the twenty-one members present and transmitted to the legislature. Mr. Jefferson's signature was the first; Judge Brockenbrough's was the fourth. Thus our now famous University may be regarded as having been launched by this august assemblage. Some years afterwards, one of Judge Brockenbrough's brothers (Arthur) was its Proctor. A son of the Proctor, Wm. H. Brockenbrough, studied law there under Prof. John A. G. Davis, and settled in Florida, of which he was appointed Territorial Governor, and where he became distinguished as a lawyer and a judge. He also represented Florida in Congress. Thus Virginia has produced three judges Brockenbrough; and Dr. Austin Brockenbrough was a valuable member of the county court of Essex, over which he frequently presided. A daughter of the Proctor married Senator Maxwell, Confederate States Senator from Florida, and their daughter, Lucy, married Rev. Ev-

erard Meade, for eleven years beloved rector of St. John's church, Richmond.

It may be gratifying to the people of Essex to know that their section of the State was further ably represented in that memorable conclave at Rockfish Gap by Judge Spencer Roane, and that Judge Hugh Holmes, who assisted Judge William Brockenbrough in the preparation of the first volume of the *Virginia Cases*, was also a member of it. The Commissioners who signed the report to the legislature were: Th: Jefferson, Creed Taylor, Peter Randolph, Wm. Brockenbrough, Arch'd Rutherford, Arch'd Stuart, James Breckenridge, Henry E. Watkins, James Madison, Armistead T. Mason, Hugh Holmes, Phil. C. Pendleton, Spencer Roane, John M. C. Taylor, J. G. Jackson, Thos. Wilson, Phil. Slaughter, Wm. H. Cabell, Nathl. H. Claiborne, Wm. A. G. Dade, Wm. Jones.

From 1826 to 1834, Judge Brockenbrough kept on in the discharge of his arduous duties as circuit judge. When he was transferred to the Supreme Court of Appeals, in 1834, he was president of the general court and presiding over the Fourth district and the Seventh circuit, composed of Chesterfield, Powhatan, Goochland, Hanover and Henrico counties. There were then in the State ten districts and twenty circuits. He had for some years presided, when the arrangement was different, over the Fourth circuit, composed of Goochland, Henrico, Hanover, King and Queen, Essex, Caroline and Spotsylvania. When he had to give up Essex, it came under the jurisdiction, for one year, of Judge Brown, and then of Judge Semple. It had been in Judge Brown's district when he held his courts in Fredericksburg and Williamsburg. In 1832, the circuit courts were increased to twenty, and Judge Brown was placed over the Fourth circuit, embracing Essex.

When Judge John Williams Green, of the Court of Appeals, died, his place had to be filled. The election for his successor took place February 20, 1834. Mr. Booker, of Amelia, nominated Judge Brockenbrough; Mr. Botts, Robert Stanard, Esq.; and Mr. Watts, Judge Ro. B. Taylor. On the second ballot, Taylor was dropped. Then Judge Brockenbrough got seventy-two votes, and from both houses ninety-three to Stanard's sixty-four, and was promoted to the Supreme Court of Appeals. The cases in which he sat are reported in *Leigh's Reports*, Vols. V to IX, inclusive, and they contain a good many of his opinions. The Court of Appeals at that time consisted of President Henry St. George Tucker, and Judges Francis T. Brooke, Wm. H. Cabell, Dabney Carr, and Brockenbrough.

Hon. John Randolph Tucker, who became so highly distinguished, describes them as he, when a boy, saw them sitting, in 1835, in the Senate chamber of the Capitol. In his reminiscences of the Virginia Bench and Bar, given to the Bar Association of Richmond, he says: "And next to him I see the vigorous face, strongly marked with common sense and integrity, of William Brockenbrough, for many years an eminent judge on the circuit and of the general court, and then a judge of the Court of Appeals from 1834 until his death, in 1838."

The *Richmond Enquirer* of December 11, 1838, made the following announcement: "Died in the city of Richmond, yesterday morning, 10th inst., after a painful and protracted illness, Judge Wm. Brockenbrough, of the Court of Appeals, in the 61st year of his age."

The funeral took place on December 11, from the residence of his brother, Dr. John Brockenbrough, and the remains were taken for interment to White Plains, in King William county. The day of his decease, the judge of the circuit court of Richmond and Henrico entered upon the records of that court a strong and feeling tribute to his memory, and adjourned. The next day there was a meeting, in the capitol, of the surviving judges of the Court of Appeals, the judge of the circuit court of Richmond and Henrico, the officers of both courts, and members of the bar. On motion of Judge Henry St. George Tucker, Judge Francis T. Brooke was called to the chair, and Sidney S. Baxter, Attorney-General, appointed secretary. Mr. Leigh moved a preamble and resolutions of respect and condolence, which were unanimously adopted. Mr. Leigh's estimate of his character, ability and services was a very high one.

The obituary notice in the *Richmond Enquirer* says that "his whole life was employed in acts of private virtue and public usefulness," and that "it could not do justice to the memory of one of the best men that ever lived; yet his constancy and firmness in bearing his last afflicting trial ought not to be omitted, for constancy and firmness were striking traits in his character." That friendly but discriminating notice also asserts: "As a tender husband, an affectionate father, a faithful friend, a true and virtuous citizen, he can never be forgotten. His heart was the seat of every kind, generous and benevolent emotion. No one could know him without being struck with the simplicity of his manners, the kindness and warmth of his feelings, and the strength and purity of his principles. * * The sympathy and sorrow so extensively evinced by 'high and low,

rich and poor,' bear witness that he was not only respected, but beloved by his family, by his friends, by the bar over which he so long presided, and by the surviving members of the bench of which he was an ornament."

I have some faint recollection of Judge Brockenbrough. I saw him in Tappahannock when I was a boy. He was a tall, dignified and commanding person, but not particularly handsome. He had something of a cross in his eyes, which gave them a peculiar expression. This may have had something to do with an anecdote which is related of him whilst he was holding a court at Tappahannock. A man, too much under the influence of liquor, annoyed and disturbed the judge, who kept his eyes upon him, hoping thereby to stop him. At length he rebuked him and told him to behave himself. He, too, had been watching the judge, and found that he could not escape his look. So he mounted a chair and exclaimed:

> "The ancients did old Argus prize,
> Because he had a hundred eyes;
> But much more praise to him is due
> Who looks a hundred ways with two."

The judge was so nonplussed and surprised by the offender's smartness, as well as audacity, that he let him off without fining him. He was the renowned, but unfortunate, Billy Pope, orator, poet and wit.

I have, too, some recollection of the members of the bar of that period. Thomas Gresham and Wm. A. Wright lived in Tappahannock; John Gaines, two Upshaws (Horace and Edwin), and Muscoe Garnett, came from the country; Phil. Branham and Chinn came across the Rappahannock; Richard Baylor from the upper part of the county, and John L. Marye and Carter L. Stevenson from Fredericksburg. Mr. Marye had lived in Tappahannock, where he served in the store of Mr. Robert Weir. Whilst I was at school in Fredericksburg, I became well acquainted with him and Mr. Stevenson, and intimate with their sons. My last Essex county teacher, James M. Garnett, was a member of its bar.

Judge Brockenbrough married Judith White, daughter of John and Judith White. One of their sons, John White Brockenbrough, married Miss Mary C. Bowyer, and became distinguished as judge of the United States Court for the Western district of Virginia; as founder and head of his own law school at Lexington, and after-

wards as Professor in the Law School of Washington and Lee University. He followed the example of his father by publishing a volume of Federal Decisions. He was also a member of the Confederate Congress.*

One of their daughters, Mary, married Hon. Willoughby Newton, and was mother of Bishop John Brockenbrough Newton. Another, Judith White, married the Rev. John P. McGuire, so long and so favorably known as an Episcopal clergyman, so highly esteemed for his faitful ministrations, and so beloved by the people of Essex. She was a noble woman, and wrote that admirable book about the Confederate war times, "The Diary of a Southern Refugee." It was she who presented to our Supreme Court of Appeals that portrait of her beloved and honored father which they have materially aided in having copied for the people of Essex. How appropriate and becoming it is, then, for her to be remembered on this interesting occasion, when you are paying due honor to your military heroes and civic worthies. She has been laid to rest here in venerable Tappahannock. But there are those of the blood of both the Judges Brockenbrough who still survive, and an effectionate appeal is made to them, by the hereditary as well as general interest which they might take in such a behalf, to supplant, at no distant day, our humble offering with the best presentment of their illustrious ancestor which their liberality and painter's art and skill can possibly secure.

*A sketch (with portrait) of Judge John W. Brockenbrough, by Professor Charles A. Graves, will be found in *2 Virginia Law Register*, 157.

A NOBLE LIFE.

Address Delivered at Tappahannock, Essex County, Va., July 17, 1899, Presenting to Essex Court a Portrait of

JUDGE WILLIAM BROCKENBROUGH.

By JOHN P. McGUIRE.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

A Virginian in a Virginia assembly is always among friends; but for myself, and here in this county of Essex, as a wanderer returned to his home again, I stand among you and respectfully salute you all.

In the far dawn of human history, the blind old bard of Chios, with mental vision doubly clear, surveyed the course of human life, and this true picture drew:

> "Like leaves on trees, the race of men are found,
> Some green in youth, some withering on the ground.
> * * * * * * *
> So generations in their course decay;
> These come to life, and others pass away."

Countless as the leaves of the forest or the sands along the shore are the men who, in ages gone, have run their restless course on this round world, even as the busy ants run to and fro upon their hillock home. Brief parts the actors play; the scene changes and they disappear. I saw a clown upon a narrow stage. Decked in the tawdry tinsel of his craft, he entered on the one side, stopped one moment, and pointing to the other door, he said—not knowing what he said: "I came in here to tell you that I am—going out yonder." 'Alas!' I thought, 'this is our human life.' 'Good health to-day, my friend,' I say, and so the greeting passes, 'and now—good morrow.'

Millions of millions have passed on; how few are remembered! And, of the few, why keep we record and memory of their names? Why, and how long? Let us examine the record, and from it learn that *a noble life alone is memorable;* that man's life is made noble, his memory made sweet, his name engraven where it cannot be effaced, "not by might, nor by power," but by noble thoughts and noble purposes wrought out in noble deeds, even "by the works of

that Spirit" whose fruits are justice, mercy and truth, obedience to law, purity of life, sweet charity, and that self-sacrifice that crowns them all.

A noble life partakes of deity and endures. The test of its high kinship is that it *stand for* some noble thought—impress upon our minds and hearts some one of these eternal elements, some attribute of that august character in whom alone they are perfectly developed —each element eternal as His days are without end.

If there be presented for our consideration a character pre-eminently marked by but one of these ennobling features, *this is the blood-mark*—by this we know the strain of immortality. Let but a spark of the eternal fire burn in the heart of man, there needs no vestal virgin to keep the lamp aflame. It is part of the light of the universe that cannot expire. Man struggles with imperfections. But a little leaven leavens the whole lump. The odor of the violet pervades the garden. The sweet character of Cordelia makes the whole of King Lear a charm.

Full many a shining name, high written on the roll of fame, is doomed to be forgotten.

A monarch grown colossal in his might, boasts that the gods of the nations have not been able to save their people from his destroying arm; a doubtful inscription on a crumbling stone is the record of his deeds. A Pharaoh of four thousand years ago, in the pride of his power, defies the God of Israel and deals hardly with His chosen. See, in this our day, his royal lineaments stripped of their cerements—a spectacle for a gaping crowd to mock at.

An unconquerable phalanx, tramping steadily on, crushing its unsparing way through crowding armies of peoples struggling to be free, bears a hero's banner to the border land beyond which there are no more worlds to conquer. Amid triumphial music, high seated at the feast with his worshippers around him, he

> "Assumes the nod,
> Affects the god,
> And seems to shake the spheres."

In a mad debauch he dies, his right hand red with the blood of his friend; and for the world-empire that he founded, the map of the nations bears no trace that it ever existed.

The demon Corsican, with titanic force, shakes the foundations of empires. Like a destroying storm he crosses a continent; the windrows of the dead mark his passage through the nations. The groans

of the dying, a helpless woman's cry, and the orphan's wail; these are the antiphone to each song in his praise; these, and these alone, shall be his requiem.

Shall sculptured marble or graven brass, or the limner's art as here displayed, preserve man from the yawning chasm of dark oblivion?

> "There is an ancient land, across the sea,
> Whence came a traveller telling he had seen
> Two vast and trunkless legs stand in the desert;
> Near by, half buried in the sand, a head,
> So marred he doubted what it had been;
> The body, deep beyond his ken, or bore away,
> Built into some old wall—Ruin's predestined prey.
> The feet stood on a pedestal whereon these words were writ:
>
> 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings,
> Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!'
>
> Nothing beside remained. Round the decay
> Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
> The lone and level sands *stretched far away*."

Not by might nor by power, nor yet by the trumpet of fame, not through wide-reaching opportunity, nor great deed done on a world wide stage—not so is an enduring record made; but by a noble life faithfully lived in daily practice of our poor human share of those virtues which combining, even as the colors of the spectrum, form that pure light which is the light of the world. By such a life as is here exemplified, my friends, so shall a noble ancestry be duly honored; so shall the reverence of contemporaries encircle the hoary head; so shall the generations grow nobler and better because a man has lived.

The life but needs to wear, as this one did, the forehead-mark of high purpose and heaven born inspiration; but needs to *stand for* some noble, some enduring quality.

The smallest good is a part of the great sum of all good. No need to "uplift the millions." "He who has done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, has done it unto me."

The lightest chord if in true unison with the music, goes to make the great swelling anthem that lifts man's heart toward the creator.

The tinkle of the widow's mite, as it fell into the treasury, gave the key-note to the sacrificial song of the ages: and after two thousand years, 'the nameless widow' means for us,—All for God.

Wheresoever the gospel of faith and love has been and shall be preached, a little deed that a woman did has been and "shall be

told for a memorial of her;" so for faith and devotion the name of 'Mary of Bethany' shall forever stand.

Thus stands 'St. John' for love; 'St. Peter' for repentance unto good works; 'St. Paul' for lion-like courage and holy zeal.

Æneas, with old Anchises on his back, stands for filial piety; Curtius for self-sacrifice; Lucretia for purity; Horatius for courage; Cato, noblest Roman of them all, stands for stern integrity. These illustrate that ancient story and tell us why man's memory endures.

Here in a newer land and a later age, the name of a great Virginian stands for the qualities that mark a grand character, and by these he will be remembered when men have forgotten the operations on the Delaware that won great Frederick's admiration, and the march from the Hudson to the York that broke the yoke of tyranny for mankind.

Need I ask these graybeards around me to search the inner chamber of their hearts and tell me what other Virginian, there enshrined in simple majesty, so rules our lives that at thought of his presence men fear to fail of duty and flee from dishonor! It is the faithful gentleman who left to our English tongue those 'words of the wise which are as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies,' "The question is, Is it right?"—that supreme maxim which is to remain as an apple of gold in a picture of silver, "Duty is the noblest word in our language." It is the loved commander who, while the world paused to take record of his deeds and Glory wept for a flag furled forever, was content to utter the simplest, most pathetic words that ever fell from a leader's lips: "I and my brave men have done the best we could." It is not Sir Lancelot, not Sir Galahad, not Sir Tristram, nor any knight of Table Round,—*it is Arthur the King*, the royal gentlemen, 'whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure;' the incomparable soldier, the Christian—who died at Lexington, his uplifted finger then as always pointing his people "Forward!" to the goal where final Victory waits to welcome that valor and virtue for which his name shall stand 'till Time shall be no more.

The ancient philosopher describes the virtues that made the worthies of Rome's nobler day: "quas mihi semper antiponens," he says: "mentem animumque conformabam"—"and placing them always before me, so I sought to mould my mind and my soul."

Let us learn from the wise old heathen, and wisely choose our models for imitation.

If then in the record of this our native land, our own Virginia, a

man's life shows that his mind instinctively turned to the "pole-star of truth," then is his image worthy to be set up that our young men may learn this greatest of all the virtues—greatest of all, for

> "By the gods, it is not in the power of painting or of sculpture
> To fashion ought so divine as the fair form of truth.
> The creatures of their art may please the eye,
> But her sweet nature captivates the soul."

Have justice and mercy marked his career? Great is the office of the judge. Divine is that justice which with equal balance weighs each man's merit and to each his true desert assigns. Worthy of all honor is he who, like Israel's great judge can 'call all men to witness that of none has he taken aught, of none has he received any gift to blind his eyes therewith.' Yet

> "The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe,
> Become them with one-half so good a grace
> As mercy does."

Justice is

> "The attribute to awe and majesty.
> * * * * *
> But earthly power doth then show likest God's
> When mercy seasons justice."

Noble is the heart in which they both reside. Worthy of all reverence, the character in which these virtues shine.

Has charity warmed a man's heart and opened his hand stretched out to aid the helpless, until "like a watered garden" he has fed them and "like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" he has given them rest and refreshment for the journey of life?

Has he so walked among his fellows that

> 'His pity has been as balm to heal their wounds,
> His mildness has allayed their swelling griefs,
> His mercy dried their water-flowing tears?'

If perchance a character is presented combining all these exalted qualities, then have we one of those whose memory is as a sweet savor that no wind of forgetfulness shall ever blow away—then indeed we who are passing away do but our duty to those who shall succeed us, if, by any act of ours, we may provoke their curiosity to enquire, and move them to loving study, when they know, why these walls bear witness to our estimate of the man.

Such a noble character is here represented, my friends, such a

noble life, you and your children are here invited to study; such a noble example is here offered for their imitation and for ours.

Fellow citizens and good friends—for these people are bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh: yonder where the solemn cedars wave, and here where the spire points to heaven, lie the ashes of generations right dear to me; familiar to my childhood are the faces here depicted; to this town of Tappahannock I owe the peaceful ending of an honored father's long labor of love; in the act I now perform, I pay reverent honor to a noble woman, who, once familiar to your eyes, was, as I think, dear to your hearts, and who, when the shadows fell around her, was comforted by the memory of your affection and desired that her last home might be among you.

So thinking and so feeling—thankful for the opportunity to render this service to my people, deeply sensible of the honor I myself receive in having this commission laid upon me—I bring here this picture of Judge William Brockenbrough—learned lawyer and upright judge—Virginia gentleman, true to State and lineage, and careful to hand down to posterity that 'good name which is more to be desired than great riches,'—a man whose life stands for learning guided by wisdom, for truth, for purity, for charity towards all, for courage to do right, for justice the ermine adorning, for Christian virtue in that he humbly sought to form his mind and heart by loving study of the only complete example.

True product, this, of the ancient civilization, my young friends—the civilization of the time when the fields were greener, when the summer breeze was softer, when the birds sang more sweetly than now, and all the world was vocal with the sounds that brought us joy;—a civilization (I charge you to observe) which the ignorant, the envious, and the malignant condemn, and for which the weak and the base among ourselves have been fain to apologize. Yet was it so simple and so beautiful, so natural and native to the soil, so rooted in truth, so erect in honor, so lofty and so strong, so abloom with all courtesy, so redolent of nobleness, so fruitful of virtue—that for myself I am profoundly thankful that the men and women before whom my soul stands uncovered, were born under its shadow and that the formative years of my own life were spent beneath its grateful shade.

Therefore, I speak in humble recognition of the Hand that worketh all nobleness in man—in commemoration of that gracious olden time that now is passing away—paying honor where honor is justly due—knowing that the generation so paying its debt of honor to those that have gone is guiding in paths of honor generations yet

unborn. For that reason rejoicing thus to aid the work of founding here, in our county of Essex, and for our State of Virginia, *this ennobling memorial institution*, and praying that your children may prove worthy to guard your precious things—to this Court I present this portrait; to bench and to bar, to counting house and farm, to pew and to pulpit, to youth and to age—I commend the study of this most noble life.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN FURTHER ARRAIGNED.

His Autocratic Sway and "Want of Principle."

[For the cogent "letter" of Dr. Minor, the accomplished writer referred to in the conclusion of this communication, see *ante*, pp. 165–170.—Ed.]

A letter of the subscriber, published in the Richmond *Dispatch* of the 14th of January, proved by quotations from President Lincoln's most respectable and most eulogistic biographers that Lincoln was habitually indecent in his conversation; that he was guilty of grossly indecent and still more grossly immoral conduct in connection with his satire called "The First Chronicle of Reuben"; that he was an infidel, and was, till he became candidate for the Presidency, a frequent scoffer at religion, and in the habit of using his good gifts to attack its truths; that he was the author of "a little book," the purpose of which was to attack the fundamental truths of religion, and never denied or retracted any of these views.

That letter further stated that it would be as easy to prove, from precisely the same sort of evidence, that Lincoln's character and conduct provoked the bitterest censure from a very great number of the most distinguished of his co-workers in his great achievements, among whom may be named Greeley, Thad. Stevens, Sumner, Trumbull, Zach. Chandler, Fred. Douglas, Beecher, Fremont, Ben. Wade, Winter Davis and Wendell Phillips, while the most bitter and contemptuous and persistent of all Lincoln's critics were Chase, his Secretary of the Treasury and Chief Justice, and Stanton, known ever since as his "great War Secretary."

This letter is intended to prove what is alleged in the last para-

graph, and to give some further evidence of the estimate of Lincoln entertained by his contemporaries. Such light is needed, for the pæan of praise that began with his death has grown to such extravagance that one of his eulogists, on his birth-day last week, taught that he is "first of all that have walked the earth after The Nazarine," and another asked us to give up aspirations for a Heaven where Lincoln's presence is not assured. Every author quoted or referred to in this letter is an ardently eulogistic biographer and a partisan of the North against the South.

Colonel A. K. McClure's *Lincoln and Men of the War Time*, says (page 225, *et seq.*):

"Greeley was in closer touch with the active, loyal sense of the people than even the President himself," and "Mr. Greeley's *Tribune* was the most widely read Republican journal in the country, and it was unquestionably the most potent in modelling Republican sentiment. * * * It reached the intelligent masses of the people in every State in the Union, and *Greeley was not in accord with Lincoln.*" * * * Greeley "was [page 289, *et seq.*] a perpetual thorn in Lincoln's side, * * * and almost constantly criticised him boldly and often bitterly." "Greeley * * * labored [page 296] most faithfully to accomplish Lincoln's overthrow" in his great struggle for re-election in 1864. See also pages 282 to 292, *et seq.* See Morse's *Lincoln*, Vol. I, page 193. None will deny that Greeley ardently hated slavery and loved the Union, and was unsurpassed for purity and patriotism.

Dr. J. G. Holland's *Life of Lincoln* (page 469, *et seq.*), shows Fremont, Wendell Phillips, Fred Douglas and Greeley as leaders in the very nearly successful effort to defeat Lincoln's second election. The call for the convention for that purpose, held in Cleveland, May 31, 1864, said that "the public liberty was in danger;" that its object was to arouse the people "and bring them to realize that, while we are saturating Southern soil with the best blood of the country in the name of liberty, we have really parted with it at home."

McClure's *Lincoln*, etc., conceding the hostile attitude towards Lincoln of the leading members of the cabinet, says (page 54):

"Outside of the cabinet the leaders were equally discordant, and quite as distrustful of the ability of Lincoln to fill his great office. Sumner, Trumbull, Chandler, Wade, Winter Davis, and the men to whom the nation then turned as the great representative men of the new political power, did not conceal their distrust of Lincoln,

and *he had little support from them at any time during his administration.*"

Dr. Holland's *Life*, etc., shows (page 476, *et seq.*), that when Lincoln killed, by "pocketing" it, a bill for the reconstruction of the Union, which Congress had passed, Ben Wade and Winter Davis, aided by Greeley, published in Greeley's *Tribune* of August 5th "a bitter manifesto." It charged that the President, by this action, "holds the electoral vote of the rebel States at the discretion of his personal ambition," and that "a more studied outrage on the authority of the people has never been perpetrated." An examination to-day of the official record of the electoral vote by which Lincoln got his second term, fully verifies the above charge. Nicolay and Hay's *Abraham Lincoln*, and General Benjamin F. Butler's autobiography (the title is *Butler's Book*), alike concede the fictitious pretense of a State that was counted as casting the vote of the State of Virginia in the electoral college, and similar farces were played in the case of others of the "rebel States," just as foreseen by Wade and Henry Winter Davis. This accounts for the much boasted majority recorded by the electoral college in Lincoln's favor, and the small majority, as officially recorded, of votes of the people. McClellan, on a platform that said the war must stop, got eighty-one per cent of the votes that were cast for Lincoln. This was the vote of the people of the "loyal" States, in spite of the fact that *criticism of the Administration was, by order of the War Department, treason, triable by court martial*, and that a man so enormously popular in his State (Ohio) as Vallandigham lay under sentence of *banishment*, a punishment new to this country and imposed for a new offense, "not for deeds done but for words spoken," to use the words in which it was denounced by John Sherman, and these words spoken in public debate and received with wild applause by thousands. Soldiers ruled at the polls. *Butler's Book* (pages 754 to 773) gives full particulars of the large force with which he occupied New York city and shows how completely he controlled its vote and its opposition to the war and to emancipation that had lately been demonstrated in its great anti-draft riot. This "riot" had countenance from the Governor (Seymour) and the Arch-Bishop (Hughs), as Nicolay and Hay elaborately describe in their *Abraham Lincoln;* and Gorham, in his lately published *Life of Stanton*, says that if the battle of Gettysburg, then raging, had been of opposite result, New York would not have submitted.

Lincoln refused to listen at all to the Southern commissioners,

Clement C. Clay, Jr., and James P. Holcombe, unless they could show "written authority from Jefferson Davis" to make unconditional surrender. Greeley, who had procured their coming to negotiate for a cessation of the war, protested against Lincoln's action as follows, in a letter written him in July, 1864 (see Holland's *Life*, etc., page 478): "Our bleeding, bankrupt, almost dying country longs for peace, shudders at the prospect of fresh conscriptions, of further wholesale devastations and new rivers of human blood; and there is a widespread conviction that the Government and its supporters are not anxious for peace, and do not improve proffered opportunities to achieve it." He further intimates (page 482) the possibility of a Northern insurrection.

Ben Perley Poore, in *Reminiscences of Lincoln*, collected and edited by Allen Thorndyke Rice (page 248), shows Beecher's censures of Lincoln, and so do Beecher's editorials in the *Independent* of 1862. Hapgood's *Abraham Lincoln* quotes (page 164) Wendell Phillips about Lincoln, "Who is this huckster in politics? Who is this county court lawyer?" Morse's *Lincoln* (Vol. I, page 177) gives severe censures of Lincoln by Wendell Phillips. McClure's *Lincoln*, etc., records in two places (pages 112 and 259) the reprobation of Lincoln by Thad. Stevens, "The Great Commoner." Miss Ida Tarbell, in *McClure's Magazine* for 1899 (page 277), calls Sumner, Wade, Winter Davis and Chase "malicious foes of Lincoln," on the authority of one of Lincoln's closest intimates, Leonard Swet, and in the same magazine for July, 1899 (page 218, *et seq.*), says: "About all the most prominent leaders * * * were actively opposed to Lincoln," and mentions Greeley as their chief. McClure's *Lincoln*, etc. (page 54, *et seq.*), shows the hostility to Lincoln of Sumner, Trumbull and Chandler, and of his Vice-President, Hamlin.

Fremont, who, eight years before, had received every Republican vote for President, charged Lincoln (Holland's *Life*, etc., page 469, *et seq.*,) with "incapacity and selfishness," with "disregarding personal rights," with "violation of personal liberty and the liberty of the press," with "feebleness and want of principle," and we find (page 470, *et seq.*,) quoted from a letter of Fremont: "Had Lincoln remained faithful to the principles he was elected to defend, no schism could have been created and no contest could have been possible. * * * The ordinary rights under the Constitution and laws of the country have been violated;" and he further accused Lincoln of "managing the war for personal ends."

Seward has been much criticised, and accused of rare presumption,

for a letter that he wrote to the President, as Secretary of State, one month after his first inauguration, because the letter manifested a sense of superiority and condescendingly offered his advice and aid. It is probable that Seward did feel something of the contempt for Lincoln that his brethren in the Cabinet—Chase and Stanton—never ceased to express freely for Lincoln, and very frequently showed to his face throughout their long terms of office. Like them, Seward was a man of the highest social standing and of large experience in the highest public functions. It was only after Lincoln's death that any one accounted him a gentleman, much less a hero or a saint. Stanton constantly spoke of him as "The Great Original Gorilla." What he was capable of, in morals, manners and personal habits, is illustrated (see the letter above referred to, *ante*, pages 165–170) by the story of "The First Chronicle of Reuben." He annoyed General McClellan by very frequent visits at his headquarters in Washington, after being repeatedly treated with most humiliating slights there. These details are given by his most unqualified eulogists of all—Nicolay and Hay—and called proofs of their hero's humility, but there is a much more obvious way of accounting for them. Whether Seward's letter gave offense or not, it suggested the policy that Lincoln adopted, which policy was his means of precipitating the war which he, almost alone, desired. The astuteness of that policy has been much commended by his eulogists as something without which neither the success of the war nor the emancipation would have been possible. The policy advised in Seward's letter is, "Change the question before the public from the one upon slavery for a question upon Union or Disunion." The letter did not come to light for years, and Seward might well say, as he did, that Lincoln "had a cunning that was genius." See Don Piatt, in *Reminiscences of Lincoln* (page 487).

McClure's *Lincoln*, etc., says (page 9): "Chase was the most irritating fly in the Lincoln ointment." Miss Ida Tarbell, in *McClure's Magazine* for January, 1899, says: "But Mr. Chase was never able to realize Mr. Lincoln's greatness." Nicolay and Hay's *Abraham Lincoln* says (Vol. IX, page 389), about Chase: "Even to comparative strangers, he could not write without speaking slightingly of the President. He kept up this habit to the end of Lincoln's life." Volume VI, page 264, says: "* * * But his attitude towards the President, it is hardly too much to say, was one which varied between the limits of active hostility and benevolent contempt."

Yet none rate Chase higher than Nicolay and Hay do for talent, character and patriotism.

McClure's *Lincoln*, etc. (page 150, *et seq.*), says: "Stanton had been in open and malignant opposition to the Administration only a few months before." This was in January, 1862. "Stanton [page 155, *et seq.*,] often spoke of and to public men, military and civil, with a withering sneer. I have heard him scores of times thus speak of Lincoln, and several times thus speak to Lincoln." * * * "After Stanton's retirement from the Buchanan Cabinet, when Lincoln was inaugurated, he maintained the closest confidential relations with Buchanan, and wrote him many letters expressing the utmost contempt for Lincoln." * * * These letters, given to the public in Curtis' *Life of Buchanan*, speak freely (see Hapgood's *Lincoln*, page 254,) of "the painful imbecility of Lincoln, the venality and corruption which ran riot in the government," and McClure goes on: "It is an open secret that Stanton advised the revolutionary overthrow of the Lincoln government, to be replaced by General McClellan as military dictator." * * * "These letters published by Curtis, bad as they are, are not the worst letters written by Stanton to Buchanan. Some of them were so violent in their expression against Lincoln * * * that they have been charitably withheld from the public." Whitney, in his *On Circuit with Lincoln* (page 424), tells of these suppressed letters. See, too, his pages 422 to 424, *et seq.*, and Ben Perley Poore, in *Reminiscences of Lincoln* (page 223), and Kasson, in *Reminiscences of Lincoln* (page 384), all in confirmation of Stanton's estimate and treatment of Lincoln. Hapgood's *Abraham Lincoln* refers (page 164) to Stanton's "brutal absence of decent personal feeling" towards Lincoln, and tells of Stanton's insulting behavior when they met five years earlier, of which meeting Stanton said that he "had met him at the bar, and found him a low, cunning clown." (See Ben Perley Poore, in *Reminiscences of Lincoln*, page 223.) Miss Ida Tarbell, in *McClure's Magazine* for March, 1899, tells the story of this earliest manifestation of Stanton's contempt for Lincoln.

McClure's *Lincoln*, etc. (page 123, *et seq.*), says: "Lincoln's desire for a renomination was the one thing ever apparent in his mind during the third year of his administration," and he draws a pitiful picture (pages 113 to 115) of Lincoln as he saw him, in fits of abject depression during a considerable time after his second nomination, when he and all the leaders of the Republican party thought his defeat inevitable. Don Piatt depicts (*Reminiscences of Lincoln*, page

493), in curious contrast to the above, Lincoln's extraordinary insensibility to the ills of others.

After such an array of the concessions against him quoted and referred to above, it is worth while to repeat the statement about those authors that is made in the third paragraph of this letter, and to add that every one of them is shown, *in his book quoted or referred to*, to be an ardent admirer of Lincoln and a partisan of the North against the South. To reconcile their concessions with their admiration is not the duty of the writer of this letter. There are some unconscious betrayals of their estimate of their hero that are very significant. A number of these eulogists have thought it worth while to declare very expressly their belief that Lincoln did not purposely betray General McClellan and his army to defeat in the Seven Days' Battles before Richmond. McClure (page 207) is one; Holland (page 53, *et seq.*) is another; and John Codman Ropes declares it, in his *Story of the Civil War*, Part II (page 116), and reaffirms his belief on more than one other page. McClellan, in his celebrated dispatch after his retreat, reproached Stanton with this atrocious crime, and so worded the dispatch that he imputed the same guilt to Lincoln. McClure, in his *Lincoln*, etc. (page 202), and Nicolay and Hay, in their *Abraham Lincoln* (pages 441, 442 and 451), deplore that McClellan should have believed Lincoln capable of it, both conceding to McClellan the most exalted character, ability and patriotism. See McClure's *Lincoln*, etc. (page 208), and Nicolay and Hay's *Abraham Lincoln* (Volume VI, page 189, *et seq.*)

This letter will also appear in the Richmond *Dispatch*, as did that of the 14th January last.

CHARLES L. C. MINOR.

1002 McCulloh St., Baltimore.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, Feb. 18, 1900.]

THE MURDER OF DAVID GETZ.

AN INSTANCE OF THE BRUTALITY OF CUSTER.

His Retributive Fate.

[This account appears to contain every essential and authenticated detail given in the previous article referred to.—ED.]

WOODSTOCK, VA., February 10, 1900.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

In last Sunday's *Dispatch* is published an article by Mr. R. D. Steuart, of Baltimore, giving an account of the horrible murder of Davy Getz, of this place, by the command of General George A. Custer.

While the article is generally correct, it differs in some of its details from the account which I have secured from persons who were present, and are still living in Woodstock. The writer personally knew the small family, consisting of Andrew Getz, Elizabeth, his wife, and their simple-minded son, David. David was about thirty years of age. The family lived in a small house close to the Methodist church. For rent of this humble home they acted as sextons of the church. The fact that Davy was mentally deficient was doubted by no one. A single glance at his countenance would convince any one. Of him were required no duties of a civil or military character. He was simple and harmless. The boys loved to tease him, and many a Confederate soldier told Davy that he had come from the army to take him back with him. He was, in every respect, nothing more than a very timid child. He had no ambition to be a soldier, but, on the contrary, was always badly frightened when the suggestion was made that he should go into the army.

He had, in some way, become possessed of an old musket, and with it amused himself in hunting ground-squirrels and small birds. In the summer of 1864, he was engaged in his usual sport in the pines near his home, when a squad of Federal soldiers came upon him. To their question: "Are you a bushwhacker!" "Why, yes," he replied. He had no more intelligent comprehension of the

term "bushwhacker" than he had of the doctrine of transcendentalism. He was at once seized by a number of the Federal soldiers, dragged down High street to the 'pike, and then tied to a wagon. The poor fellow was almost frightened to death, and his heart-rending screams aroused the whole town.

Accustomed as were our people to the brutality of the Federal hordes that prowled through this valley, nothing aroused their sympathy and horror—not even the burning of their homes and churches by the fire fiends of the brutal Sheridan—as did this inhuman outrage. Tied behind a wagon and dragged through the streets, his plaintive cries and shrieks brought to their doors the ladies on either side of the street. Helpless, they stood and wept for the poor unfortunate.

Close behind him walked his aged father and mother, clasping each other's hands, while their cries of distress touched the hearts of all except the inhuman captors. They continued to follow their screaming child until they were driven back by the bayonets of the Federal soldiers.

Custer's camp was about one mile south of Woodstock. Here he was waited upon by Mrs. J. L. Campbell, Mrs. Murphy, and other ladies of the town, who gave him a truthful statement of the character of the man, and besought Custer to look at him, as one glance would have convinced him of the truth of their statements. He roughly repulsed them. He was afterwards visited by Moses Walton, a distinguished lawyer of Woodstock; by Dr. J. S. Irwin, a Union man, of this town; and by Mr. Adolph Heller, a prominent merchant and a strong Union man, at whose house both Custer and Torbert had occasionally made their headquarters. While Mr. Heller was at heart a Union man, he was not one of that kind who would give information that would injure his neighbors, but was always ready to protect the innocent, so far as it was in his power. He earnestly besought General Custer to release the poor idiot that was in his hands. When Custer intimated that he proposed to have him shot, Mr. Heller boldly exclaimed: "General Custer, you will have to sleep in a bloody grave for this. Surely, a just God will not permit such a crime to go unavenged." These gentlemen left his headquarters saddened by the exhibition of brutality upon the part of Custer. The words of Mr. Heller, we all now know, proved to be prophetic.

Poor Davy Getz was again tied behind a wagon, compelled to walk to Bridgewater, a distance of forty-five miles, there forced to dig his

own grave, and was then murdered like a dog. The father, several years later, committed suicide. The mother was taken to the home of her son, Mr. Levi Getz, of Rockingham county, where she died some years ago.

These are facts well established by a number of citizens of Woodstock. It is important that they should be placed where they will be preserved, for the day will come when the impartial historian will write a true history of the war. It will be important for him to have access to a correct and true statement of facts. The one-sided stories that have been imposed, even upon our own children, by careless school boards will be swept aside, and the truth will be given to coming generations.

JOHN H. GRABILL.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, February 25, 1900.]

THE PEACE CONFERENCE

In Hampton Roads, January 31, 1865.

Lincoln Did Not Offer to Pay For Our Slaves.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Did Abraham Lincoln, at the Hampton Roads conference, offer any compensation whatever for slaves? R. C. W.

The above inquiry having been referred to me, I answer with pleasure.

On January 29, 1865, the Confederate commissioners—Stephens, Hunter and Campbell—left Richmond to meet the Federal commissioners at Fort Monroe. There, on January 31st, they met in conference President Lincoln and Mr. Seward, Secretary of State.

The conference lasted four hours, and Mr. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederate States, has left on record a detailed report of the discussion there.

Mr. Stephens pressed for a secret military convention between the two belligerents, with the object of uniting the people of the whole country in the defense of the Monroe doctrine, by expelling the French from Mexico, which would of necessity produce a truce, and that would lead to peace. Mr. Lincoln was peremptory that the

first condition of negotiation should be that the Confederates should acknowledge supremacy of the Constitution and the laws of the United States. That must be the first step, he said.

To the Confederate objection that this was unconditional surrender, he replied that obedience to the laws of the land would not be "unconditional surrender" at all, but merely submission to law. To Hunter's objection that our submission would not be accompanied by the guarantee that we should be secured the protection of the Constitution of the United States, Lincoln replied: "That so far as the confiscation acts and other penal acts were concerned, their enforcement was left entirely with him, and in that point he was perfectly willing to be full and explicit, and on his assurance perfect reliance might be placed. He should exercise then the power of the Executive with the utmost liberality—that is, that pardons should be plentiful and hangings scarce."—*The War Between the States*, by A. H. Stephens, Volume II, page 617.

"He went on to say," says Mr. Stephens, "that he would be willing to be taxed to remunerate the Southern people for their slaves. He believed the people of the North were as responsible for slavery as the people of the South, and if the war should then cease, with the voluntary abolition of slavery by the States, he should be in favor, individually, of the government paying a fair indemnity for the loss to the owners. He said he believed this feeling had an extensive existence at the North. He knew some who were in favor of an appropriation as high as four hundred millions of dollars for this purpose. I could mention persons, said he, whose names would astonish you, who are willing to do this if the war shall now cease, without further expense, and with the abolition of slavery, as stated. But, on this subject, he said, he could give no assurance; enter into no stipulation. He barely expressed his own feelings and views, and what he believed to be the views of others upon the subject." Page 617.

Mr. Seward said the Northern people were weary of the war. They desired peace and a restoration of harmony, and, he believed, would be willing to pay, as an indemnity for the slaves, what would be required to continue the war, but stated no amount (page 618). After a four hours' talk, the subject of exchange of prisoners of war was brought up, and Mr. Lincoln said he would put the whole matter in the hands of General Grant, who was then at City Point, and then the conference broke up.

I do not consider this an offer to pay for slaves.

Within a week after this conference I met Mr. Stephens at Burkeville, on the Richmond & Danville railroad. I was on my way to Salisbury, N. C., where my headquarters then were, and he to his home in Georgia. The train was very slow, and we missed the connection at Danville, and therefore stayed all night at the tavern there.

Mr. Stephens was full of the conference and the great meeting, which he had attended the night before, or two or three other nights before, at the African church, on Broad street in Richmond, and on the train and at night at the tavern he talked constantly and frankly, and I am gratified to find how accurate my memory is about what he told me of what had happened at the conference, in testing that memory by the statements in his book.

But he told me something else that is not in the book. He said: "Mr. Lincoln told us, 'you may take a blank sheet of paper and write on it, first, submission to the Constitution and the laws of the United States, and second, emancipation of the slaves, and then write any other laws you please below those two, and I will sign it.'"

He did not mention the names of those who were willing to pay $400,000,000 for the slaves, but gave us to understand that Horace Greeley and the *Tribune* would support such a proposition, said Mr. Stephens.

Mr. Stephens was very emphatic in impressing on me his views and purpose in urging an armistice. I do not think much of the scheme of uniting to enforce the Monroe doctrine and driving the French out of Mexico. In fact, I hoped the Yanks would get into a row with Napoleon III, for that would bring recognition, open ports, and independence to us, and told him so. I do not remember what he said about the Monroe doctrine, but I am very clear about the armistice. "If we can get them to stop fighting," said he, "for six months, three months, one month, the war will stop. Both sides are tired of it. They now know what war is, and they'll stop it. A general truce, to include all the armies and the whole country, will inevitably force peace. When Henry IV of France got a truce —an armistice—a cessation of fighting between Catholics and Protestants—he secured permanent peace and the kingdom for himself." I did not know much about Henry IV, in truth, except that he was a gentleman who swapped his religion for a kingdom, saying, "a crown is worth a mass," so I said what I thought—that a man who would change his faith for pay was a poor pattern to follow, and I had no idea of making professions to secure profits. But Stephens

laughed, and said it would be perfectly justifiable to profess submission to the laws if thereby we could secure independence.

I agreed to his proposition, though I could not understand it, nor do I now.

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

The Woodlands, Amelia Courthouse, Va.

[From the Rockbridge county *News*, July, 1897.]

ROCKBRIDGE'S ROLL OF HONOR.

We publish the third instalment of Rockbridge's roll of honor—the companies from the county of Rockbridge who formed part of the Confederate army during the war, the lists of which are now being compiled by a committee of Stonewall Jackson Confederate Veterans—namely: Veterans J. P. Moore, J. Scott Moore, W. F. Johnston, and Mr. W. G. McDowell.

ROCKBRIDGE FIRST DRAGOONS, COMPANY C, FIRST VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

(*Compiled by J. Scott Moore.*)

This company was organized at Fancy Hill, May 12, 1859. L. C. Davidson was elected captain. It was composed of men from every section of the county, and the flower of the young manhood of Rockbridge. It had stated meetings monthly for drill, and became perfect in the simple cavalry tactics of that time. In the fall of 1859, Captain L. C. Davidson was made colonel of the 8th regiment of Virginia militia, which necessitated his resignation as commander of the Dragoons, and the company was reorganized by the election of Mathew X. White as captain; John S. Cummings, first lieutenant; C. F. Jordan, second lieutenant; James E. Poague, third liuetenant. Lieutenant Poague resigned in 1860 to attend the medical school of the University of Virginia, and C. R. Burks was elected to fill the vacancy. Thus officered, the company was mustered into service at Harper's Ferry. They left Lexington, April 18, 1861. Captain White resigned in 1861, and Lieutenant Jordan was elected captain, and was the commanding officer to the close of the war.

Upon entering the service the company was assigned to the 1st Virginia cavalry, and became company C. This regiment was commanded by Colonel Fitzhugh Lee (afterwards General), and was the pride of the cavalry arm of the service in the Army of Northern Virginia, and in every conflict with the enemy sustained their enviable reputation as hard fighters.

The following is a list of the dead and living who at any time during the war served in the company.

OFFICERS.

Captains—Matthew X. White and Charles F. Jordan.

Lieutenants—John S. Cummings, C. R. Burks, Charles J. Cameron, L. C. Davidson, and John W. Moore.

Sergeants—James P. Goul, W. D. McCorkle, John W. Moore, Samuel C. Mackey, James M. Lackey, William B. Poindexter, and S. F. Patterson.

Corporals—Charles Q. Michie, D. H. Ford, R. K. Estill, N. H. Lackey, James Compton, Isaac Bare, John M. Dunlap, and Robert Barton.

PRIVATES.

William H. Adair, John McD. Alexander, Cornelius Armentrout, Henry Armentrout, Henry Arnold, John Armentrout, Samuel Agnor, Harry Arnold, William Barger, John P. Bowlin, William Bowlin, Elihu H. Barclay, Adam Bare, George Bare, E. P. Buckner, William Brockenbrough, George H. Cameron, J. H. Cameron, William Campbell, Daniel Crigler, Norborne Chandler, S. T. Chandler, Robert Cooper, Frank Cummings, Givens B. Davidson, Robert G. Davidson, William Davidson, George D. Dixon, John J. Dixon, S. K. Dunlap, John Davidson, George Williams Effinger, Adolphus Elhart, James S. Figgat, Charles M. Figgat, John A. Fisher, Robert K. Floyd, Samuel B. Fuller, Robert Ford, John Gilbert, Ezekiel Gilbert, Andrew Glover, Samuel Goul, S. McD. Gold, E. L. Graham, D. R. B. Greenlee, James S. Greenlee, Marshall Greenlee, William Wood Greenlee, Lucian P. Grigsby, John W. Gold, A. J. Gilmore, James Gold, Augustus Hanger, John G. Hamilton, W. W. Hamilton, G. Boyd Harlan, Hunter Harlan, Silas Harlan, J. Scott Harlan, Wilkie H. Harlan, James F. Harris, William P. Hartigan, James R. Hanger, Michael Hanger, John Hill, John Holden, Samuel M. Holden, Calvin M. Harper, Thomas Holden, Thomas C. Johnston, W. J. Johnston, J. Montgomery Johnston, Frank Jordan,

John J. Jordan, Jeremiah Kelly, Joseph Kelly, Isaac Caruthers Lackey, James T. Lackey, N. H. Lackey, D. E. Laird, John Ewig Laird, Henry Ruffner Laird, Samuel McKee Laird, Abe Lavelle, Robert Sharp Leake, A. C. Lam, Alfred Leyburn, Jacob Lincoln, Philander Mackey, A. J. Martin, W. P. Martin, W. H. Marks, Samuel R. Moore, Harry E. Moore, Richard L. Moore, Thomas Montgomery, John Montgomery, A. S. Montgomery, J. G. Montgomery, Henry H. Myers, John D. Myers, R. Culton Morrison, Robert H. Morrison, Henry Ruffner Morrison, George Martin, J. McD. McClung, W. H. McFaddin, H. C. McFaddin, Dennis McGravy, Thomas McGovern, James M. McNutt, W. P. McCorkle, W. T. Meade, Jacqueline S. Morgan, Benjamin Miller, R. McD. McCown, John H. McClintic, Hezekiah Nicely, John McK. Parry, John A. Patton, James E. Poague, James W. Poague, Oliver B. Powers, Charles Pulse, Jacob Pulse, Levi Pulse, Zebulon Rader, Jacob N. Rhodes, John W. Robertson, Iverson S. Root, James W. Ruff, John A. Ruff, Andrew Robinson, William H. Sale, Jacob A. Supinger, Samuel J. Shafer, Robert Supinger, Charles Schindel, William C. St. Clair, T. Lackey Scott, Peachy R. Taliaferro, James Turpin, Nash Turpin, W. W. Tribbett, William H. Taylor, A. A. Thompson, A. S. Trevey, Cyrus A. Trevey, David A. Trevey, Adam Unroe, John Van Lear, Thomas S. White, Robert K. Wilson, Samuel A. Wilson, Samuel L. Wilson, Joseph Wilson, John W. Wright, David H. Witt, Jacob H. Wilmore, William James Wash, John West, William Luckess Welch and John W. Zollman.

Killed—John M. Dunlap, at Gettysburg; William H. Adair, at Gettysburg; Ezekiel Gilbert, at Cannon's farm, near Richmond; James W. Ruff, at Columbia Furnace in 1863; James S. Figgat, near Mt. Jackson in 1864; A. S. Trevey, at Yellow Tavern in 1864; Thomas McGovern, in 1864; Peachy Taliaferro, at Haw's Shop in 1864; William Barger, at Appomattox Courthouse in 1865; John P. Bowlin, at Gettysburg.

Died during the War—James Gold, in 1861; John Armentrout, in 1862; Philander Mackey; Nash Turpin, in hospital at Richmond in 1862; Samuel Goul and John Goul, near Louisa Courthouse in 1862; Zebulon Rader, in 1862; John Hill, in 1862; William James Wash, at Charlottesville in 1862.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, January 11, 1898.]

COMPANY H, THIRTEENTH VA. CAVALRY.

Its Roster from April 22, 1862, to April 9, 1865.

With the Killed, Wounded, Captured and Promoted—A Summary.

LUMBERTON, SUSSEX CO., VA., January 3, 1898.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

You having kindly published in your issue of September 21st (Confederate column), a roll of the Sussex Light Dragoons, I now send by request of several veterans of company "H," 13th Virginia cavalry, a list of those who continued to join us of the Sussex Light Dragoons, from the reorganization of the company, April 22, 1862, to the surrender at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

None of the following names appear on the roster of the original troop except those of some of the officers who served through the war.

WILLIAM N. BLOW,
Captain Company H, 13th Virginia Cavalry.

OFFICERS.

Captain, W. N. Blow; first lieutenant, H. Q. Moyler; second lieutenant, Samuel Birdsong; second lieutenant, P. H. Thorp; first sergeant, T. A. Dillard; first sergeant, W. L. Adkins.

Sergeants—J. L. Chappell, W. H. Dillard, A. T. Dobie, J. D. Adkins, C. T. Thornton.

Corporals—J. H. Dobie, R. P. Bendall, J. L. White, A. F. Harrison, F. L. Velines, J. A. Barker, Joseph H. Chappell, Sr.

PRIVATES.

T. W. Adkins, P. G. Anthony, ——— Alston, J. S. Bendall, O. P. Bendall, W. P. Bendall, J. R. Bendall, T. A. Barham, W. N. Bell, G. W. Blow, ——— Brock, W. D. Chappel, G. B. Chappel, W. E. Chappel, J. H. Chappel, Jr., W. B. Chambliss, W. E. Dillard, S. J. Drewry, R. A. Dobie, J. W. Dobie, C. S. Ellis, W. H. Finch, W. G. Freeman, J. P. Freeman, T. B. Foster, W. E. Glover, Wil-

liam Grigg, F. Grigg, J. K. Gwaltney, L. P. Hargrave, William Harrison, P. H. Holt, L. M. Heath, W. F. Hunt, W. J. Hunnicutt, W. P. Hunnicutt, Joseph A. Hunnicutt, J. L. Horn, John B. Jarratt, A. Jones, J. F. Jordan, J. A. Jelks, T. W. Jelks, E. S. James, ——— Johnson, L. S. King, J. R. Little, R. S. Lewis, St. George T. Mason, A. M. Maclin, J. McGlemore, C. McCourt, A. Norris, John R. Norris, ——— Neblett, S. Potts, P. W. H. Parsons, W. H. Pennington, Roger A. Pryor, A. B. Parker, E. B. Robinson, J. W. Saunders, J. D. Spain, C. W. Spratley, W. W. Spratley, J. C. Smith, George Seaborn, W. E. Thornton, P. Vellines, Joseph H. Walters, J. L. Williamson.

Killed.

James McGlemore, Chickahominy river, June, 1862.

Sidney Potts, died in hospital, 1862.

William G. Freeman, Blackwater river, October, 1862.

W. H. H. Parker, Middleburg, June, 1863.

C. W. Spratley, Brandy Station, October, 1863.

J. R. Morris, Upperville, June, 1863.

Richard Parker, Upperville, June, 1863.

J. Lewis Williamson, wounded Spotsylvania Courthouse, and died May, 1864.

George Blow Walker, Ashland, June, 1864.

J. L. Jordan, died in hospital, 1864.

Richard Grigg, died at home, 1864.

Thomas W. Adkins, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.

I. Bendall, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.

Francis Grigg, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.

Joseph A. Jelks, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.

Jesse Little, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.

R. S. Lewis, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.

George Seaborn, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.

J. A. Hunnicutt, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.

W. C. Newsome, died on retreat, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.

J. D. Spain, died of wounds, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.

Wounded.

T. S. Morgan, wounded at Blackwater, October, 1862; discharged.

R. R. Bain, George W. Blow, John W. Cox, The. A. Field, William Harrison (discharged), E. T. Thornton, wounded at Spotsylvania Courthouse, May, 1863.

Joseph H. Chappel, wounded at Beverley Ford, March, 1863; captured.

Andrew Briggs, wounded at Upperville, June, 1863.

Peyton G. Anthony, wounded at Gettysburg, July, 1863.

Peter H. Thorp, lieutenant, wounded at Gettysburg, July, 1863.

George W. Gilliam, Joseph W. Parker (discharged), wounded at Middleburg, June, 1863.

A. Sidney Birdsong, W. E. Chappel, Waverly Fitzhugh, J. T. Freeman, F. D. Neblett (discharged), Wm. Thornton (discharged), wounded at Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1863.

Robert J. Gwaltney (captured), L. P. Hargrave (captured), St. George T. Mason, wounded at Hanover, Penn.; B. L. Hargrave, wounded at Hanover Courthouse; R. M. Dobie (captured), wounded at Five Forks, April, 1865.

John R. West, R. H. Harrison, T. C. Dillard, wounded at Nansemond, 1861; all discharged.

Henry Jones, wounded at Brandy Station, November, 1863.

Hugh B. Walker, wounded at Reams' Station, August, 1864.

Promotions.

Benjamin W. Belsches, promoted to major of the regiment.

William N. Blow, promoted to captain of the company.

H. Q. Moyler, promoted to first lieutenant of the company.

S. J. Birdsong, promoted to second lieutenant of the company.

P. H. Thorp, promoted to second lieutenant of the company.

R. P. Harrison, promoted to lieutenant and adjutant of the company.

H. B. Walker, promoted to lieutenant and quartermaster of the company.

Joseph H. Walters, promoted to captain and quartermaster.

W. B. Chambliss, promoted to lieutenant on brigade staff.

G. S. Rives, promoted to first lieutenant Company K.

J. E. Moyler, promoted to assistant surgeon Confederate States navy.

P. G. Anthony, promoted to lieutenant in North Carolina company.

Theodore A. Barham, promoted to lieutenant-colonel North Carolina regiment.

Samuel T. Drewry, promoted to captain of infantry company.

W. E. Dillard, promoted to captain of infantry company.

P. F. Weaver, promoted to sergeant-major of regiment.

Charles McCourt, promoted to sergeant-major, then detailed as blockade runner.

Detailed.

Johnson, detailed as general scout.
Roger A. Pryor, general scout.
W. E. Chappel and A. H. Ellis, couriers at cavalry headquarters.
L. L. Johnson and A. C. Winston; W. H. Pennington and R. W. H. Parsons, detailed for civil service.
O. H. Baird, detailed for medical department.
F. J. Ellis, detailed ambulance corps.
W. E. Glover and P. Velines, quartermaster's department.
W. W. Belle, commissary department.

The original company numbered	105
Recruits added during the war	73
Total number on roll	178
Killed, and died in hospital	21
Wounded	29
Transferred for promotion	12
Permanent details	13
Transferred	9
Did not re-enlist	16
Discharged for disability and captured	21
Strength of Company H, 13th Virginia cavalry, at the surrender, April 9, 1865	57

[From the *Spartan*, Spartansburg, S. C., February 28, 1900.]

CONFEDERATE VALOR AND DEVOTION.

By Col. WM. H STEWART, Portsmouth, Va.

The grandest era of American chivalry is enshrined in the heroic traditions of the Confederate States.

The girlhood, the womanhood, the boyhood and the manhood of the people were imbued with a glowing chivalry. Patriotism in the homes, the sanctuaries, the army, absorbed the minds of all with sublime self-forgetfulness; and now the memory of heroic actions

and knightly deeds is written in the hearts of the sons and the daughters of the Confederacy; so that, although the States increase and the boundaries of the Union expand to the limits of the North and South seas, and their offspring scatters over the face of continents, these deeds will be brilliant jewels in the wreck of time which will enkindle in their hearts the cherishing memory of their ancestors of the Southern Confederacy.

In 1861 an agricultural people, armed with the noblest impulses of chivalry and honor, but without the appliances to equip and maintain an army in the field, were converted into soldiers, as with magical wand, to defend their homes and firesides. There were no looms to weave the cloth; no furnaces to mold the cannon; no plants to make the muskets; no outputs of lead for shot; no manufactories for powder in all this fair Southland, which produced the cotton for the world; and yet, from beginning to end, the most powerful nations of Europe opened their resources of wealth, manufacture and men to conquer the Confederate States of America. The magnitude of the intersectional war is almost incomprehensible, and the odds in soldiers against the Confederacy were so tremendous that we marvel how its armies held out for four years.

The total enrollment of the Confederate army and navy, including all classes, was about 600,000 men, out of a population of five millions of whites.

The calculations for the United States Sanitary Commission, in regard to nativity, gave half a million of foreigners in the Union armies, of whom 187,858 were Germans, and 144,221 were Irish. There were also enlisted 180,000 negroes.

The total enrollment of the Union armies, not including three and six months men, was 2,864,272, or 2,264,272 more men than were on the Confederate side. Of Union soldiers there were killed and wounded 395,245, and the total of deaths, including those from disease, was 469,298, or only 130,703 less than all soldiers ever enrolled by the Confederacy. Such contrasting figures are an eloquent and cogent testimonial to the courage and tenacity of the Confederate army. The glorious record of the devoted struggle of the Southern States for independence, may not be dimmed by the will of the conqueror, and must increasingly illume the pages of history.

With honor and fame shall the heroism of the Confederate soldier be invested, and the justice of his cause will be a beacon in the progress of mankind throughout the cycles of time.

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